

The NEW SMART SET

In Combination
with McClure's

The
Young
Woman's
Magazine

JUNE
25¢

Any Girl
Can Get
Married

ase No. 1 from
e private files of

he Lady
Detective

Gold
Digger

o Best Story
of the Month



"And O'er His Heart A SHADOW FELL"

Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
(Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844)

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from
over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking Lucky Strike Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a Lucky" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.



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Tobacco Co., Manufacturer

When Tempted
**Reach
for a
LUCKY**
instead

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.



SINCE lips can't play tennis or get much of any exercise besides talking and perhaps a little kissing (less and less of the latter as the years go on unless you watch out), Wrigley's TO THE RESCUE!! Chew Wrigley's. The idea is that Wrigley's affords just the right exercise to tone up the delicate muscles about the mouth, heighten the color of your lips, and encourages pretty shaping. To chew gum for lovely lips is an old Beauty Secret from the ancient land of the Sapota trees, the very trees which furnish the principal ingredient for Wrigley's chewing gum. Try Double Mint—it's peppermint flavored.

E-4

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The NEW SMART SET

In Combination with McClure's

JUNE, 1930—VOLUME 86, No. 4



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It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher!

WE ALWAYS thought of her as an onlooker, you know. A sort of social wallflower. Certainly she had never been popular, never the center of attraction in any gathering.

That night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was *joking*. A rather poor joke, at that. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed—and went right on chatting. I was a little sorry for her. But I saw her chin go up, her eyes flash. She played a chord, and it rang through the room like a challenge. "Listen!" it seemed to say.

And suddenly the room was hushed . . . She played *Anitra's Dance* — played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire. Everyone sat forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, she turned around and faced us, her face glowing, her eyes happy. "Well!" she seemed to be saying, "you thought I was bluffing. But I can play!"

We were astonished—and contrite. We surged forward in a mass to congratulate her. "How did you do it?" "Why, you are wonderful!" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!" An onlooker no longer—she was popular! She played for us all evening, and now no one would even think of having a party without inviting her.

She Told Me About It Later

We were lifelong friends, and I felt I could ask her about it. "You played superbly!" I said. "And I know you never had a teacher. Come—what's the secret?"

"No secret at all!" she laughed. "I just got tired of being left out of things and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have the time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course. In my spare time, you know."

"You don't mean to say you learned how to play so beautifully by yourself, right at home in your spare time?" I was astounded. I couldn't believe it.

"Yes—and it's been such fun! Why, it's as easy as A-B-C, and I didn't have a bit of trouble. I began playing almost from the start, and right from music. Now I can play any piece—classical or jazz. From the notes, you know."



"She played *Anitra's Dance* — played it with such soul fire that the room faded and we seemed to see gypsies swaying and chanting around the camp fire."

"You're wonderful!" I breathed. "Think of playing like that, and learning all by yourself."

"I'm not wonderful,"

she replied. "Anyone could do it. A child can understand those simplified lessons. Why, it's like playing a game."

"You always wanted to play the violin—here's your chance to learn quickly and inexpensively. Why don't you surprise everyone, the way I did?"

I took her advice—a little doubtfully at first—and now I play not only the violin but the banjo!

How You Learn Any Instrument So Easily This Way

Pick Your Instrument

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Cornet	Flute
Ukulele	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
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PROOF!

"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—and owe it all to your easy lessons."

George C. Lauer, Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces. I knew nothing about music when I started."

Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"I have completed only 20 lessons and can play almost any kind of music I wish. My friends are astonished. I now play at church and Sunday School."

Turner B. Blake, Harrisburg, Ill.

The amazing success of students who progress on the U. S. School course is largely due to a wonderful, newly perfected method that makes reading and playing music almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The admirable lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper, for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

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is always practical. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of this course get ahead twice as fast—three times as fast—as those who study old-time, plodding methods.

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The *New SMART SET* is published entirely for young women. It brings you the most entertaining fiction—stories and novels of girls like yourself—and in addition it shows ways to increase your charm, to dress to bring out your good points, to choose a career and succeed in it, to be successful in every phase of your life!

The New Smart Set Six Months \$1.00

To give you a chance to get acquainted with *The New SMART SET*, we offer a special reduced price for a half-year subscription—six months for \$1.00. We know that if you read the magazine that long you will not willingly be without it thereafter.

Pin a single dollar bill to the coupon below, and mail it in at once. You will save money—and get more fun and help and value than \$1 ever brought before. It's a promise!

The New SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

SS 6-30

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Here is without question the easiest way we know of for honest women and men to make big money in full or spare time—and also the strangest, most daring Cash Pay offer we ever heard of. Just introduce Van to 10 ladies and say 20 magic words and this million-dollar manufacturing company agrees to actually pay you cash for it. You don't need to sell a single thing. This is the new, sensational, revolutionary plan of this famous business genius—C. W. Van De Mark—the wizard who has already put more than 25,000 men and women on the road to prosperity. Again Van has proved his fearlessness! Again Van has come to the front for the workers of America! "Conservative" business leaders called Van "crazy" for making this radical cash pay agreement. They said it would ruin "conservative" traditions—upset "sane" business principles. Cooler heads called it a master stroke that would prove a tremendous boon to prosperity. Van not only makes you his local profit-sharing partner, but he will actually pay you a cash penalty if you don't make up to \$15 the very first day.



Get Van's Cash Agreement

I show you how to end your money worries. Just tell me how much you want—

\$15.00 in a Day Full Time?
\$3.00 in an Hour Spare Time?

and I will gladly send you my Written Agreement, legal and binding upon me. The more time you devote to this business the more money you get. Van.

No Need to Sell Anything To Get Your Cash Pay

But now Van himself reveals the sensational truth. "Tremendous increased use of our products is the reason"—says Van. Countless housewives learned that they can make big savings on household bills. So in almost no time the sale of our products has expanded almost to the "bursting" point. Now we must hurry and employ 1100 more local men and women to take care of regular customers in each town. Time must not be wasted! Expense must not be considered! Orders

must be filled quick! Customers must not be kept waiting! Big money for our representatives means nothing to us from now on! So I have smashed the so-called "conservative" business traditions—I now offer every honest man and woman steady work and will pay actual cash for just a few hours of their spare time. You don't need to make a single sale. You don't need sales experience. What I want is sincere men and women who will be as honest with me as I will be with them.

I Pay You a Cash Penalty

If You Don't Make Big Money From The First Day

Just introduce me to 10 ladies and say 20 magic words—20 secret words that have proven almost magical money-getters for over 25,000 of my "partners"—an amazing yet simple 20-word sentence that took me 35 years to discover. I will not only pay you an actual cash penalty if your first 10 calls do not give you a good profit—I go farther! I even allow you to make a 50% profit on every order my customers give you. You get half of every dollar we take in. So what is to stop you from making as high as \$35.00 in a day like some of my other partners? To prove that I feel sure of what you can do, I will even pay you a cash penalty if you don't make big extra money the very first day you follow my simple plan. I don't let you risk one penny. I take all the chances. To show you that I handle big things in a big way, I will immediately send you \$13.00 worth of

my products (retail value) right out of stock to start you. Don't send a cent for this daring offer—just rush coupon. Maybe you think this is just ordinary work. But don't be mistaken. If you

**I Send You
\$13.00 Worth
of Goods
(Retail Value)
to Start You.**

Without Risk to You

treating me fairly, I'll set you up in a business of your own. I'll tell you a priceless secret that will get others to make money for you. Right now I promise to help you toward ending money worries forever and I am known to 25,000 partners as the man who always keeps his promises. If up to \$15 in a day will end your money worries, then mail the application below. Start in spare time if you wish and I'll still pay you your cash penalty. If you are a married woman, you can surely devote a few spare hours a day. My plan is a funny one. Some of my women "partners" have actually made more than their husbands in a few hours of this pleasant, dignified work.

\$25,000.00 Bond Backs Our Guarantee

Rush Pay Application

It's too bad that space here is not large enough to explain all my other daring money-making offers. I would also like to tell you what Howard L. Adams wrote about the new car I gave him, and about Rev. McMurphy's letter which said I enabled him to pay the mortgage on his home. I will even show you letters from grateful widows who are now able to support their families.

I need 1100 more "partners" quick to start on my daring new Cash Pay plan. This announcement will probably "upset" the nation. Untold thousands will apply for these openings. If you delay, it may be too late. The time to act is—NOW. Tear out the Application below and mail it quick for this daring Cash Pay plan, offer of \$13.00 worth of my goods (retail value) and the 20 secret words that may mean a "fortune" to you. Send no money. *This application is not an order. You do not pay anything for this offer. Nothing will be sent C.O.D.* CURTIS W. VAN DE MARK, President THE HEALTH-O QUALITY PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 1084-FF, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CURTIS W. VAN DE MARK, President
The Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 1084-FF, Health-O Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Van: I hereby apply for opening as "partner" in my town to start on your new cash pay plan. Send your sensational offer of \$13.00 worth (retail value) of products to start me and your written guarantee. Also tell me how I can get cash pay introducing you to 10 ladies and using the 20 magic words that make fortunes. **This is not an order—send nothing C.O.D. I risk nothing.**

I want to make \$..... per hour.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

How I Became the LIFE of the PARTY



UP TO that moment I was as dumb as the clam on the end of my fork.

The gabby blonde across the table had just said, "Of course Paul Whiteman plays a heavy lover in his new picture, 'All Quiet on the Western Front.' They say Norma Shearer is just swell in her latest photoplay, 'The Divorcee.' That's from a story by Joseph Conrad. It's a silent picture, as Norma's voice isn't good."

Well, I nearly dropped fork and clam.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but Paul's picture is 'King of Jazz.' And he just plays himself. Norma's picture is founded on Ursula Parrott's book called 'Ex-Wife.' And I thought everyone knew that her talkie voice is perfect!"

That just about stopped the party. They all turned and looked at me—the newcomer, who was supposed to be somewhat ornamental but a little dumb.

But I was sure of my facts, and kept on.

"Surely you saw 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.' Norma's voice is simply great. Incidentally, it's reliably reported that soon Norma will take a little holiday and await one of those interesting events. She's the wife of Irving Thalberg, one of her company's big executives, you know."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed my hostess. "Are you in the movies?"

"No," I answered, "but since we talk so much about pictures, and go to see so many, I find my pleasure is trebled to know all the news and gossip of the interesting people in them!"

By that time the table was interested, and asking me questions. Yes, I thought "Journey's End" a fine picture. No, Jack Gilbert and Ina Claire aren't divorced.

After that I was accepted as one of the crowd and was invited to every party, and now they all read Photoplay Magazine in self-defense!

PHOTOPLAY

*The National Guide to
Motion Pictures*

On Sale Now

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

Says Who?



"ALTHOUGH I love America, I must have my beer, for I drink a great deal of it and I like it. The general opinion that beer is fattening is all wrong."
—Olga Petrova.

"I AM no authority on women, I gave them up years ago."
—Henry L. Mencken.

"I WOULD rather be plain and intelligent than be the greatest beauty on earth."
—Evelyn Laye, stage star.

"TO BE thin is a sign of degeneracy!"
—James Montgomery Flagg.

"ANYWAY, I should like my back to fill out a little more. It's much too bony."
—Constance Bennett.

"A PROFESSOR says the respect children used to have for their parents fifty years ago is not in evidence to-day. Maybe it's because the old folks are so wild."
—Yakima Morning Herald.

"I THINK men ought to be buried in silk pajamas of soft colors."
—Gertrude Atherton.

"IF A girl wants to get married, she ought to go to a co-ed school where she will meet a lot of men, not socially primed for the occasion. She will be able to observe him and determine whether or not he will 'wear well'."
—Dr. Anna Y. Reed, Professor of Personnel, N. Y. U.

"IT IS very tiring to have to look at a husband early in the morning."
—Peggy Joyce.



disfiguring hair growths not only removed,— destroyed under the skin

No longer need you fuss about superfluous hair every week. It has been proved that **ZIP** permanently destroys hair growths. Hundreds of thousands of women are using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists, for face, arms, legs and body.

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By mail, in plain envelope, tell me how to be entirely free of hair. Also send "Beauty's Greatest Secret" without charge.

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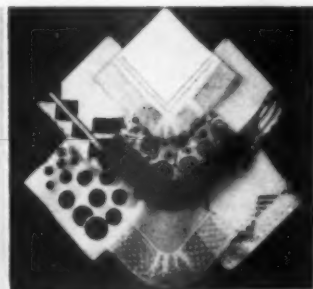
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because
IT'S OUT**

Overcome Annoying Perspiration with **AB-SCENT** Harmless, Colorless Deodorant, 50c

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Buy handkerchiefs with what it saves you



That's just one suggestion for that \$3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. There are many others. Gloves for example. Hosiery for women. Socks for men. Let's stop there. Nobody needs to tell a woman how to spend money.

25¢

Such a gentle, exhilarating dentifrice . . . *white, dazzling teeth at a saving of \$3 a year*

UNTIL you have tried Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ you will never know how effective, pleasant—and how economical—a dentifrice can be.

Men and women tell us that little brushing is necessary; they say that its action seems almost automatic. Discolorations left by food and tobacco disappear at once. The superfine cleansing and polishing agents reach the crevices between the teeth and dislodge decaying particles of food. To

the broad surfaces of the teeth they impart a flashing luster that others envy. And remember, they cleanse safely; being harder than tartar, they remove it; and being softer than enamel, are harmless to it.

Yet this dentifrice costs you but 25¢ the large tube. And it is made by the makers of Listerine—proof enough for anybody that its merit is beyond question. Such a paste at such a price is made possible by economical buying power, modern methods of manufacture, and mass production.

More than a million people, having

satisfied themselves by actual tests that Listerine Tooth Paste is superior, have discarded costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The saving that follows amounts to \$3 a year per person. That saving becomes increasingly important when the family is large.

Don't take our word for the merit of Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube today at your druggist's and try it for a month. We predict that you will be so satisfied that you will not care to use any other. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

Smart Set's Hall of Feminine Fame



THE HORSEWOMAN

MANY society women, as a gesture, have their own stables. But beautiful Fontaine Maury Thraves really works at it, and a tremendous success she makes of it, too. Born on a farm in Albemarle County, Virginia, Fontaine could ride as soon as she could walk. When it came time for her to earn her living, she turned her amateur knowledge of horsemanship to professional account. For two years she conducted a riding academy at Petersburg, Va., then established her own stables at fashionable Virginia Beach. Now she raises, trains, exhibits and judges horses at the smartest shows, thereby building up her personal fortune



Wide World

THE TENNIS CHAMPIONS

SUCCESS does a sister act—and how! Sarah and Mianne are two of the five Palfrey sisters decorating American tennis. Three years ago when Sarah (she's the cute one on the right) was fourteen and Mianne was seventeen, they won the girls' national indoor championships. Then Sarah defeated Mianne at singles and together they won the outdoor doubles. Now Sarah's on the famous Wightman Cup team representing America in England this June. Mianne's along as company while back home in Boston the younger sisters keep on practicing. (There's even a sixth and youngest Palfrey who also hits a mean ball, but he's only a boy!)



THE CANDLE MAKER

MONEY can be made at home, even in the smallest town. Edna Thompson's career proves that. Young Edna of North Truro, Mass., wanted her own work. Instead of voyaging forth to a big city, she studied local recipes handed down from the Pilgrim housewives who had fashioned candles with wax brewed from bayberries. Trying these recipes, Edna soon produced hand-dipped candles, far more beautiful than the modern manufactured product. "Fine Christmas gifts," thought Edna but vast orders from friends soon turned her thoughts toward business. Now she markets candles throughout the whole world



Wide World

THE STUDENT

DOROTHIE SMITH, a fair Californian, just twenty years old, has the honor of holding the highest all university feminine position of any student in the United States. For Dorothie, who is majoring in comparative literature, is vice-president of the University of Southern California student body and in charge of all Trojan co-ed activities. Remember when co-eds were very strictly kept in their places by the lordly males of the campus? Well, one look at Dorothie and you know why this is a feminine success story but then a barrier against women broken through in education is just as grand as one destroyed in business



Rebel

THE BUSINESS BUILDER

WHILE she was still in school studying art, Cincinnati-born Edna Albert borrowed one hundred and fifty dollars from her grandfather to put on the market a deodorant prescription her physician-father had evolved. Immediately she undertook sales promotion on a scale that would have frightened most men, changed the whole trend of public opinion on deodorants, compensated for her overstepping her financial resources by doubling her efforts and finally gained confidence and standing. Ten years of hard work passed. The result? Two years ago Mrs. Albert sold her business for more than two million dollars



Rebels

THE SCULPTRESS

GENIUS has the gift of recognizing its own talents. While her playmates were making mud pies, Bonnie MacLeary modeled mud statuettes and resolved to be a great artist. Growing up, this beautiful San Antonio girl forswore a social career to follow her ideal. Coming to New York, she supported herself by painting lampshades, while she continued to model at night. Finally two of her child figures won prizes at the National Academy of Art. Honors followed in rapid succession. "Bacchante", "Aspiration" and many other distinguished works have since won her fame and established her as one of America's leading artists



PERFECT COLOUR HARMONY COTY

ROUGE—FACE POWDER—LIPSTICK

*With shades so exquisitely
attuned to one another
by artistic genius that
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perfect individual colour
harmonies, the subtle
naturalness which smart
make-up requires.*




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odeurs, standard
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ROUGE
Five radiant shades
in East Indian or
Powder Puff design
box \$1.00

**NEW
INDELIBLE LIPSTICK**
Gives unfading ex-
quisite colour to the
lips. Light, Medium,
Dark \$1.00



Perfect colour harmony even to your fingertips—Coty Perfumed Liquid Polish
For The Manicure in three smartly correct shades. Clear—Medium—Deep.



Technical tests that would prove the through-and-through quality of Blue Moon Silk Stockings before wearing are impossible for the average woman to make . . . But women can and do make the most telling test of all—the test of actual wear—and declare the truth in the Blue Moon claim of "Longer Wear in Every Pair."

LATGMAN, GRAY CO., 349 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Blue Moon trade mark is the symbol of distinctive hosiery, and an inspiration to those whose painstaking craftsmanship maintains the high Blue Moon standards of quality.

BLUE MOON
AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FULL FASHIONED
Silk Stockings

Any Girl Can Get Married

Says F. E. Baily

*the famous English novelist,
after two months in America*



Pathé

YET a vast number of girls don't believe it; and among them, ironically enough, are those who might become the best wives and mothers, the most devoted home-makers, the women capable of moulding the character of a nation.

You'll never find a spectacularly pretty girl who doubts whether she can get married, though it seldom occurs to her to wonder whether she can stay married. The pretty girl, the girl with the Hollywood lines, the acknowledged vamp of her home town, who is dated up a month ahead with all the best-looking boys, thinks she merely has to pick and choose.

The not-so-pretty girl, the rather quiet one, who always finds time to help mother around the house, lend her smaller brother and sister a hand with their lessons, often develops an inferiority complex about men and marriage. She accepts too easily the home-town vamp's superiority.

"It's all very well for Bernice,"

thinks the quiet girl. "She's got the most wonderful eyes and hair, and marvelous legs. It's different with me. I'm not Bernice. I'm not a regular fellow. I can't get away with murder like she can. And I don't know that I care for petting unless it means something, either."

WELL, let's look at it this way: What do men marry for?

When I say men I mean men, not dance-mad boys, nor small-town sheiks. What sort of girls do bank presidents, important executives and leading citizens of all kinds marry? Think of the pictures of their wives you've seen in the society columns. Are they the Greta Garbos and Vilma Bankys of this life? Do they shout sex appeal at all and sundry? Do they show their knees on every possible occasion?

Yes they do—not. These men's wives have poise, personality and charm. They dress well but not blatantly. They look capable of

setting the tone of their community. You can imagine the sort of homes they live in, refined and cultured homes where there are well brought up children, good books, good music, delightful entertaining and not a feast of perpetual jazz.

These women are social leaders, and their husbands chose them because they could provide the right home atmosphere. The outstanding men in any community have no use for jazz-babies as wives, however easy to look at the jazz-babies may be.

SOMETIMES I feel sorry for the pretty girl who is pretty and no more. She seems to be so darned confident that the most attractive fruit in the world is hers for the picking, and that no man can resist her. And no man can, up to a certain point, but that isn't marriage.

Men who make the most desirable husbands have a profound knowledge of people, or they wouldn't be where they are. They know

[Continued on page 113]

Who Wouldn't Plunge From the Sky



Dave was nettled by the fair girl's manner. "We've had about everything happen to our groves," she remarked, "but we never expected a plague of pilots"

*Hold Your Breath! For There's
Airplane Speed and High-Powered
Danger in This Romance Written
By a Pilot Who Knows His Wings*

The

THE rhythmic purr of the airplane engine was suddenly interrupted by a metallic clang. A shattered connecting rod crashed through the crankcase. Hot oil gushed from a hole as large as a man's fist. Blown back by the terrific wind blast, it smeared Dave Ordway's face and goggles with a viscous film. The motor, now a mass of junk, clattered to a stop.

The pilot pushed against the control stick, brushed away his oil-smeared goggles and, as the silent, crippled plane slid downward in a thin glide, scanned the sun-drenched country below for a landing place.

There was a wide, level field to the north—just beyond his gliding radius. Ahead were the neat squares of Florida's famous citrus groves. Beyond and to each side were miles upon miles of mangy-looking turpentine pines, of palmetto scrub and lush, semi-tropic jungle. Far to the west, a state highway, straight as a starched ribbon, stretched from horizon to horizon.

Four or five houses within his range of vision gave the harassed pilot cheer. If he cracked up, someone might come to dig him out of the wreck. The orange trees looked softer than the scrawny pines, so he headed toward them.

They mushroomed in size as the gliding plane swept down toward them. *Swish!* The edge of the wing plowed through the topmost branches. Ordway covered his face with the crook of his left arm, pulled the joy stick back and held his breath.

There was a rapid-fire series of tearing crashes as the plane careened this way and that. Then, with a spine-jarring jolt, her propellor splintered against the trunk of a tree and the engine plowed into the soft, sandy soil. Her tail whipped up and, for a few interminable instants, Ordway feared she would turn turtle and bury him beneath fuselage and gas tank. Then the tail sagged back and the pilot made haste to loosen his safety belt and clamber out of the tilting cockpit.

Walking around the ship, he attempted to estimate the

To Rescue Such Damsels in Distress?



Flying Knight

By Eustace L. Adams

damage. Except for the engine, which was a total wreck, twelve or fifteen hundred dollars would repair the broken propellor, lower wing and landing gear. Then he surveyed the wide swath of trees through which he had swept in his descent. At least fifty of them had been damaged.

There had been a house, he remembered, beside a winding road about a quarter of a mile to the south, so he began to walk along the neat little paths between the trees, keeping a wary eye open for snakes.

He had covered perhaps half the distance to the clearing when he heard the sound of voices. He cut a zigzag course through the grove in the direction from which the voices came.

Rounding the trunk of a handsome, full-bearing tree, he

stopped short, amazed at the pair he saw walking toward him.

DRESSED in blue overalls which terminated in knee-length snake boots, were two girls, both of whom, beneath the wide-brimmed hats of coarse straw, possessed a beauty that any Broadway star might have envied. The girl who was leading the way stopped short at sight of Dave and eyed him with patent disfavor.

"I'm sorry," said the flyer politely, "but I'm afraid I've ruined a lot of your trees. My engine stopped and I had to land where I could."

"Let's look at the damage," she said coldly.

Without more ado, she walked on, followed by her companion and by Ordway, who had scarcely expected so frigid

a welcome from such a stunning-looking girl. "I expect to pay for the damage, of course," explained the flyer, when they reached the lane of splintered trees. "Just tell me the amount and I'll write you a check."

Her eyes flickered from the mangled boughs to the pilot's bronzed face, and then to the wrecked plane. She swept off her sun hat, revealing a close-cropped mass of tawny golden hair which clung to her head in close, natural waves. Her vivid blue eyes, now cool and impersonal, were as clear and level as a boy's. Her sensitive mouth was set in a straight, determined line, its strength accentuated by the resolute little chin beneath.

"We've had almost everything happen to our groves," she observed, "but we never expected to be visited by a plague of pilots. There was a level field just north of us. Why didn't you land there?"

"There was no tow-plane handy," he retorted, nettled by her brusqueness. "Tell me what I owe you and I'll pay it. Then, if you'll let me use your phone, I'll have someone come and dismantle my ship."

"Why don't you just walk over to Mueller's?" asked the younger girl indifferently.

"Good idea, if he has the nearest phone," agreed Ordway.

And as he looked at her, he became aware that she surpassed even her blue-eyed companion in beauty. Perhaps a year younger than the other, she resembled her in some vague, indefinable way, despite the fact that the two were exactly opposite in type. Tendrils of blue-black hair crept from beneath the straw hat. Her eyes were black, framed by dusky lashes, and there was just a hint of restlessness in the curving lines of her full red lips that her pert, slightly up-tilted nose did not belie.

He studied the two covertly while they surveyed the wreck. It was obvious that they were not daughters of the soil. Despite the crude, shapeless cut of their overalls, their graceful figures were lithe and slender, not squat and ill-proportioned as were those of ordinary farm girls.

"HOW do we know that you aren't one of Mueller's men?" demanded the blue-eyed girl uncompromisingly.

"Call him up and ask him." He shrugged.

"The only telephone within six miles is at his house."

"All right, I'll use his, then. Which way do I go?"

She turned, then, and studied him deliberately. She missed no detail of his sun-bleached hair, of the windpuckers at the corners of his steady gray eyes, of the somewhat too-prominent chin, or of the broad, sloping shoulders that gave a clear-cut line of strength to his lean body.

"You mustn't go to Mueller's," she told him. "He doesn't like strangers. Besides, you've clipped off the tops of twenty or thirty of his trees. His groves meet ours right here."

"Then I'll have to see him anyway," he said with decision.

"He isn't a pleasant man," said the black-haired girl. "The best thing you can do is to go right away as fast as you can."

"Have you a car that I could hire to take me to a phone and then to his house?" Ordway asked.

"It's out of commission," answered the girl with the hair of glinting gold. "We haven't been able to use it for weeks."

"I'm sort of a bright little boy around engines," he persisted. "Maybe I could fix it."

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" exclaimed the younger girl. "Joan, please let him try it!"

Illustrations by

ALFRED N. SIMPKIN



"All right," agreed the other finally. "But I still think he'd better go before Mueller comes around."

"May I introduce myself?" ventured the flyer. "I am David Ordway."

"I am Joan Marbury," nodded the older girl, and turned to her companion. "This is my cousin, Sally Marbury."

Sally's dark eyes fell under the flyer's direct gaze. She turned and followed Joan, who had already begun to walk in the direction from which they had come. Dave, more than a little diverted, strolled after them.

They emerged from the grove into a little clearing beside



"Stop it!" Joan screamed.
"Stop it—or I'll shoot!" Mueller, his foot drawn back for another kick, spun around

the rutted country road. At the other end of a pathetic lawn stood a two-story house of weathered brick which had once been a perfect example of Southern Colonial architecture. Across its front was a wide veranda overhung by a railed balcony at the second floor level. The projecting roof was barely supported by several fluted Corinthian pillars, two of which now stood at crazy angles.

JOAN fed them past the plantation house to a rickety barn and tugged the sliding door open. Within was a dust-covered Ford of ancient vintage.

"Mueller tried to fix it," she said simply. "He told us that the repairs would cost almost as much as a new car."

The pilot peered under the hood and explored with expert fingers. His face was bleak as he turned back to the girls.

"Someone has taken a hammer to the commutator," he said. "You can get a new one for two or three dollars and it will take less than five minutes to install it."

"I'll order one sent from Tampa by bus," Joan shrugged wearily. "I think I could put it on myself. But when Mueller told us the engine was wrecked, I didn't bother to examine everything. Another score for our neighbor."

She turned abruptly and walked toward the house.

"Who is this Mueller bird, anyway?" demanded Dave, following her. "From everything I've heard you say, I'm beginning to think that he and I ought to have a nice, quiet little talk."

The black-haired Sally placed a small, tanned hand on his sleeve.

"Please, Mr. Ordway, don't go near him," she begged. "Really, Joan is right. You must go away."

Her dark eyes looked into his with an expression of concern for his safety that gave the flyer a distinct thrill.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "are you two girls here all alone? Isn't there some man to look after you?"

"My father died three months ago," replied Joan, not looking at him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said contritely. "But aren't there any other men around?"

"Mueller has offered his services," she said, her lips tighten-

ing. "But we're on our own, Sally and I, except for Hannah, the cook."

"That settles it," he declared. "I have a longing to meet the amiable Mueller that only an interview can satisfy. But first, if I can find a bucket of water and some soap, I'll come out from behind my disguise."

They made their way across the sandy lawn to the house. Joan, still cool and impersonal, led Dave through a long dim hall, high-ceilinged and exquisite in its proportions. Great square rooms to right and left indicated that in the days of its youth the old dwelling had been the home of people both cultured and wealthy. Now the wall paper was faded, the rugs patched and threadbare. Yet there was still an indefinable air of elegance about the place.

Dave was shown into an old-fashioned bathroom on the first floor. Ten minutes later he emerged, feeling himself again. His tousled hair had been wet and plastered down until not a trace of its waviness was evident. His tanned face shone from repeated applications of soap and water. His shaggy tweed sport suit, protected by his discarded coveralls, bore the invisible imprint of a London tailor.

A TEA wagon, one of whose wheels was slightly askew, had been rolled to a shady corner of the veranda. Upon its glass top was a pitcher of fresh orangeade, some glasses and a plate of chocolate cake.

Sally, who was pouring, had changed into a flowered dress of rose organdie. Her piquant profile was etched against the background of greenery beyond and, when she suddenly turned and glanced at him, the flyer flushed guiltily, knowing that she had caught him staring openly. But if she was offended, she made no sign.

"I'm sorry we have no ice," she apologized, handing him a glass. "Three years ago we had electric refrigeration, operated by current from Cathay."

"Cathay?" he echoed, puzzled.

"Yes. It was an elaborate development about a mile west of here. It was to have been an earthly paradise set down in the midst of orange blossoms and tropical flower gardens. It was wonderful," she added with a sigh, "but it's just jungle now."

But Dave was no longer listening. He sat perfectly still, his ears attuned to a familiar, faraway hum in the afternoon sky. The girl looked toward the southern horizon.

"Mueller's plane, I guess," she said carelessly.

"Is Mueller a flyer?" demanded Dave.

"He isn't a pilot, but he owns at least one plane. We think he has more than one, but he's never told us and we've never looked inside his hangar."

Dave stared at the rapidly growing [Continued on page 84]

From The Case Book Of

Case No. 1

The Van der Craft Poison Mystery

MISS JENNINGS regarded her visitor quizzically. The moment he was ushered into her office, she had catalogued him as ultra-wealthy, cultured and, at the moment, under great strain.

Elmore B. Van der Craft, despite his medium height, carried himself with an air of quiet distinction. Even if his correct morning attire had not carried out this impression, his manner, his gravity and the low, modulated voice would have confirmed the woman detective's deductions.

Adelaide Jennings was quite accustomed to such visitors. As the only woman head of a chain of investigating agencies, she was in the habit of dealing with all classes and conditions of people.

For several moments no word had been spoken. Van der Craft was tapping nervously on the desk-top. Miss Jennings turned her frank eyes to him, at length, and resumed quietly:

"But, Mr. Van der Craft, in a case like this, the proper procedure would seem to be the exhumation of your brother's body. After all, the routine methods of the police have their advantages. If he were murdered, as you suspect, the manner of his death would doubtless afford a working clue to the murderer."

At mention of the police, a look of fear crossed Van der Craft's face.

"My dear lady," he objected, "that is just what I don't want to happen! If my suspicions were unfounded, I should make my family ridiculous. Think of the scandal—"

Adelaide Jennings nodded sympathetically.

"I understand, of course. Then if I am to take your case, it is agreed that no prosecution is to develop; and that if we prove murder, you are not to take the matter of penalty into your own hands?"

Her visitor smiled. "I can promise you that," he assured her.

"Suppose then," the detective urged, "you start at the beginning. I must have the whole story—and your entire confidence."

VAN DER CRAFT referred to a small notebook he had taken from an inside pocket.

"It is all here," he said. "I shall endeavor to be brief. The truth is, I am obsessed with the conviction that my brother was made away with."

"A hunch of that kind is often as valuable as direct evidence in this business, Mr. Van der Craft," Miss Jennings assured her client, and sat back while he resumed his story.

She was a good listener—and apparently casual. Indeed, many of her successful cases owed their satisfactory completion to her casual air. To Van der Craft, she appeared merely an attractive, low-voiced, sympathetic woman. As he went on, his confidence grew.

"Daric, my brother, married Constance Monroe five years ago. We did not realize it at the time, but the marriage was a sort of solution to two problems. It domesticated Daric, who had been spending too much time playing around—night

life, and that sort of thing; and it also resulted in stabilizing the financial condition of Constance and her family, who had suffered rather severe reverses. It was a good thing for Constance, who, used to luxury and gaiety, could not have adapted herself to any other mode of existence."

"There was a family arrangement?" Miss Jennings asked.

"A will. My father's will had provided them an ample allowance from the estate. Under these conditions, their married life ran smoothly until about fourteen months ago, when Daric suddenly became sick. Oh, it was nothing to blame Constance for. The case was quite properly and expertly diagnosed as stomach ulceration."

"Was there another man?"

"Not then. It was drugs. Her restless life, loss of sleep, and other things had induced her to find rest through the use of chloral. At first it was merely a sedative; gradually, she became addicted."

"I see."

"And with this new development, she changed, too. She be-



BECAUSE she is the only woman head of a chain of detective agencies, because she has never lost a case she has taken to court, Adelaide Jennings, lady detective, is one of the most unusual and interesting women of our day.

This glimpse into her actual procedure on a case makes fascinating reading and is true in every detail save the names of people and places, which have been disguised for obvious reasons.

Miss Ganue, the narrator, is secretary of the Jennings-Foley agencies.

A Famous Lady Detective

By Vera Ganue



came intolerant, moody, and dreadfully extravagant. Instead of settling down as Daric had, she seemed to fall into an error characteristic of a woman who believes her marital position impregnable. She showed an utter disregard for family traditions. Naturally, it hurt us. And then—

"A man?"
"Yes. A man of fine family, but a wastrel." A smile of grim irony quivered for a moment on Van der Craft's lips. "I convinced the man in the case that his conduct was—ah—unbecoming, and he ceased to trouble us."

"Did your sister-in-law know of your action?"
"No, Miss Jennings. She was never aware that I had any knowledge of her defections. In fact, when Daric pointed out to her that her conduct could lead to but one thing—divorce—she became hysterical and promised to reform if I

"That," said Elmore Van der Craft, "is my private telephone number. Call me at any time, Miss Jennings. I leave the case in your hands"

were not told anything about it.

"The strain proved too much for Daric, and his condition took a turn for the worse. At her suggestion they removed to our house at Newport, where Constance refused the assistance of a nurse and insisted upon caring for him alone. Trusting in her apparent desire to make amends, I sailed for Europe."

"In London I received the fatal cable—Daric was dead."

ELMORE VAN DER CRAFT'S fine hands trembled as he wiped them upon a silk handkerchief. Miss Jennings' eyes narrowed but she said nothing.

"Upon my return," he went on after a pause, "the doctor informed me that he had had no idea Daric's condition was so grave. In the middle of the night my brother had awakened his wife and told her he felt he was going to die."

She immediately called the doctor in New York, but before he arrived Daric was dead. The ulcers had broken through the lining of the stomach.

"Immediately after the funeral Constance engaged a suite at the Claymore Hotel and has since refused to see any of us. She is taking chloral again openly. The same allowance is being paid her regularly, but she goes through it before it is due and I have had to settle her debts on several occasions. Her entire time is devoted to buying clothes she never wears and consulting fortune-tellers."

He twisted the handkerchief into a tight knot. "Miss Jennings, my mind is full of vague suspicions that I know are unworthy, horrible, and yet——"

He left the sentence unfinished and the woman investigator nodded. Already her facile mind was laying out a plan of action suggested by a thin thread of circumstance in the man's narrative.

"Mr. Van der Craft, I will do my best."

The financier seemed satisfied.

"Have you any suggestions, Miss Jennings?" he asked.

"Only one," she said. "Notify your bankers at once to cut your sister-in-law's allowance to one-third its present amount, giving no reason. How soon would she become aware of that?"

The scion of the Van der Crafts looked surprised.

"Why, on the first of the month—next week, I should say. But I do not understand——"

"She must be made to come to me," the detective replied cryptically.

"As you say, Miss Jennings."

Elmore Van der Craft arose and, taking a card from his wallet, handed it to her.

"My private telephone number. Feel free to call me at any time. I leave the case entirely in your hands."

ADELAIDE JENNINGS smiled at the obvious relief with which her client terminated the interview. When he had gone she sat for a moment thoughtfully, then summoned Marjorie Dawson, manager of the New York office, from an outer room.

"Miss Dawson, that ad of yours is bringing results. That was Elmore Van der Craft, the financier."

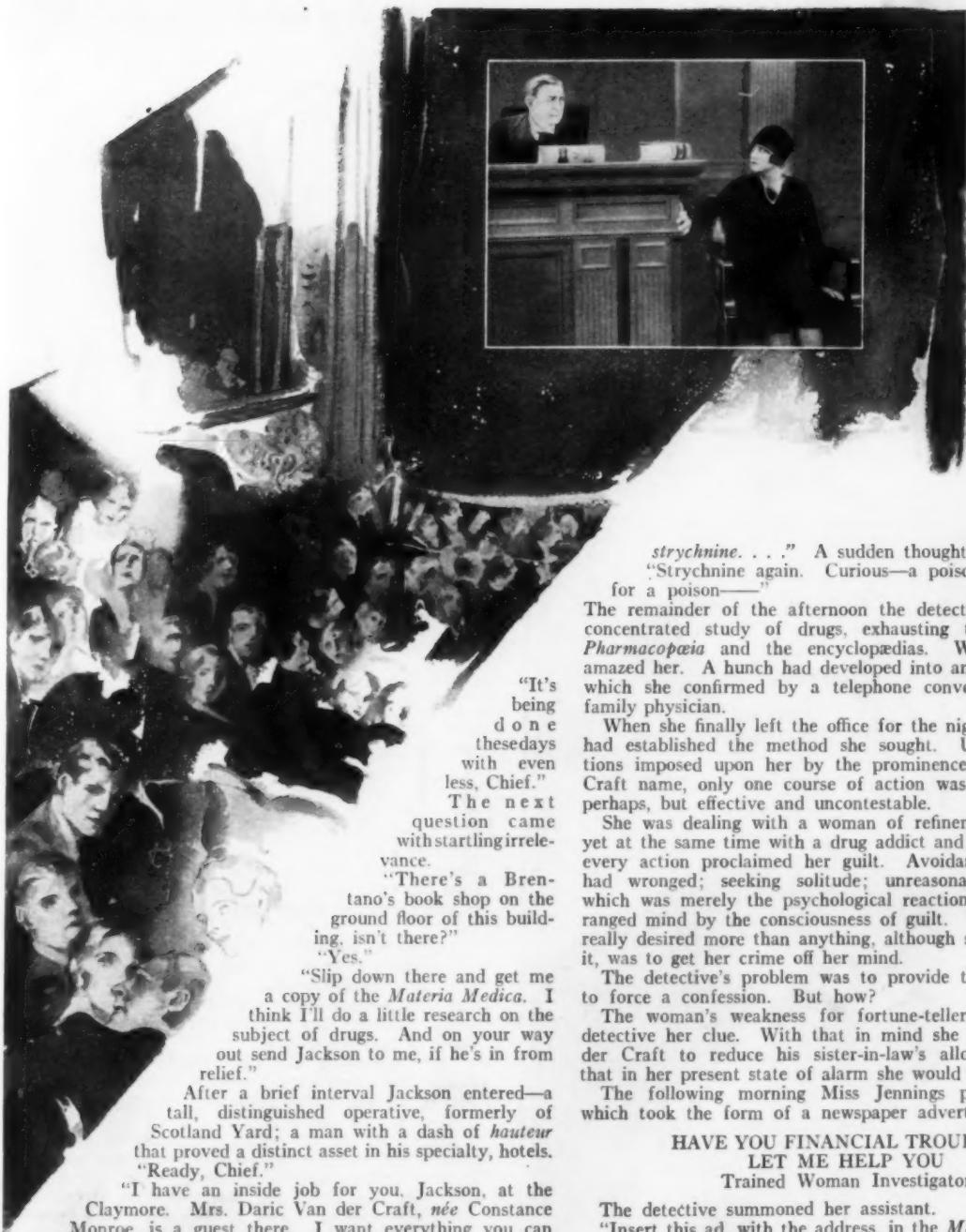
Her assistant waited expectantly.

"Now what I would like to know, Miss Dawson, is this. Would a threat of divorce from an enormously wealthy husband to a comparatively poor wife who is decidedly neurotic, and a drug addict as well, be sufficient motive for . . . murder?"

Illustrations by
LESLIE BENSON



Into the harsh monotony of the canned confession rang a piercing scream. Constance Van der Craft staggered to her feet



"It's being done these days with even less, Chief."

The next question came with startling irrelevance.

"There's a Brentano's book shop on the ground floor of this building, isn't there?"

"Yes."

"Slip down there and get me a copy of the *Materia Medica*. I think I'll do a little research on the subject of drugs. And on your way out send Jackson to me, if he's in from relief."

After a brief interval Jackson entered—a tall, distinguished operative, formerly of Scotland Yard; a man with a dash of *hauteur* that proved a distinct asset in his specialty, hotels. "Ready, Chief."

"I have an inside job for you, Jackson, at the Claymore. Mrs. Daric Van der Craft, *née* Constance Monroe, is a guest there. I want everything you can find out about her habits—when she takes her meals, when she leaves and when she returns, what she does when she goes out. Shadow her constantly, and if you need a relief call in for one. This is important. Start at once."

Miss Jennings leaned back in her chair and toyed with her pen.

"The motive is obvious," she reasoned. "Now I must find the method."

The manager returned with a thick red volume, the *Materia Medica*.

Turning to the heading, "Chloral," Miss Jennings read:

"Chloralum Hydratum . . . Properties (internal), nervous insomnia, headache, strychnine poisoning . . . Chloral Habit, soon acquired and manifested in voluble speech, general weakness and permanent mental disturbances . . . Antidotes, lime water, alkalies,

strychnine. . . ." A sudden thought made her pause. "Strychnine again. Curious—a poison as an antidote for a poison—"

The remainder of the afternoon the detective devoted to a concentrated study of drugs, exhausting the *Materia*, the *Pharmacopæia* and the encyclopædias. What she learned amazed her. A hunch had developed into an active suspicion, which she confirmed by a telephone conversation with her family physician.

When she finally left the office for the night Miss Jennings had established the method she sought. Under the limitations imposed upon her by the prominence of the Van der Craft name, only one course of action was possible—brutal, perhaps, but effective and uncontested.

She was dealing with a woman of refinement and culture, yet at the same time with a drug addict and a neurotic whose every action proclaimed her guilt. Avoidance of those she had wronged; seeking solitude; unreasonable extravagance which was merely the psychological reaction set up in a deranged mind by the consciousness of guilt. What the woman really desired more than anything, although she did not know it, was to get her crime off her mind.

The detective's problem was to provide the opportunity—to force a confession. But how?

The woman's weakness for fortune-tellers had given the detective her clue. With that in mind she had advised Van der Craft to reduce his sister-in-law's allowance, confident that in her present state of alarm she would be frantic.

The following morning Miss Jennings planted her bait, which took the form of a newspaper advertisement—

**HAVE YOU FINANCIAL TROUBLES?
LET ME HELP YOU
Trained Woman Investigator**

The detective summoned her assistant.

"Insert this ad, with the address, in the *Morning Star*, Miss Dawson. They have a section toward the front devoted to lost and found and personal notices. Have the ad set in bold faced type in the center of the section, so it will stand out. It is to run indefinitely."

If the advertisement did not bring the woman in, Miss Jennings had another plan.

THE next few days were hectic ones for the Jennings-Foley Detective Agency. The Chief sat at her desk, inscrutable, never at a loss, aware of every least move in the game. Her orders mystified her staff—but then, she mystified everyone.

To their amazement every available operative was pressed into service to see movies—crime movies. The wave of crime talkies was at its height and there was a wide variety offered at the theatres in and about the city. They saw them all. Every one with a crime motif, [Continued on page 110]

"I Used to Think There Was Something the



Ann Harding didn't wait for any Columbus. She discovered herself. True she had beauty, youth and charm, but the real asset that carried her from stenography to stardom is a secret any girl can learn

The CHARM SCHOOL

HOW much chance of success has the ugly duckling with the plain little face and the oh-so-straight hair?

Ann Harding will give you the answer. Her career is as breathless and exciting and dramatic as winter wind, for she, herself, was the ugly duckling. She was that neat, quiet little person, third desk from the end. To her a lipstick was a needless extravagance and a marcel wave the last word in frivolity.

Ann Harding—the ugly duckling. Can you bear it?

I could, if I chose, drag out all the old standbys—grit, determination, pluck, perseverance—and tell you just how much of each Ann has. But I won't. Why? Because Ann Harding has such a superabundance of something else.

The "something else" is a little quality called *charm*, and its presence, somehow, takes the hardness out of grit and makes determination suggest less of a cigar-chewing executive.

It is charm and not sex that has made Ann Harding a successful business woman and a successful actress. Hers is a charm that is neither mystical, nor metaphysical. It is simply the charm of being natural—a quality so irresistible that it has carried Ann triumphantly through every stage of her grim battle for achievement.

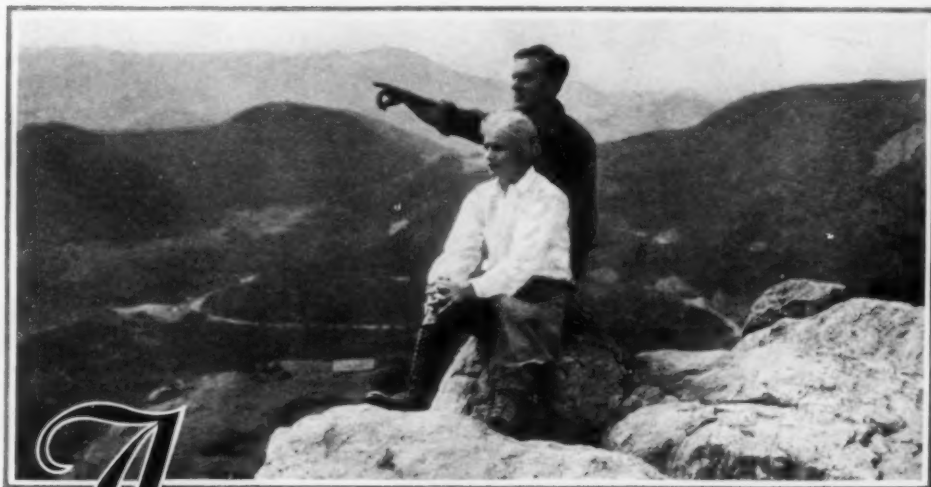
When her father, a general in the United States Army, was stationed at Camp Knox in Kentucky, Ann realized that the army was a fine place for a man but not for a girl. She looked about her and tried to visualize her future.

What did life hold for a general's daughter? She made social calls in white kid gloves, went to discreet, chaperoned dances, had a proper coming-out party and, in due time, married a second lieutenant. All of which meant nothing to Ann, for there is, stored up within her, an amazing energy—the sort of energy that continually seeks new and more arduous paths.

Ann was delighted when, immediately after the War, her father was called to Washington, and she and

Matter With Me. I Never Was Insulted"

The dark gentleman in the background is the love interest in Ann Harding's story—otherwise Husband Harry Bannister, distinguished actor. And at home there is also Miss Jane Bannister, a very designing blonde, one year old



of ACHIEVEMENT

By

Katherine Albert

her mother and sister were sent to New York because there were no quarters for them at the capital. In the city the three gently bred ladies took an apartment on Ninety-second Street, and there Ann began to contemplate her future. An officer's wife had given her some hand-painted miniatures and had asked her to try selling them in the city.

Try, if you can, to picture her as she was in those days. Not the strange, glamorous beauty you have seen on the screen. She was a direct, un-complex little person, not much given to self-analysis. Her skin was clear, pale and completely innocent of powder, let alone rouge. Her blue eyes asked no fantastic questions of life. Yet even then, as now, the straight straw-colored hair was twisted into a loose knot on the back of her head.

Her soft voice and gentle manner brought her courtesy from the managers of the art shops on Fifth Avenue, but nothing else. Nobody wanted to buy the miniatures she had for sale. Yet she knew she had to get a job, for every day she feared that a letter from her father would call them back to some army post. A job was her only hope of escape.

One day the end of her wanderings brought her to Madison Square, where she seated herself on a park bench and turned the pages of a newspaper until she came to the want ad section. There before her was a bold-faced announcement that a number of inexperienced girls were needed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. She looked up. The Metropolitan Building towered above her!

IT WAS no meek, unsure child who entered that crowded office. Ann had inherited her father's fighting spirit, and even when she found a line of heterogeneous people waiting ahead of her she was not discouraged. She felt she could do whatever was required.

She seated herself at the end of the line—it was a very long

one—and folded her hands over her neat brown bag. But while Ann has the rare gift of calm, she is not given to endless inactivity, and when she saw that the line showed no sign of lessening and that the people seated along the walls were as dull and lacklustre as the plaster behind them, she walked to the center of the room where a young man sat at a desk.

"Do I really have to wait all this long time?" she asked.

"Why, no," he said. "What do you want?"

"A job," she answered.

He looked at her a second time. She was not the sort of girl who usually came in response to an ad. She was so poised, so sincere, so evidently well-bred.

He gave her what he called an "Intelligence Test", which was an insult to her mind, and told her to answer all the questions. The next morning she started to work as a typist (she did not know the touch system but she could write quickly enough) at \$12.50 a week.

SEVERAL years later, small and chic in the corner of her cozy divan, she was able to speak lightly of those days.

"Jobs have always just happened to me like that," she said. "I've never had any trouble in finding them, but after I had them I've always worked like a dog and done just a little more than I was paid to do. I'd get a sure job and then I'd find another that wasn't so sure; but I'd work at that until it became sure and then I'd let the first one go.

"I've always had one thing to fall back on in case anything happens to the other. Even now I keep telling myself that if I don't succeed on the screen I can always go back to stenography."

Her first duties in the insurance office were as typist and file clerk—just one of hundreds of young girls. Yet the most casual observer had only to look into Ann's face to know that she was different from the others. Success had marked her long before, when the fates gave her pluck and determination—plus charm.

She was charming, you see, without in any way letting her sex intrude. She was, in fact, afraid of it and in those days used to walk along the street in a straight line exactly in the center of the pavement. For if she strolled near the curb a passing motorist, with fiendish intent [Continued on page 108]



GOLD DIGGER

It Took Reno—and Three Husbands—to Teach Lucretia That Men + Money Don't = Marriage

By Charles J.
McGuirk

WHEN I met Lucretia in Reno, she was a duchess—the *Duchesse de Bertillon*, no less. She has since resumed her native democracy by marrying an American commoner—we'll call him Van Durance because that is *not* his name—who owns banks and railroads and copper mines and a steam yacht and all the other appurtenances which are so necessary to Lucretia's atmosphere. But when I met her, she was a duchess, lovely as a romantic flowergirl of old, old Spain—and twice as good a business woman.

I had looked forward to the meeting as one looks forward to meeting any of our modern fairy princesses like Peggy Joyce or Mrs. Jean Nash or about ten other lovely ladies who were created especially to raise the circulation of rich gentlemen, currency and newspapers. I had heard and read of her for years, as who has not?

Remember her? Of course you do. Lucretia of the three millionaire-husbands, the \$360,000 rope of pearls and the \$100,000 insurance on each of her slender, shapely legs.

She was the show girl who, without being able to sing a note or dance a step or speak a line, made the Frolics of 1926 a financial miracle. She was the woman who had traveled across the world as an international co-respondent with her

purity unblemished. She was the lady who had had more expensive—and unrequited—affection squandered upon her than had Cleopatra and Helen of Troy combined. She was the perfect example of what the love of men will do for a woman materially. She was the world's greatest gold digger.

Certainly, I wanted to know her!

I CAME upon her on the Bridge of Sighs, which spans the chuckling Truckee River along the way of Virginia Avenue. This, by the way, is the bridge from which newly-divorced and hilarious ex-wives hurl their wedding rings as votive offerings to the god Eros on their way from one husband to another.

Lucretia was with an old acquaintance of mine, a woman of great wealth and oft-changing marital fancies, whom I had met two days before. Friendships bud, flower—and die—swiftly in Reno. So we met properly and conventionally, because everything Lucretia does is done that way.

She was interested and a little distrustful because she knew I was a writer. And after a while her interest overcame her distrust and she came to give me some portion of her confidence. Not, as she expressed it, enough for publication, but sufficient so that she might be understood by at least one human being.



Jack never took his eyes from her. Gone was his contempt and in its stead was faith and an almost naive awe of her great beauty

Illustrations
by

H. R. BALLINGER

Now you must not get a false impression of this friendship. There was nothing of personal romance in it. Lucretia is Lucretia, who takes her pick of husbands from among the world's wealthiest lovers. And the Lord, He knows, I am neither a Midas nor a Lothario. I only mention the relationship because, through it, I gained a front seat from which I viewed the comedy—or tragedy, if you prefer—of Lucretia as it was played before my very eyes and even with an occasional prompting from me, in that little town of shattered romances.

How shall I describe her for the blind and the other few of you who have not seen her in the rotogravure sections?

Well, "she walked in beauty." Whether she was blonde, brunette or Titian I couldn't for the life of me tell you. Trying to describe her, I think of other things: a cold, slender rapier blade flashing on the duelling ground at dawn; a thoroughbred, eager and finely drawn, facing the barrier; a peacock with a lovely voice (and there is no such thing); Galatea, her body warmed to life by Pygmalion's kisses, but carrying a marble heart under her firm young breast.

For when I first knew Lucretia she had never loved. Strange wasn't it? Married three times and never to have loved. Not a man, not a woman, not even herself.

She told me about it one time in her low, slightly hoarse voice which I have often thought was, and is, her greatest charm. I have a theory that all women who attract men violently have that kind of voice. There is an indescribable

lure in it. I have known in all my life only seven women who possessed it. None of them was a successful wife. All of them were loved by many men.

Lucretia said, concerning her allure:

"There is something about me. It isn't beauty, because other women are much more beautiful. And it isn't brains, because men just despise brains; they've caused all my divorces. It's—I don't know—something that turns men from friends into crazy people, wanting me, telling me about my hair and my eyes and everything. All three of my husbands were like that. I married my first because I thought that if he was so wild I might get that way, too. I didn't. I never have. I don't know, really I don't, what makes them act that way.

"And I married my other two because I became tired of their constant begging. And," she added dreamily, "they both did have a great deal of money. And money is important, isn't it?"

BUT this confidence came long after our first meeting, which presaged nothing of the intimacy that was to ensue between us. She accepted the introduction with an ease which was almost painful to me. She looked straight at me because, as I came to learn, she looked straight at everything—at men and love and ugliness and beauty and life itself.

"I've heard of you," she acknowledged casually. "You write things for the magazines. And you are up here to find out and tell the world just how wicked *divorcées* are."

From her tone I gathered that a person who made his living in that way didn't rate very high as a human being. And that impression left me painfully unrelaxed at the meeting I had looked forward to. When I left her to go over to the Capitol Bar it was with the firm resolve that when the Duchess de Bertillon saw me again it would be only at vast distances.

But I did not know Lucretia.

For her three-months sojourn in Reno, which was necessary before she could be legally severed from the Duke, she had engaged a house—or rather a House—on the outskirts of Wingfield Park. She had staffed it with her own servants imported from New York. And she had had her Rolls Royce shipped there, with chauffeur, so that they were able to meet her when she stepped from her drawing room on the Overland Limited.

Now a House, full panoplied, in Reno is the same as a palace on the Rhine or a villa in France or a castle in the British Isles. And her car was a thing of beauty which stood far out, even among the many other aristocrats of motordom that flaunt their grace—and that of their charming owners—on the streets of the Divorce Capital.

It was a town car, "customs built", low and rakish, stream-lined and of mauve color. It was upholstered in velvety leather of the same hue, and it bore on its doors the Duke's crest, a tiny royal thing of red and gold and green. Its chauffeur was a sphinx-like, devil-driving young Frenchman, also stream-lined, who answered to the name of Henri.

THE Rolls stole up behind me one afternoon and I had no knowledge of its presence until Lucretia hailed me.

"Can I give you a lift anywhere?" she asked in that soft, throaty voice of hers. She was leaning forward, her cameo face with the soft-hard eyes a vision of beauty.

"No," I said and paused for the luxury of brusqueness before I added, "Thank you. It's kind of you."

"It isn't," admitted Lucretia. "It's pure selfishness. I want to ask you something."

"I'm sorry. I'm awfully busy. I was hurrying to an important engagement."

"You're not sorry," she contradicted softly but flatly. "And you're not busy, because I've seen you loafing for days and

nights and I've heard of you doing much worse. And the only important engagements in Reno are between *divorcées* and their lawyers. Please get in."

I got in.

"You don't like me, do you?" She asked that as we slid over the roads eastward toward the foothills, the engines purring like sleeping tigers.

"No, I don't."

"We won't press it," said Lucretia, "because, after all, likes and dislikes are matters of temperament over which we haven't any control, don't you think?"

I didn't think—audibly—and we had skimmed over at least five miles before:

"I want to know what you are going to do to the *divorcées* in the magazine," she said. "Are you going to hold us up as a lot of bad women? That's what magazine writers do, isn't it? It makes—what is it you call it?—such good copy?"

I looked at the landscape, contemplating getting out and walking. But we were twenty miles from home, and it was cold. I looked at Lucretia, contemplating murder. And then I laughed.

"What are you laughing at?"

"Do you think I'd do a thing like that?"

Lucretia looked at me long and intently, like a child studying a new animal.

"No," she said at last. "I think you're too nice. I think you're awfully nice. Really."

I made no answer to that. What could I say? So the conversation became more desultory, Lucretia having satisfied her curiosity, until I asked that we turn back. We stopped under her *porte-cochère*.

"Won't you," she invited, "come in and have a cocktail with me?"

"I'm sorry. Thank you." I might be browbeaten into accepting unwanted transportation, but I would not eat her salt—or drink it either.

"Then would you mind awfully if I left you here? Henri, of course, will take you to your appointment."

I have one too, I think. With some women—friends." Her laugh was short and a little hard.

I helped her out, and then, as Henri swung to his wheel and I stepped back into the car, I said to him quite loudly:

"To the Capitol Bar."

There was an ever so slight pause in her graceful ascent of the steps. No other sign that she had heard the insult.

THERE was no more from Lucretia.

I took but indifferent interest in my assignment for a while, because Jack Clarke had brought his six-feet-four of condemned manhood up from southern Nevada and the sheep country for his annual winter stay in his little mountain cabin.

This stay was compulsory, though not through any lack of money. He had, as he himself quaintly and often expressed it, "more'n enough to spend if meals were a hundred dollars apiece, drinks two hundred and the dice went ag'in me for twenty thousand a night and I lived to be a hundred years. Which," he always added as a casual afterthought, "I won't."

He wouldn't. As gamblers put it, the gods gave him the top of the world and then copped the bet by fixing it so he wouldn't sit there long.

When I met him he was thirty-two, the only and well-loved heir of Ed Clarke, multi-millionaire mining king and one of Nevada's most picturesque figures. Ed got his rise in the world by staking his last five dollars in a crap game and running it, through saloons and gambling halls, to big holdings in the great Comstock Lode and later in the almost equally great Goldfield Consolidated Gold Mines.

Ed had died, full of years, vitality and whisky at the age of sixty-two after, with true frontier chivalry, allowing Mrs. Clarke to precede him into Eternity. [Continued on page 100]

The Story of a Love That Was a Law Unto Itself

By
ETHEL M. DELL

Whatever the coming months have in store for you, they can hold nothing more powerful, more poignant, than Miss Dell's latest novel, beginning in the July NEW SMART SET. Never has this writer drawn a finer character than "Tiggie", nor a more appealing one than Viola. Never has she created a situation so full of pathos and suspense.

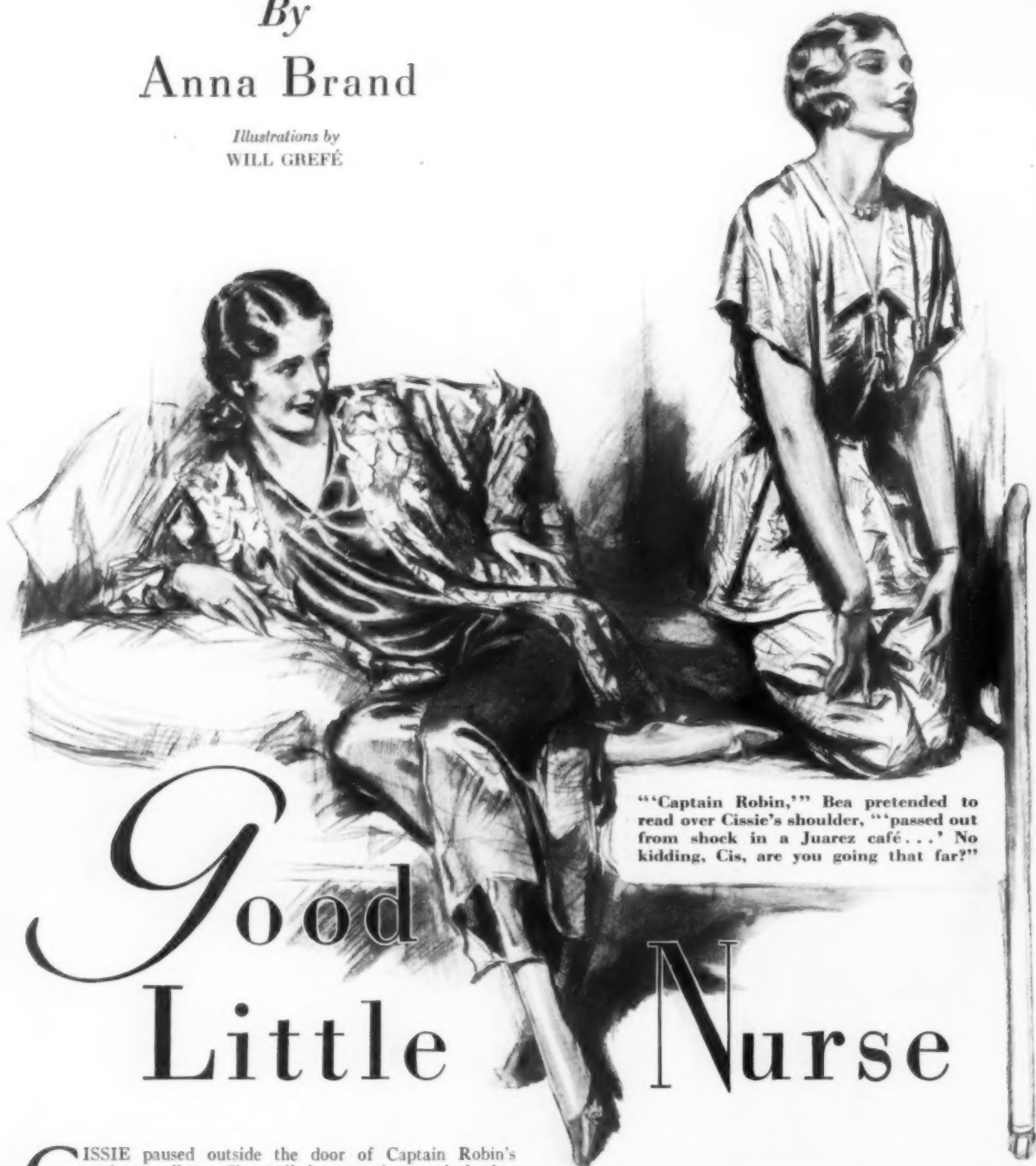
It's a swell
story



LUCRETIA said, speaking of Jack, "He's the handsomest man I've ever seen. There's something . . . in his eyes . . ." I could have told her it was Death — but I didn't

By
Anna Brand

Illustrations by
WILL GREFFÉ



"'Captain Robin,'" Bea pretended to read over Cissie's shoulder, "'passed out from shock in a Juarez café. . . ' No kidding, Cis, are you going that far?"

Good Little Nurse

CISSIE paused outside the door of Captain Robin's private office. She pulled an outlaw curl farther down on her cheek and tilted her starched white cap at a rakish angle. Then, on sober second thought, she firmly tucked the curl back and set her cap primly upright.

Cissie was very young—and so was the captain. But while Cissie was palpably aware of the captain's youth, the captain, if he was aware of Cissie at all, knew her merely as a nurse who made a remarkably neat figure-eight bandage.

Drawing a quick, nervous breath, Cissie opened the door and entered the captain's office. His head was bent over a chart on his desk.

"I'm off duty now, Captain Robin." She clasped her hands in front of her and studied the floor while she talked.

Cissie had learned that if you talk to a man with your eyes cast down he will immediately feel flattered and watch you.

"Wilson wouldn't let me give him a sponge bath," she continued. "He said it was only Tuesday. And we'll have to requisition some more thermometers . . ." She hesitated. The color rose faintly in her cheeks. The black fringe of eyelashes swept up slowly and her eyes sought the captain's.

IT WAS all so much waste ammunition as far as the captain was concerned. Still bent over the chart with intent absorption, he dismissed her crisply—"Good night, Miss Paget."

Well, there was nothing to do but go, after that—and Cissie



Army Rules and Regulations Didn't Scare Cissie. So She Aimed Her Guns at the Girl-Proof Captain

A deadly dull dinner at the Nurses' Mess. A deadly dull evening lounging in the Nurses' Hall waiting for bedtime. Finally, when Miss Marsons began on her regular account of the time the Germans bombed her hospital outside Paris, Cissie rose with a profound sigh and sought her room in the

Nurses' Quarters, too utterly bored to listen any longer. "If something doesn't happen soon," she murmured desperately as she climbed the stairs, "I'll be a patient in the 'nut' ward."

"COME in!" called voices as she turned her door knob. Her roommate, Frankie Travis, and Bea Lawson were seated cross-legged on the floor, matching pennies.

Cissie banged the door behind her, removed her cap with a vicious jerk and tossed it on the dresser.

"Don't shoot!" implored Bea, lifting her hands.

"Do you know something . . ." began Cissie explosively.

"Not a thing!" interrupted Bea. "I'm not paid enough to know anything."

"An army nurse," continued Cissie, with a baleful eye, "isn't fish, flesh, fowl nor good red herring. We rank as officers, so we can't go with the corps men. The patients are too sick to go with anybody, and the officers seem to think we're put in cold storage overnight. Just listen to that!" She waved her hand dramatically toward the open window.

On the night air came the strains of a wickedly alluring waltz. The colonel's wife was giving a masquerade dance at the Hospitality House.

"Oh, yeah," observed Frankie laconically. "We've been hearing it all evening. But take it from me, Cissie, you'll be happier when you quit struggling. I've put in five years in the army; I ought to know . . . was that heads, Bea? I didn't see."

"Sure it was heads!" retorted Bea, tartly. "What do you think I'm doing, running a 'con' game?"

"Shush, children!" soothed Cissie, who was leaning out the window.

The Hospitality House lay a hundred yards away. The music had stopped and couples were straying onto the verandas and walks during the intermission.

It was a night to challenge youth. The air was balmy and faintly spiced. Overhead the stars burned in a blue-black Texas sky. From below came the ripple of laughter, the flare of cigarettes and low-murmured nonsense.

"Better come away from that window," advised Frankie. "You can't fill your little tummy by looking at the cookies, and it isn't good for your morals when you're on a bread-and-water diet."

"And I," sighed Cissie wistfully, "have an evening dress."

"Fine!" comforted Bea. "It will be so nice to bury you in—if it isn't too lively."

"Evening dress!" sniffed Frankie mournfully. "Didn't you know that all you needed in the army, outside the regulation uniform, was a green cotton umbrella?"

BUT Cissie didn't hear. She was deep in meditation—meditation that involved that evening dress, starlight and sundry accessories, such as army officers. She turned from the window slowly and her gray eyes were smoldering lights.

went. In the hall outside his office she paused again. It was idiotic of her, but her chin was quivering and there was a tight feeling in her throat.

Cissie was, by nature, as sociable as a basket of kittens. In her twenty-one years she had been petted, loved, comforted and scolded, but never, until her six months of army service, had she been snubbed.

She had gone into the army with visions of handsome officers and delightful foreign posts. She hadn't figured on a desert-bound hospital and seven empty evenings a week.

"I have it!" she announced in an inspired burst. "The trouble is with us. They never think of us as girls, but we are—and *they're* men. Why look, we're as attractive as any of the girls over there." She pointed indignantly toward the window. "And I'll bet you if we applied the same tactics they do, we'd get the same results."

"Humph!" snorted Frankie skeptically. "We'd get fired, you mean."

"That's so," confirmed Bea, perching on the foot of Cissie's bed and removing her shoes. "Gosh! my feet hurt! Say—this morning when Charlotte White fainted during a dressing, did Major Hemming stop and fan her little white brow? He did not. He just dragged her over and leaned her against the wall and bawled to the corps man to get him another nurse."

"Well, I don't care," contested Cissie stubbornly, "that just proves my point. Charlotte let the Major think of her as a handy piece of machinery on two legs. I say the trouble is with us—you, I mean," she added.

"Why leave yourself out of it?" inquired Frankie sweetly. "I don't see you getting that evening dress out of moth balls."

"You will—if you stick around," Cissie informed her shortly. She walked over to her dresser, picked up her mirror and studied the satin sheen of her black curls.

"Sweet spirits of nitre!" She turned with a sudden, contrite smile. "Aren't we a scrappy lot? No wonder. Now listen to me," she said with dramatic emphasis. "You girls have meekly accepted the system. *I'm going to upset it.* Are you for me?"

"Sure, I'm for you," championed Bea, "and so are the angels. But let's see you do it."

Frankie shook her head. "Don't egg her on that way, Bea."

"Very well." Cissie's voice took on a determined edge. "We'll make a sporting proposition of it. I'll bet the pair of you one month's pay that I'll be proposed to inside of six weeks, by . . ." She paused.

"By that perfectly grand new captain of yours?" inquired Bea. "I'll take you up if he's the victim."

Cissie opened her mouth to speak but turned swiftly to hide the sudden flush that ran over her face.

"That's too small a field," she objected in a muffled voice. "Besides, he may be married."

"Well, he's not," Bea informed her promptly. "He moved into the bachelor quarters and, from what I hear, he'll stay there. He's supposed to have a private fortune and a deep conviction that some girl will marry him for it. There are just two other bachelors here, Captain Fawcett and Major Hemming. Take your choice. Aim high and pick the Major, why don't you?"

CISSIE faced them with a sparkle of exasperation in her eyes. "You two make me tired. You don't believe it can be done. There are three eligible men here and there's all of Fort Bliss. Give me the field and I'll show you!"

Frankie stalked over and shook her hand solemnly. "I'll take you up," she said.

"And I'll double the bet, if you land Captain Robin," added Bea. "Now when do you propose to get on the firing line?"

"Right this minute," was the startling reply.

Cissie yanked open her dresser drawer and snatched out a pair of chiffon hose and some brief, silk garments. "Just be seated on the bed there, ladies. The curtain is about to rise. *I'm going to that dance next door!*" She flung her uniform on the bed and reached for the chiffon hose.

Frankie and Bea gazed at each other, horror-struck.

"Poor child!" murmured Bea, when she could get her breath. "Get your thermometer, Frankie, and I'll run call the O. D. She must be running an awful temperature, and she *looks* so natural!"

"Never mind my temperature!" Cissie flashed a grim smile that showed two deep dimples at the corners of her lips. "Just remember this is a masquerade dance. I'm going as Little Red Riding Hood, and with a costume I can easily sneak in between



dances. I'll slip out again before they unmask, and skip home."

"Seems like the wolf would be your rôle," suggested Frankie. "Where is this said costume?"

"Keep your eye on me," advised Cissie, "I've dressed for dozens of these things on a minute's notice."

She slid into the evening dress, a gauzy thing of white tulle. A rummage through the dresser drawer brought up a length of blue ribbon.

"Here—" she backed up to Frankie—"tie this around my middle. It's my sash." She surveyed the effect in the mirror with acute satisfaction. It accentuated the slim curve of her hips perfectly.

She knotted a red silk handkerchief swiftly and tied it over her curls. Snatching her uniform cape from the closet, she turned it wrong side out with a quick gesture and draped the scarlet folds over her bare, white shoulders. It was quite gorgeous against the black hair and white tulle frock.

"Now!" She stepped back theatrically. "How do I look?"



The captain's eyes strayed to Cissie. Devilishly pretty girl, Miss Paget. Odd he hadn't noticed it before. But—what the deuce was she doing alone in a place like this?

"Cissie," breathed Bea devoutly, "I believe you can do it!" "Well—you're beautiful," admitted Frankie, "beautiful but dumb, or you'd never try a trick like this."

Tying on her mask, Cissie paused in the door. "Now, listen, girls," she whispered excitedly, "I'll slip out the side door. Take a box seat in the window. You'll see me presently, between dances, with one of the most completely fooled men at the William Beaumont Hospital."

THE porch of the Nurses' Quarters was dark. Cissie hung back in the shadows. She was breathing quickly, conscious of the flush rising in her cheeks.

The orchestra was starting again. Couples were running across the paths, calling to each other. A group of six passed by and, stepping in behind them, Cissie found herself being pushed and jostled into the dimly lighted, noisily gay dance hall. Several officers who were "staggering it" were lounging at the top of the steps.

"Oh!" exclaimed Cissie, with a sudden gesture of dismay, "I must have dropped my program out there."

"Finders keepers!" shouted a tall redhead, ridiculously garbed as a Gold Dust Twin. "Here's the way I hunt for ladies' programs!" With a swift movement he put an arm about her and swept her out on the dance floor.

A tall, cowed monk standing by the door had witnessed the scene with amusement. He continued to stand there, following Cissie's progress around the dance floor with a curiously fascinated gaze.

Cissie's head felt as light as her heels. Redhead was a marvellous dancer, and in spite of the frightened beat of her heart, she was on her toes with joy. Soft light, lilting music, the fragrance of perfume and the soft hum of voices.

Two turns around the hall and a hand touched Redhead. "Curses!" he muttered, "Go out and lose that program again." Cissie let fly her dimples in a smile as she glanced up. The monk held out his arms.

As she moved away with her new partner, Cissie was subtly conscious of something. Was it the strength in those arms holding her; the broad shoulders under the gray, woolen cloth;

or, was it just the intuitive beat of her heart that made her know he was Captain Robin?

"You're a late arrival," he scolded. "What do you mean by keeping me waiting all evening?"

"Oh, were you waiting for me?" breathed Cissie.

"Positively," he assured her. "You—or someone just like you."

"Well, if that's the case," Cissie murmured drunkenly, "she'll be waiting for you—because I'm not she. I'm me."

"I'm not myself either," he announced with a grin. "Haven't been since the first minute I saw you. So that makes it even all around."

Cissie was dazed with triumph. It was as easy as this! Four hours before she could have walked around the captain's desk on her hands and he wouldn't have seen her. Now he held her in his arms like a Christmas package marked "Perishable".

"Do you know," he observed curiously, studying the tip of Cissie's impudent nose, "I have an odd feeling about you? One minute I think I've never met you, or I'd be bound to recognize you in any disguise. The next minute you seem very familiar. Tell me," he urged, "haven't I met you?"

"Impossible," declared Cissie wickedly. "We don't move in the same set, I'm sure."

HE CONTINUED to watch her face with baffled interest. When the dance ended he tucked her hand possessively under his arm and strolled down the steps. Score Two, thought Cissie; he wasn't going to give the stags another chance.

"Let's go over to that walk," she suggested, pointing to the Nurses' Quarters.

Just under her open window she paused. From the tail of her eye she could glimpse two heads in the light above. "What is this building?" she asked in a clear voice.

"This?" The captain looked up. "Oh, this is the Nurses' Quarters."

"And where are the nurses?" she questioned.

"They're in bed, where all good little girls should be—except," he added hastily, "when I'm taking care of them. Now, tell me," he inquired abruptly, "who are you?"

Cissie shook her head. "This is a masquerade," she objected. "Wait until we unmask."

"No," he insisted. "I may lose you in the scramble later on."

But Cissie was obdurate, and at that instant the first notes of the next dance floated out from the Hospitality House.

"Come!" she called excitedly, starting to run, "I've promised this one."

[Continued on page 104]



The Door *Stands* **OPEN**

By

Helen Christine Bennett

SHE stood at the end of an aisle table, a small, straight figure in the inevitable black dress that belied her youth. The man leaning on the next counter surveyed her with amusement.

For, as her nimble fingers worked on the stock, folding every pleat of the small infant's frock in place, her delicate nostrils widened, and the corners of her mouth were set.

Suddenly the man left his place, and stood before her.

"You don't like those dresses," he challenged.

She raised shrewd eyes to his. "No."

"Well, what's the matter with them?"

"They're too long," she said with all the emphasis of fourteen when it knows it is right. "They make a kid look like she belongs in an orphan asylum. How'd you like your little girl to look like that—like she came from an orphan asylum?"

The buyer for the department looked hard at the small figure. He noted the carefully arranged hair, the exquisite cleanliness of neck and ears, the polished shoes and well-kept nails.

"Little girl," he said. "I've a notion you'll go far."

When the little girl of that story left that same department store she was a woman in her forties, and

The One Business

*In Which Nothing Stops
You but Yourself is the
Department Store*

rich. Through the years of her service she had mounted from cash girl to stock girl, to saleswoman, to assistant buyer, to buyer and finally to merchandise counselor. And with the successive promotion her salary had mounted to \$30,000 a year.

"What seems most significant of all my years here?" She repeated my query as we stood together in the French Room of her floor. Then, after a moment's reflection, came her answer:

"The ever increasing number of women in the high places.

"When I came here over thirty years ago," she went on, "all the departments were headed by men. As they went out, one by one, I have seen them succeeded by women, until now, except for buyers in the furniture department and the highest executives, practically the whole store is run by women.

"Some of them started as I did, as cash girls. But to-day they arrive from colleges and special training schools—educated, ambitious young women. There are never enough of them for the high places. The door stands wide open."

A YOUNG woman of twenty-four applied for a job in the biggest department store in New York City.

"In two years," she announced, "I am going to be making ten thousand dollars a year."

She made no secret of that statement; she repeated it until it was well known. Then she proceeded to make it come true. In the two years she has applied for and been promoted to twenty-two positions, marking all the gradations of rise in such a great store.

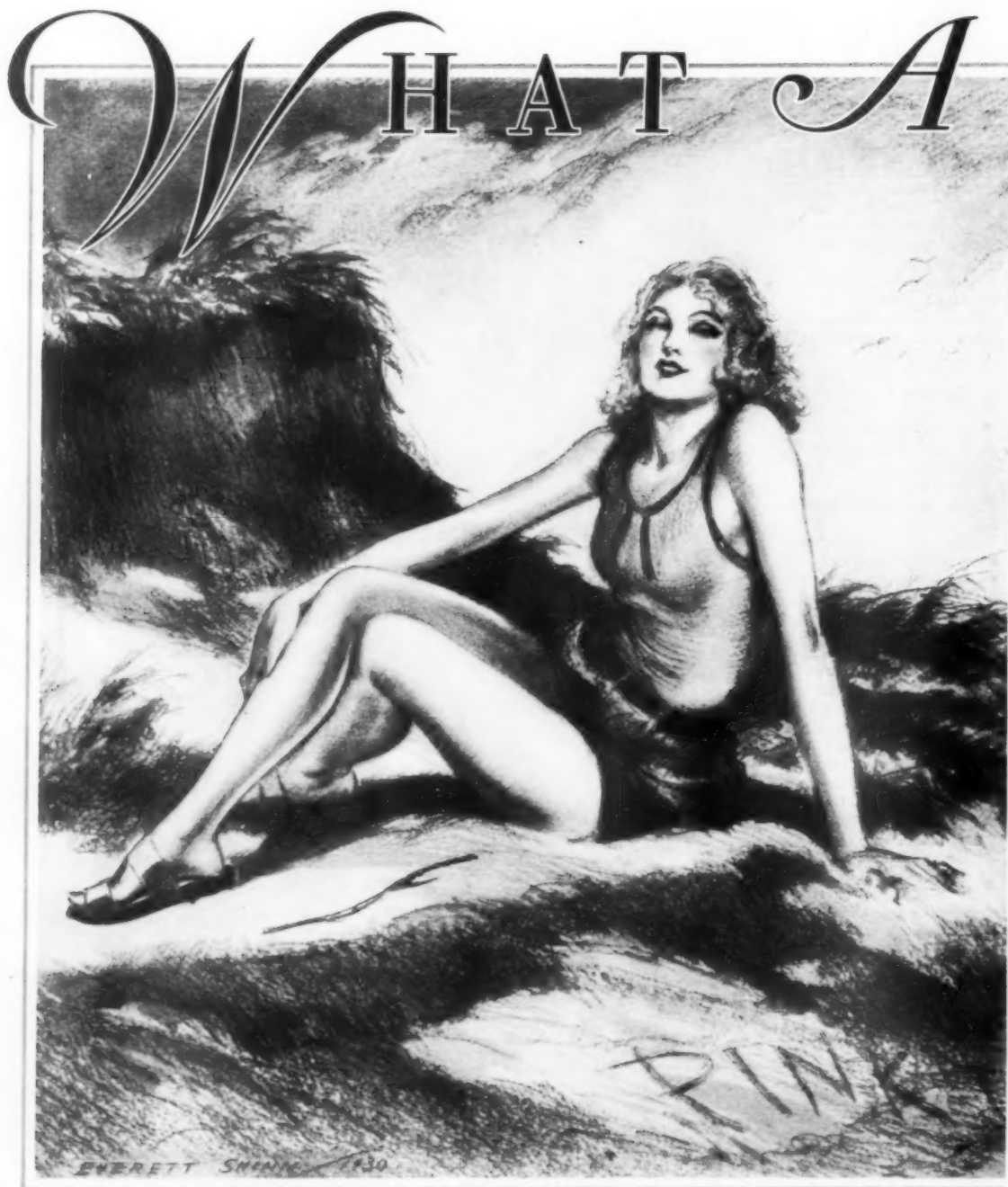
To-day she is assistant to one of the merchandising counselors and is at work on a special job of reorganization in a newly purchased branch store. She has achieved her ten thousand dollars a year. She is just twenty-six years old.

It took Mary B. thirty years to reach the top of the ladder; Ann R. will probably get there in ten. Mary had to pioneer, to help push open the door that [Continued on page 133]



There is no field of work for women which promises more in cash returns than to-day's department store. The ideal girl behind the counter is a tall, slim young woman with poise and breeding, intelligence and energy. Add a style sense, and her salary may very easily reach fifty thousand a year





SIX feet tall, hard of muscle but not of face, Pink Dart sat listening to Elaine Ellis as she read a poem. He did not honestly know what it was all about, nor why, but he was straining his intellect, which had been rather over-concentrated, perhaps, upon polo, golf and tennis, to catch what Elaine described, in a hush, as "*the feeling*".

Elaine, who had just got her divorce and who was dressing the part of a disillusioned woman, laid her book upon lavender-draped knees.

"Isn't that *perfect*, David?" she questioned, in an undertone. Elaine never called him "Pink" and she insisted that his hair, which always made him easy to locate on the floor of the Stock Exchange, was "*russet*".

"Yeah, great!" he answered. Then, his deep blue eyes fixed

on her, he added hopefully, "But I don't get it *all*, Elaine."

"Don't question, David," she advised softly. "Instead—*absorb*."

"You're the doctor," he said.

He studied her with a humility strange to him, as she again opened the slender book to smile upon a page in the rapt manner that had first lured him to her. She was a wonderful woman, he thought, and he was a clod; but she was certainly opening his eyes to a lot of things.

ELAINE raised her eyes sweetly and smiled. He had been such a help to her during her "bad time", she had told him—and her friends, to whom she always confided everything he told her.

WOMAN!

By
Katharine
Haviland-Taylor

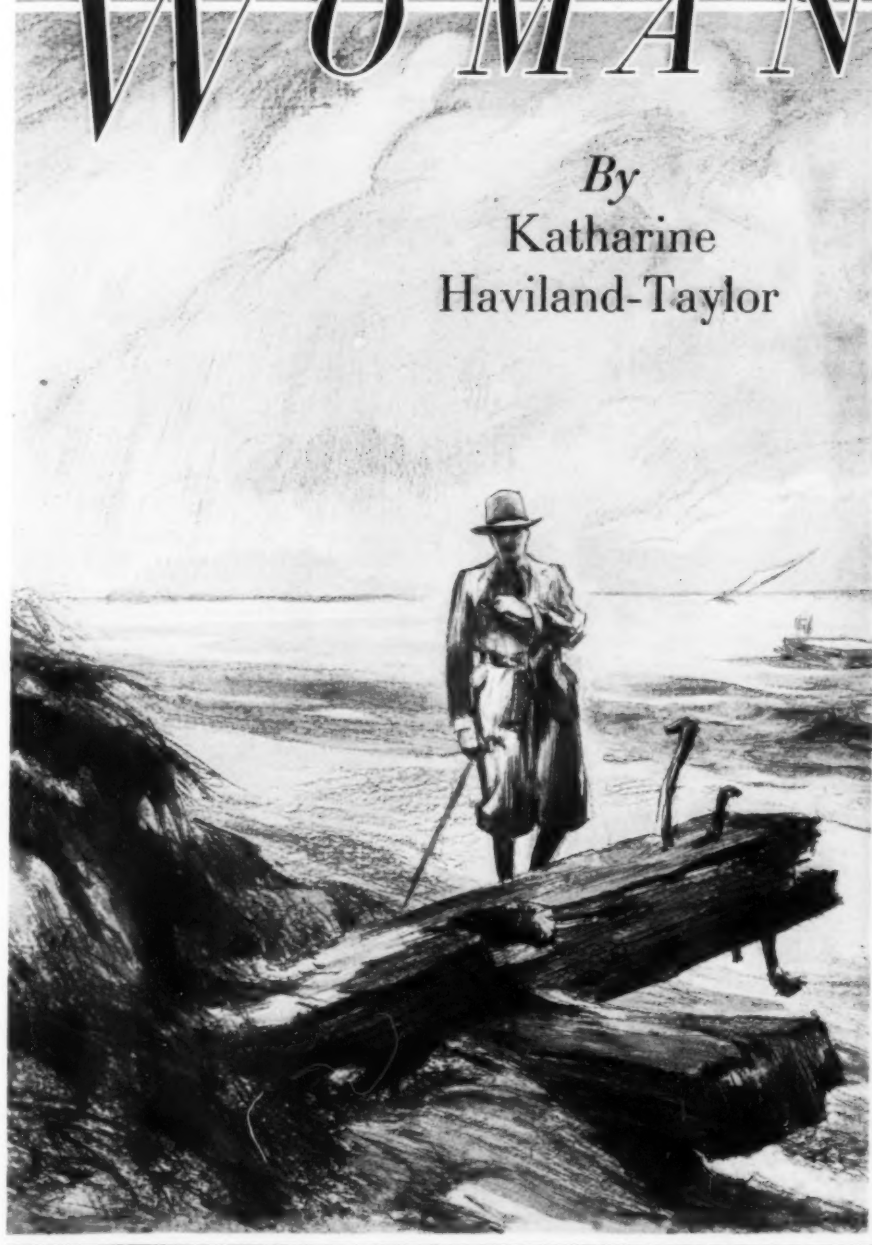
*Which Goes to
Prove That in
This Year of
Make-Up You
Can't Tell a Girl
by Her Lipstick*

Illustrations

by

EVERETT SHINN

David's annoyance at finding the girl in the red bathing suit was as nothing to the shock he was due for at sight of his old name, "Pink", scrawled in the sand



Now she said, "David, my little sister is coming home tomorrow," and she sighed.

"I hope to God she won't butt in," he muttered.

"She has a perfect passion for *exactly* that, David. I only spoke of it because I don't want you to encourage her."

"Lord, I won't!" he assured her warmly. "I detest flappers! About eighteen, isn't she?"

"Yes," said Elaine, well aware that Theodora's next birthday would be her twenty-first. "She has been a trial to us," she added wistfully.

"Where's she been?"

"Switzerland, and she's written us nothing but complaints of the breakfasts and of what she calls 'those old dodos' who were imported by the *Comtesse* to meet her young guests.

There was *everything* there for the child. Really, it hurts me to think that she has missed it all."

"There aren't very many women like you, Elaine," stammered David, *alias* Pink.

"Oh, my dear, but so many better—nobler—braver," Elaine murmured with a sweet sadness.

A HEAVY surge of color rose under David's tan. He wanted to tell her that for him there was no one like her and that since she had smiled his way, he had seen everything differently. He had begun to see his past as "a long stretch of low compromise"—which it was not.

Now, at thirty-five, he felt perfectly certain he had found "the woman", and he hoped, almost prayerfully, that some day

Love at First Sight is Trite Nowadays,

he'd have the nerve to tell her so. He didn't know how he'd live if she turned him down. He didn't even want to think about it.

His mind turned back to her little sister. He had the greatest aversion to girls of her age. They drank too hard, danced too hard, did everything too hard, and seemed to have no idea of decency. He thought of her coming with regret.

"Elaine," he said suddenly.

"Yes, David?" Just the way she said his name made him feel that he must go out and adopt an orphan, or go to a leper colony, or do something.

"Elaine, I want you to tell your sister that we always come here when I'm around. I don't want her dis—desecrating this corner of the porch—"

Elaine smiled sadly. "You needn't worry, David," she assured him. "Moving shadows and a stretch of sunlit turf—that riot of blue blossom—would mean nothing to her. . ." Her voice broke.

He leaned forward to lay his big hand upon hers. She turned her palm upward so her fingers could tighten upon his.

"Thank you, dear friend," she said. She was stressing the "friend", having heard that David had lost a small fortune through speculation, and not for the first time!

But Harold Mantle, it was said, would be appointed ambassador to a small European country, and Elaine had always "longed for a freer, wider field for expression", and for "the old world with its art and understanding!"

Harold, at her invitation, was coming down for the week-end. "Harold would be so alone in his great work," she had mused. "Some noble, selfless woman should give him the help he will need!" And she saw herself back of a samovar, dispensing oolong to a thirsty nobility.

Now she turned her eyes toward the Sound—a dazzling, white-flecked blue seen through a gap in trees. Jim, her recently discarded husband, had never understood her. Harold would.

"Beauty is sometimes—almost too great to bear!" she said, staring out at the blue water.

"Yeah—" he agreed.

"David, you always understand. My dear, dear friend!"

THE next morning, Saturday, David turned to the beach. He never could see Elaine in the morning. She had told him she "must drink, and deeply, each day, of quiet" (It sounded much better than saying, "I don't get up until noon").

This morning he wandered far from the crowd until, raising his eyes, he saw a little scarlet-clad figure perched on a hummock of sand. He had wanted to be quite alone. The least diversion was unwelcome.

He strode on, head lowered, and again he was suddenly brought up by seeing his old name, *Pink Dart*, scrawled in the sand right there before him.

Quickly he sent a probing glance at the girl in the red bathing suit. Once—far (emotionally) behind him—he would have thought her "a cute kid"! Her curly hair, black as a raven's wing, framed an oval face in which there was a certain questioning. She looked poised, ready for flight, and her lips and her eyes were young and very sweet.

"Sorry," he said quickly, his eyes again on his name and then upon her. "But I don't remember—"

"I don't—I'm afraid I don't—understand," she said hesitantly. Her voice was odd, he found, and very much like Elaine's and yet—more like a parody of it. He frowned.

"Well, I don't understand, either," he stated flatly. "That's



whose book, "The Human Mind", is everywhere in demand. Dr. Menninger, prominent psychiatrist, is now at work on a series of articles dealing with the problems of women—young women, and SMART SET readers in particular. The first of these is coming soon. Watch for it

my name, you know. Wasn't it you who—who wrote it there?"

"Oh—oh dear!" she said, and covered her eyes with tanned little hands. "Don't go," he heard next, in a stricken little voice. "I—must explain!"

He waited, staring down at her, chagrined to find how easy she was to look at.

She dropped her hands and raised deep gray eyes to his questioning face.

"Don't tell anyone, please," she begged. "It makes them look on me as—well, a freak, and I can't help it—" She twisted her hands together nervously.

"I can't help it," she repeated, "but I see more than most people. And when you came along—I don't know you—I had a stick in my hand and it simply wrote your name. And then I began to see your past and—future and—I'm so sorry!"

He dropped down beside her on the sand.

"What do you mean?" he questioned, almost harshly.

"Why, just what I say!" she answered. "Some people, especially people who have strong personalities, are as clear to me as a tabloid headline; I can't help reading them. I saw you, as you approached, kissing a rose that you took from the soft, white hand of a woman whose name came from the Arthurian legend—Guinevere, no—Elaine."

"My God!" he broke out.

"That's all. I'm frightfully sorry. I don't want to pry. I see much that I'd rather not see! It—it burdens me too often."

"Is this on the level?" he asked dubiously.

She shrugged.

"How would I know?" she asked, looking at his name.

"Darned if I can answer that. Look here—what else did you see as I came toward you?"

"Do you really want me to tell?"

"Of course, I do! And I want you to tell it straight, too."

"Just a moment then," she whispered. "I must—get in tune—"

He waited.

"How's the G string now?" he asked at length. He hadn't felt so flippant since Elaine took hold of him, and yet—he was a bit awed by the situation. Just sitting by her made him want to be as foolish as he used to be.

The TALK of the TOWN is Dr. Karl Menninger

SUDDENLY, "You grope—" she half whispered. "You are in the dark. A woman leads you. I see you finding poetry, flowers, nature—finding all these as new. She wants you to make your life over—" She paused.

"Go on," he prompted.

She drew a deep breath, and suddenly, unexpectedly, he laughed. The little devil had heard some gossip. She knew him, and was probably getting a kick out of this.

"Mimi is right by you—" she said slowly, and his laughter died.

"You feel," she went on, "that in the careless kisses given during your soldier years in France, you may have dimmed the happiness for a life that was to prove a short one. But—do not feel that way; Mimi was glad you came to kiss and ride away—"

He moistened his lips, struggling for words.

"There is a college affair, too, that troubles your peace," she continued. "A girl named Myra bothers you . . . You wish the past were a different story because now—your ideas of fineness and of making life worthwhile are not the ideas that were yours only—yesterday—wait—wait—" she said slowly, in a dramatic hush.

He waited, galvanized by shock. The child had "second sight"! Only Elaine knew of these shameful memories that were now being broadcast by a scarlet-clad small thing who echoed Elaine's voice.

"Peace is coming—you are going to awake," she said. "Your heart's desire will be granted you, but remember—men's wishes are written, as is your name, in sand."

But Love at "Second Sight" is a Knockout!



"David . . ." Elaine murmured, and just the way she said it made him feel he ought to go out and adopt an orphan, or save a heathen, or do something

"I will always have the wish I have now," he muttered. She paid no heed.

"Money and happiness ahead—" she went on. "Last week, a big loss. This week, success. Up and down. I see you on a child's seesaw—high, with money bags; low with empty hands—but always, always, near you, back of you are streaming banners—"

"What does that mean?" he put in.

"Success!" she answered.

He heard the rest of her words with his lips a little parted, and his eyes fixed upon her with an expression that made him seem ten and she, a hundred. He simply could not get it!

AFTER a short half hour he rose, rather shaken.

"I—I give up!" he admitted. "Darn it! You hit everything—"

She raised her entranced face. "Your aura!" she breathed. "My—what?" he questioned stupidly.

"Your aura. An aura emanates from each of us. Yours is lavender, green and gold. It is all around you. Lavender shows the man who worships ideals, beauty . . . Green, the color of growing things, shows the man who builds. Gold is the regal color; it reveals a noble heart—"

"All that?" he muttered. "My gosh!"

"You mustn't laugh," she begged. "It's all so real to me!"

He had had no intention of laughing; he had been too flabbergasted even to want to laugh.

"Say, do you suppose many people are like you?" he asked uneasily. "I mean, seeing things usually—well—kind of hidden?"

"Oh, no! That is why I suffer so. I see beauties that are almost too great to bear; again tragedies that—*sear my soul!*" she replied.

"Scandinavian hell, am I going batty?" he wondered; the kid not only used Elaine's voice, but echoed Elaine's words.

"Well, I'm very grateful," he said. "I certainly wish I could make some slight return for all this—"

Her idea of a return, he realized, would not be the single perfect flower which entranced Elaine; he'd have to hand this fast little kid a carload of cigarettes or a silver flask, probably. He knew her type. Being just about fed up on 'em had turned him to Elaine, "a good woman with ideals and all that kind of thing".

Her arms clasped around her pretty knees, she stared up at him.

"You *can* do something for me," she stated, "and you *must*. It is this. You must tell *no one*—not *anyone*—of this encounter; of what I told you—what I saw. You must not even tell the Fair Elaine. Have I your promise?"

"Why, of course!" he agreed.

"Thank you. I believe you. Now go!"

HE WANTED desperately to tell Elaine of it. But he didn't. The revelations had been given him in the nature of a confidence, he knew. And one did not, of course, betray confidences.

Yet, all day the remarkable occurrence haunted him, and each time it grew bold in his thoughts, the small, scarlet-clad figure who had played the leading rôle grew clearer. He wondered whether he would ever see [Continued on page 129]

TODAY'S

By
FAITH
BALDWIN

"I THINK I am going to have a baby . . ." Not until the words were spoken had the thing assumed reality for Pamela Norris. But now, facing kindly Dr. Edwards, the fact took on terrifying proportions. Dr. Edwards knew her—remembered her as the girl who had nursed Anthony Powell when the young artist was fighting through pneumonia. Pamela was Anthony's model and the doctor had been under the impression that the couple were engaged. Now, in answer to his query, Pamela said simply: "No, I am not married."

She had hardly needed the physician's confirmation of her fears. But how to tell Anthony—clever, lazy, lovable Anthony? Edwards had said: "Go tell Anthony, marry him and live happily ever after." But it was not so simple as that. She and Anthony had talked a great deal about marrying—once. But that was before the mad midsummer night when she had stayed with him at the studio because she was sorry for him, all alone.

Pam had known what it meant—being alone—ever since the death of her adored father who had spent his life writing text books. Her mother was only a name to her now—no one to go to; she had divorced Professor Norris and returned to her real love, the stage.

Pamela, back in the little apartment she shared with Rachel James, went drearily back over the enchanted months that had led her—to this. She must see Anthony, at once.

HE MET her at the studio door, thrillingly alive, glowing with excitement. He had news. His news, she told him, must wait; hers could not. Then she told him. He took it characteristically; ranted; stormed. She was testing him, trying to hurry him into marriage. Here he'd had a wonderful offer to go to Cuba with a man who was writing a book; he was going to do the illustrations—and now this! He wouldn't stand for it! She'd have to be reasonable. If it was true—which he doubted—he knew a man who'd fix everything and leave Pam ready to marry him when he got back.

Pamela listened, while her heart died within her. His suggestion, she told him, was monstrous; and as for marrying him . . . Never! And she walked out of the studio.

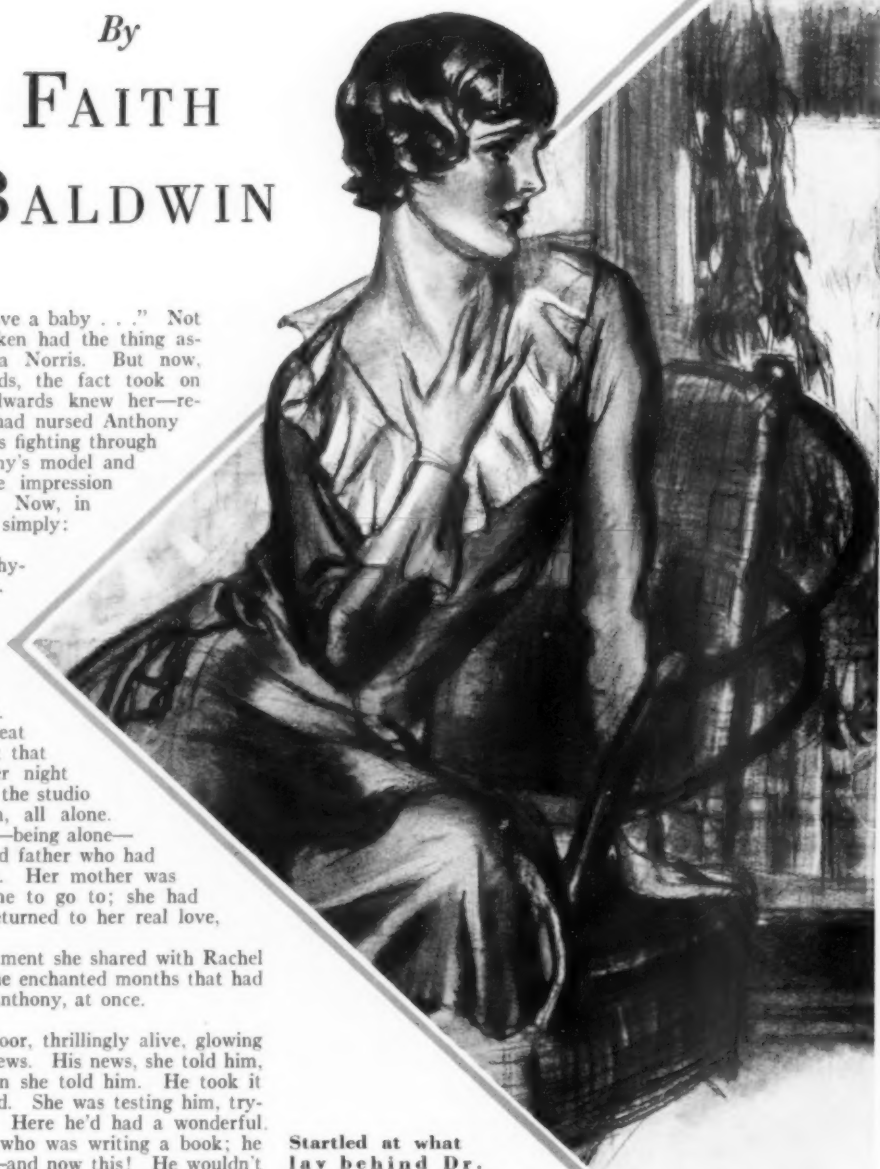
The weeks that followed were a nightmare from which Pam emerged with but one reality. She would have her baby in spite of Anthony. From Rachel she learned that he had left for Cuba and with that knowledge came the realization that she had only Dr. Edwards to turn to.

The physician, stirred to the depths by her courage, made all arrangements. She was to go to Merton, a small town in Pennsylvania, where his nephew had a modest practice and

Startled at what lay behind Dr. Lathrop's friendly words, Pamela looked up in fear. "Not that!" her heart cried out. "Not that!"

would take excellent care of her. She would go there as a young widow, Dr. Edwards insisted. Pamela rebelled against the deception, but for the sake of her child, agreed.

When the time came for Pamela to leave, Dr. Edwards and Rachel took her to the train, full of forebodings as to what the coming months would bring this gallant girl.



V I R T U E

*When a Woman Loves Not
Wisely But Too Well—
Must SHE Always Pay?*

Illustrations by
R. F. SCHABELITZ



thick lashes on her cheeks. A man opposite her speculated idly on the color of her eyes. They'd be brown, of course—or hazel. But once, when she raised them as the conductor came through, her observer felt a shock

of amazement that her revealed gaze should be so purely, deeply blue. He also saw, with a half sigh, that on her slim left hand a narrow wedding ring spoke a golden warning.

Dr. Edwards had slipped it into her hand, at the station. She had forgotten the necessity for it, as he had thought she would. She'd taken it, pulled off her glove and slipped it on. Then she'd thanked him, with her strange, heart-pulling smile; bitter-sweet, compounded of gratitude and regret.

Now, on the train, she tried to keep her eyes away from the ring, but they always came back to it, in something like terror. Curious, that a circle of gold should mean so much . . . and so little! She loathed herself. More than once on that seemingly interminable journey she was pierced with the desire to get out at the next station, to wait patiently there for a train that would take her back to town.

Too late. She could not go back. There were roads, she thought, which only led forward. Once your feet were set upon them you had no recourse. There was no road back. As

MORE than one person, especially more than one man, looked curiously at Pamela Norris during the long, tedious trip to Merton. She sat, leaning back against the dusty plush of the seat, her loose tweed coat pulled about her shoulders, her hat discarded and her dark curls black against the pallor of her forehead. A magazine lay unopened on her lap. She sat very still, her eyes down, the shadows of her

you walked, dark forests grew up, dream-like, and barred your return. There was only the road ahead of you, unknown, which it was imperative that you must travel. No path led backward, to vanished innocence.

A man passed through the car on his way to the smoker. Pamela looked up swiftly as the lurching of the train flung him momentarily against her seat. Looked up; and shrank back, her suddenly fear-blinded eyes on the windows. He looked like one of the bookkeepers in the publishing firm for which she had worked. He went on, however, and she knew this man was a stranger.

She found herself gasping with relief. But on the heels of that relief came an incredibly wounding reaction. Must she, she thought, despairingly, go through her entire life like that, shrinking, escaping from the thought, the danger of recognition? For the first time since she had agreed to Dr. Edwards' plans for her, Merton appeared a refuge, a harbor, a place of at least comparative safety.

The sky clouded. Gray, even and sombre, arched over the little rounding curves and hills. A few flakes of snow drifted downward, lazily, as if with no idea of their destination. As the afternoon wore on it grew warmer and the snow became rain. Night was black beyond the windows, in which the yellow lights within the car were reflected. Stations came to meet them out of the gloom; the train paused briefly; there was a human sort of bustle and running to and fro. The train went on.

PAMELA reached Merton in the night, with a hard rain pelt-ing, and stood alone, confused and tired, in the small, strange depot. She thought, "I have never been so lonely." Yet she felt, standing there, the wavering, strange movement of the life she carried. Premonitory of pain.

Other women, she thought, happy women, safeguarded women must know an incredulous joy at this dim restlessness, this mute disturbance. She had said something of the sort to Dr. Edwards, earlier, when in her ignorance at such phenomena, she had gone to see him. And he had nodded, gravely.

Presently she went in to see about her trunk and to find a man to carry her bag and get a taxi for her. She took from her purse the little slip of paper with Mrs. Downes' address written upon it in Edwards' small, print-like hand. Merton station boasted no red-caps, but a lank, lean individual in overalls and a heavy sweater took her suitcase and, going out with her into the rain, whistled up a lone taxi.

The trunk was discovered and roped on. Pamela sank back against the leather upholstery of the cab, and let herself be carried through the night and the streets of the strange, almost unseen town. They panted their way up a hill or two, and, after a time, stopped.

A wide street. Trees. A white house. Lights shining from the windows.

Pamela got out, the taxi driver took her bag and went up the porch steps. He left her to ring the bell and came back, staggering, with the trunk. The door opened.

Mrs. Downes was short and plump. She had what is known as a long bob; her hair was quite white, but her eyes were young and brown in a lineless face.

She said, "This is Mrs. Norris?" and then, with an arm through Pamela's, drew her, unresisting, into a small square hall. The stairs went up, straight ahead, and up those stairs went Tom. Mrs. Downes called, "Not so much ambition. I'm choosy of my plaster. Second floor back."

"I must pay him," Pamela said, bewildered by the lights, the sound of a friendly voice, the touch of the warm hand on her arm.

"That's all right. What did he say he'd charge you? You didn't ask? Oh, Merton has its gyp taxies, same as any other place. But Tom's all right. A dollar. That's ample. Here, I'll give it to him. Go in the living room and rest a little. You look dead beat."

In the living room, on the left, a wood fire burned. There was a lot of furniture, heavy, shabby and comfortable. Pam sat down, weary in every bone. She slipped off the heavy, rain-wet coat and held her hands toward the fire. Her dress was very simple and it was black.

Mrs. Downes and Tom came downstairs again in a comfortable hum of conversation. The door closed. The car wheezed away. Mrs. Downes returned to the living room, searching Pamela's white face with experienced eyes.

"When did you eat last?" she demanded, solicitously.

"On the train . . . a little . . . I wasn't hungry," Pam answered, trying to smile.

"Of course not. But you are now. I've got a little supper waiting for you. I'll take you upstairs and you can freshen up."

"It's good of you," Pam said, following, "but I'm not hungry, really. I don't want to give trouble."

"Don't be silly," said Mrs. Downes severely. "You need something warm in your stomach. Take the stairs easy," she admonished.

Pam's room was big, and it had many windows. There was faded chintz on the rocker and the big Morris chair. A great wide bed. Mrs. Downes plumped up the pillows. "It's a good bed," she said. The linen was spotless. There were white covers on the bird's-eye maple dresser and the round table which stood near the window with a plant on it. There was a bookshelf, a worn gay rug and an old-fashioned footstool.

"There's an alcove, too," said Mrs. Downes, drawing curtains aside. "It's got a window. It will be nice," she added placidly, "for the baby."

Pamela flushed. Again that new sense of reality swept over her. Mrs. Downes was talking, making no move to leave, as Pam went over to the washstand.

"Hot water's in the pitcher. There's a bathroom down the hall. You won't have to share it with many. No men. This," said Mrs. Downes laughing, "is a sort of hen house. I have five nurses from the Lathrop Hospital who live with me. And two of the High School teachers. Nice girls; you'll like them. How did you leave Dr. Edwards? He's a grand man. He was born here, you know; we went to school together. Johnnie—that's Doctor Lathrop—called up to-day. He'll come see you to-morrow."

Pamela bathed her face and hands. She answered Mrs. Downes' questions mechanically. Mrs. Downes, thought Pamela, is a real person. Good. Kind. The sort of person who'd lend you her shoulder to cry on. I'd like to—cry. Mustn't. I haven't, she thought, any right to.

AFTER a time they went down stairs to the bay-windowed dining-room. Pamela sat down at the table and watched Mrs. Downes bustle in and out of the kitchen. There was coffee, freshly made, and home-baked bread. There was cold chicken and a baked potato and a little salad; preserves and cake.

"You eat," said Mrs. Downes. "Oh, I know you don't feel like it. But you must."

She sat down opposite Pam at last and observed every mouthful she took. The food was hot; it was good. Pamela ate, at first reluctantly and then gratefully. Strength flowed back into her limbs, into her spirit.

"That's the ticket," said Mrs. Downes, watching.

Not long after she had Pam in bed. She stayed within call while the girl undressed and then walked calmly in with a hot-water bottle.

"If your feet are cold, you can't sleep," she announced. She opened the windows and turned out the light, then said, from the door, "Breakfast at all hours. Mostly at eight, though. You needn't get up. I'll bring you a tray."

"Oh, but—" Pamela began, shakily.

"You're tired," said her landlady firmly. "Go to sleep, and you'll feel different in the morning."

She had gone. The room was very dark, very still. The air was cold, fresh, with that heavenly smell of snow in it. "I can't sleep," thought Pamela. "I mustn't," she told herself, "take advantage of kindness like that. Not so much what she said; not so much what she did; but the sort of person she is . . ."

She slept, suddenly, dreamlessly. Downstairs Mrs. Downes was talking to the neighbor who had "just run in".

"Yes, she's here. Young thing, half dead from the trip. Quiet. Pretty? Oh, I suppose so. It's hard to tell, after a trip like hers and all. No, I don't know how long he's been dead. I didn't ask her anything. Poor thing!" said Mrs. Downes, who, having lost her only child and her husband, mothered the entire town. "She'll be worse before she's better," she added in homely simplicity.

PAMELA woke to sunlight and the strange room and lay quite still, trying to adjust herself. There was a knock at the door and Mrs. Downes appeared, followed by a younger,

Security. A measure of peace. Her baby son . . . Had she, Pamela wondered, a right to ask for more?



very alert woman, with keen gray eyes and a handsome, rather dissatisfied face.

"This is my sister, Sarah—Sarah Mills," Mrs. Downes informed Pamela, "and we've brought you your breakfast."

Breakfast on a polished tray.

"Your room," said Mrs. Downes, is pretty in summer . . . it looks out on the garden. We've had a hard winter," she went on comfortably, "lots of snow and rain. But it's breaking up now."

It was, speculated Pamela, almost the end of February. Spring would soon come. She thought suddenly that she could not bear the spring.

"Johnnie's phoned," said Mrs. Downes. "He's at the

hospital already. He'll be here about eleven o'clock to see you."

After breakfast Pamela went into the big bathroom, plainly a converted bedroom, and bathed. There was hot water, plenty of it. She returned to her room and dressed. The house seemed very quiet now, though earlier she had heard women's voices and laughter and the sound of footsteps and shutting doors.

Dressed, she sat down to write [Continued on page 117]



At nineteen, Elinor Smith is famous the world over for her record-breaking achievements in aviation. But at home she's just a nerveless young thing who helps Ma with the dishes and bakes a swell pineapple pie

That Smith

ideal place for air fields. So it wasn't long before Tom Smith became interested in flying. He took his little eight-year-old daughter, Nellie, up for a ride one day, with Bert Acosta in the pit.

After that it was all written in the book. You couldn't keep Elinor away from the winged crafts. She hung about the air fields, learning to hang on to the stick and teaching herself navigation. In a few years she was doing a little flying. After twenty-five forced landings with experienced pilots, she felt she was an old hand at the game. She wanted to try her own wings.

DAD SMITH bought a plane. Elinor wanted to solo. Dad said no, or words to that effect.

Elinor was going to Freeport High School at the time. She ditched school one day, emptied her savings bank, and persuaded a friend at the field to let her go up alone.

"Check me for three hours," she said. "If I don't pass, okay."

When her father heard she had a solo flight to her credit he was dubious but promised to let her take him for a little jaunt. Up they went, up, up. Elinor had cushions tucked under her, but still you couldn't see the crown of her head.

Up, up . . . Little Nellie was good! She messed the sky with her figure eights and loops. Up, up . . . Tom Smith sat straight in his seat, his Irish eyes warm with pride. Who said Nellie couldn't solo?

Down, down . . . skimming toward the big brown bosom of the earth. That's the thing that shows the stuff flyers are made of. Down, down . . . Tom Smith closed his eyes. Suppose Nellie cracked the ship?

But she didn't. Dad Smith did that later.

To-day Tom Smith will tell you there is no better pilot in the country. Even Elinor's mother is completely won over.

"She makes her own decisions about flying," said Mrs. Smith. "She knows more about it than I do. But I'm thankful when I get her call from another city that she's landed safely."

It was when she was sixteen that Elinor became Air Pilot 3178. Since then she has won the endurance and refueling records already mentioned; and by the time this is printed she will have her commercial pilot's license. She has been in the air over 800 hours, flown 63 types of planes, and soared over the country from Maine to California.

She it was who battled with the National Aeronautical Association to get official acknowledgement of women's achievements. She took a ship up over eleven thousand feet one day and came down to claim the woman's altitude record, only to find there was no such thing. She remedied that. It belongs to Elinor now.

THE Smith family live in a two-story house in Freeport, a few blocks from the surf. There are four of them. Tom Smith, very proud of his daughter Nellie; Mrs. Smith, who pilots the household, gets the children off to early mass and takes her daughter's fame as a matter of course; Joe, who

I DIDN'T expect to like Elinor Smith. She seemed to me kind of a fresh kid, flying about the sky, breaking records, climbing her plane into new altitudes, looping heaven-only-knows-what loops.

To get away with things like that at nineteen seemed to me just sort of precocious. I didn't even care much for Elinor's nickname, "The Flying Flapper". I suppose I had a kind of feeling that woman's place is on the ground.

But I might just as well break down right here and confess that this is going to be a rave. For I've met the girl herself, and of all the unspoiled, regular square-shooting youngsters I've ever seen, she takes the prize. And the way she peps me up over the future of women in aviation—the future of women in everything, for that matter—is just a tonic.

Success in a new line. Success for youth, and for very feminine youth at that. This Smith kid represents it all. She has won the endurance, the refueling and the altitude records for women aviators. She's risked her life again and again. She's seen her pictures in every paper in the world—and it hasn't spoiled her a bit.

Still, in her story, just as in all stories of outstanding personalities, there's an outside element. Two outside elements in Elinor's story—her father and geography.

For years Tom Smith, Elinor's dad, did a "comedy single" over the Keith circuit. Like all of his kind, he yearned for a place away from the city. So he moved to Freeport, L. I., the Elysian Fields of vaudevillians.

Now, Long Island, while it's as flat as a copper's foot, is an

KID

By

Mildred Spain

is fifteen and makes a snappy brew of root beer, and of course, Elinor.

"The Flying Flapper" is a feather-weight, five feet two, and an Irish blonde—you know, light hair with a glint in it, blue eyes, black lashes, and generous grins making parentheses marks about her mouth. She has big, capable hands, and the muscular legs of a dancer.

Her tweed suit, beige blouse and cleverly sculptured hat immediately kill the idea that a woman flyer must look like an Eskimo on a Sunday outing. Her bar pin is a pair of golden wings, her bracelet a silver chain forged together with two wings, "a gift from the boys in a Texas airport".

Sitting on the piano bench—did I tell you Elinor plays the piano and uke?—she related, in her straightforward manner, deeds that make Dare-Devil Dick look like Little Rollo.

To Elinor nerves are something in a medical book. She is poised, level-headed, and cares more about aviation than anything else in the world.

"Some of that stuff is all wet," said Elinor in her husky monotone, pointing to the day's news story about herself (she had just won her third endurance record). "It isn't true that I said women shouldn't fly big planes. Why, I originated the idea. You can make 120 miles in a big ship, and only 100 in an open plane.

"A big ship is enclosed, too, and I like them because I like to wear skirts. It's dangerous to wear skirts in an open plane. I took a ship up in the charming costume of a chiffon dress and picture hat one day last summer. As I was making a landing the skirt blew up over my face and I nearly crashed into another ship. I had to go up again to get out of the way and while I was up nearly nosed into another. Since then I wear trousers in an open ship.

"It is true that I landed in a nest of rattlers one day near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. The visibility is bad over the Appalachian Mountains, and heat squalls blanketed me in. I remembered a farmer's field I had seen and made for it. I knew I'd have to crack-up but I wanted to make it as easy as possible. When I landed I heard a queer singing noise; the grass was dancing. Something told me to sit tight. I did.

*Every Parent Who Worries
About Modern Youth
Should Read This Story of
America's Flying Flapper*



Elinor coming down to earth after breaking the woman's altitude record. Her oxygen tube froze at thirty thousand feet up and Elinor fainted. But she didn't lose her head and she landed her ship perfectly

Some farmers rescued me. They beat down the grass and the rattlers ran to their holes. I don't go in for snakes in a big way.

"When I flew under the four bridges of the East River two years ago the Department of Commerce grounded me for 15 days. You see they said it couldn't be done so I—"

I got the idea immediately. It couldn't be done, it could be done, it would be done, it was done—that's Elinor. [Continued on page 136]

POLLY Pays

By
Ruth Burr
Sanborn

Illustrations by
KENNETH F. CAMP



"YOU'RE crazy, Polly," Alan said. "I won't tell your family any such thing." Polly Holinshed sat on top of the wall that divided the Holinshed garden from the Trennon garden, and kicked her scuffed brown brogues against the bricks.

"I should think it would be better for you to tell them," she said meaningly, "than to have them read it in the papers."

"But it won't be in the papers. You won't do it."

"Won't I!" said Polly dangerously.

This was alarming—because, as Alan knew, Polly Holinshed always did what she said she would.

"But *elope*—with Rand Kildare!" Alan cried. "Why, he isn't even fit for you to *marry*."

Polly Holinshed leaned forward on the wall, clasping her small brown hands between dangling knees.

"Why?" she inquired.

"He's fast," said Alan, trying to sum it up in a word. He gave an impatient shake to his big shoulders; Polly knew all he could tell her about Rand Kildare. Everybody knew.

"Anybody has to be fast to keep up with me," said Polly, wilfully misunderstanding. "I couldn't marry anybody slow."

"But he's been divorced three times!"

"Then he ought to know what he wants this time," said Polly, with a wicked grin.

That almost ruined Alan. He forgot caution, forgot everything but his desperate anxiety.

"But you can't," he said rashly. "I won't let you."

"Darling, you're not my parent, guardian, nor husband," Polly reminded him. She drew her legs over to her own side of the wall, ready to jump. "I should think after all the things you've had to tell my family, you wouldn't mind a little one like this."

IT WAS true, too. The things that Dr. Alan Trennon had had to break to the Holinsheds would make your hair curl. As he thought of it now, it seemed to him that most of his life had been spent in breaking Polly's news to the Holinsheds.

There was that time she burned the house down, for instance. Mr. and Mrs. Holinshed had been in Italy, and Polly had decided to come up for the holidays and open the place for a house party—just a small party, of say twenty.

Nobody ever knew how the fire started. Polly said herself it might have been because they left the sofa pillows too near the fireplace. Or it might have been from the candles still burning on the tree. Or, of course, it might have been just from cigarette stubs among the Christmas wrappings.

Alan had not stressed the point too much when he went to meet the Holinsheds and tell them that there was nothing left of their house except a pile of cinders. He had felt it better to speak of insurance; and of how, after all, Mr. Holinshed's

the P I P E R

*Not That She Minded
Paying, As Long as
She Found the Piper
with the Right Tune!*



Was she, Alan wondered murderously, going to let that fatuous Kildare park there all night? Didn't she know what he was?

manuscripts had been saved. Somehow, Polly had organized her house party, and they had picked her father's big desk up bodily, all twenty of them, and rushed it out the front door before the floor caved in. He could see her now, in her pajamas, sitting on top of it to keep the papers from blowing away.

"You could tell him," said Polly, "that we saved all his manuscripts and let my new fur coat burn."

THEN there had been the time when she wrecked the Imperial Eight. Polly was ten, then, and naturally not allowed to drive. Still, Polly always said herself that it never would have happened if her leg had been a little longer so that she could have reached the brake.

Alan had arrived while the wheels on the overturned car were still spinning, and Polly was lying all doubled up the wrong way in a ditch.

"Are you killed?" he cried—and even now it tightened something right up inside of him when he thought of Polly's being killed.

"I don't think so," she said pluckily. "I think I've only broken all my bones."

They were not all broken as it turned out: only two ribs and a leg and an ankle and a thumb. Alan put her in a truck that he commandeered for the purpose, and drove her twenty miles to the nearest hospital.

That was the day Alan decided to do as his father wished, and become a doctor. If he had been a doctor, he would not have had to drive Polly two hours over a rough road without doing anything to help her.

"Does it hurt bad?" he asked awkwardly.

"Hardly any bad," said Polly. "Don't look so sober, Alan. You could tell Father that if I hadn't turned out when I did, I should have killed a little baby pig."

There were other times, too. Alan had had to break the news to Polly's family that time when she had been expelled from boarding school because she came to chapel in her bathing suit.

"They said they would expel me if I didn't come," Polly explained reasonably, "and then when I came, they expelled me just the same."

Oh, Alan Trennon had had experience in telling the Holinsheds things, right enough. All the same, one has to draw the line somewhere. And he simply would not stand for her eloping with Rand Kildare.

DR. ALAN TRENNON'S office hours dragged that night. He was gentle and sympathetic with Johnny Leach, who had a splinter in his heel; with Miss Pinchon, who was going to have her tonsils out, if she could get up her courage . . . and he wished heartily that they were both in Teheran. You would never have guessed it, though, to see him.

People said that young Alan Trennon was a born doctor; which is the same as saying that he was just a little more than human—and rather lovable. He had a way of looking right straight at his patients out of those sober blue eyes, and puckering his forehead a little so that they felt as if their suffering hurt him, too. But it was more than Johnny's heel or Miss

Pinchon's tonsils that puckered Alan Trennon's forehead that night.

"I've got a call to make," he said to the office nurse. Then he took his car, to make it seem more professional, and drove out his gate and in at the Holinsshed gate next door.

He found Mr. and Mrs. Holinsshed in the library, where Mr. Holinsshed, the well-known archæologist, was reading aloud to his wife from a heavy volume. A tall, narrow, colorless man, he was; dry and rattling, not unlike the stones and bones and yellow parchments he pored over.

The Holinsheds were accustomed to say that they could not understand how they happened to have a child like Polly. There had never been a Holinsshed like her before. Nor a Brookley, either. Mrs. Holinsshed had been a Brookley, and she never let anyone forget it. She was a large, cold, white woman, with a fretful voice.

Looking at these two, it was easy to agree that Polly, as their





"I guess I've always known," Polly said finally.
 "But do you suppose that makes any difference?"
 Her voice broke and Alan saw she was crying

child, could not be explained. Polly was little and lively, with the warmth of vitality and abundant youth about her—black-headed, black-eyed, with high color in her cheeks, like some hearty little round fruit ripening in the sun.

She was a dear, too. Alan was awfully fond of her—always had been. He said sometimes that he had done more toward bringing her up than her own people had. When she got into messes, he got her out of them. But this time he meant to keep her from getting in.

"Where's Polly?" he asked.

"Polly?" repeated Mr. Holinshed vaguely, as if trying to remember which excavation that was.

"She's gone to a house party," said Mrs. Holinshed fretfully.

"Up to that Electra Van Dillen's."

"Gone! Did she go alone?"

"No. She drove up with somebody—a Mr. Kildare."

"Lord!" said Alan.

"Lord?" repeated Mr. Holinshed vaguely. "No—Kildare."

But Alan was gone.

THAT night young Dr. Trennon made a number of calls which he had not planned making, including one on Dr. Kittery, with whom he was accustomed to leave his practice when he went away. After that he drove ninety-five miles to Timothy Hill, where Electra Van Dillen lived.

Alan brought his car to a violent stop in the drive, with a squirt of gravel under the wheels, ignored the doorman, and hurried into the drawing room where Electra Van Dillen and her guests were dancing to the supper music from the Ritz. Alan was bareheaded, his hair blown by the wind. He was still wearing driving gloves.

Electra Van Dillen dashed forward to greet him—a tall, spectacular, over-thin young woman, with slick red hair. But Alan did not even see her. His eyes slid past to the other dancers, until they found a curly black head resting against—against, mind you—the shirt front of Rand Kildare.

Rand Kildare impressed Alan unfavorably right from the beginning. Oh, he was handsome, of course, in a way. But Alan thought him too heavy about the neck and chin, too full and red of lip. In his dark, slightly waving hair there was a pure white lock. He brushed it straight back, emphasizing its romantic whiteness.

"Why, Alan, how sweet of you to come!" Electra was exclaiming. "You know all these people. . . . Polly is a neighbor of yours, isn't she? Why didn't you come together? Have you met Mr. Kildare. . . ?"

"How do?" said Alan briefly.

Alan had only one thought in his mind that night: to have a long serious talk with Polly Holinshed, and then to take her home. As it turned out, he did neither.

To begin with, Polly was disconcertingly hard to get hold of. Alan danced politely once with his hostess,

and once apiece with her guests, always conscious of Polly's black head flashing past in the offensively close curve of Kildare's arm: Then he strode across the room and cut in.

POLLY HOLINSHED looked up at him, tilting her chin to match her pert little nose and the tilt in her tipped up lashes. She wore a wispy bright dress, all flickering about her like a flame. She was rather like a flame herself—quick and warm and tantalizing.

"So you didn't do it," Alan began.

"Not yet," said Polly coolly. "I thought this would be a good place to start from."

And before Alan knew what he was about, Rand Kildare had taken her away again.

Alan did get her to himself though, finally; dragged her—almost literally—out to the flagged terrace. The flippant bright chintz covers on the lounge chairs [Continued on page 114]

Working



By
Dorothy
Ducas

THE lights in the windows were popping on, suddenly, like glow-worms, when Ellen Martin walked through Fifty-eighth Street. It was quiet, with that before-supper quiet of hurrying people, intent on their destinations; of whirring automobiles carrying commuters home to the suburbs.

Ellen's heels hit the pavement with a sharp little click. She had her newspaper neatly folded under her arm, squeezed against the shiny blue leather purse. Her gloves, washable chamois, she held in her left hand, while she tugged at the fingers of them with her right.

For a girl so straight-limbed, so healthy in appearance, Ellen Martin walked slowly. Her shoulders, snug in a tailored tweed coat, were bent forward wearily. She seemed to be listening, her ears strained to hear something.

What she heard was the voice of her own inner consciousness, saying:

"Ellen Martin, you're fired. You've lost your job."

She walked mechanically toward the cream-colored house at the end of the block. It was obviously a new apartment house. The marble around the doorway still shone, although a thin film of grime from the nearby "L" trains had already settled on the upper stories.

From a window on the ground floor the smell of frying bacon drifted to the street, mixed with the woodsy tang of a fire on the hearth. Those wood-burning fireplaces were one of the two reasons why Ellen and Charles had moved into the new house. The other was because their new modernistic furniture fitted so well into the third-floor apartment.

For once Ellen did not respond to the smiling face of Sam, the colored elevator man.

"Late, Mis' Martin?" said Sam, in a tone of reproach.

Ellen nodded. She was usually home, and had the potatoes boiling on the white-enamelled gas range by this time. Her watch said 6:15. What did it matter? What did anything matter?

At the third floor, when Sam opened the door, she spoke.

"Mr. Martin in yet?"

"No'm," answered Sam, in faint disapproval. Sam liked domestic regularity.

Well, he would see some of the good old-fashioned variety for the next few days, thought Ellen bitterly, as she put her key in the lock.

IT WAS an apartment because it was in an apartment house, but the name was misleading, applied to the one room in which Ellen and Charles ate, slept and lived.

It was a fairly large room, almost square, and it had two windows facing Fifty-eighth Street. There were two day-beds against the side walls, covered with crazy quilts made of satin

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in all the shades of the rainbow and a few more for good measure. Looking at them made Ellen more despondent than ever.

How happy she and Charles had been when they had found this place and bought the kind of furniture advertised "for smart young couples". Her mother and father never had understood why she and Charles loved modernistic furniture so much; why they had saved their money for a year after they were married, living in a furnished room in West Ninety-third Street, just so they could purchase the sort of things they now had.

There was a large bookcase, painted gray like the walls, a gray wooden desk and chest of drawers in modernistic design,

Wives

*All Play and No
Work, Charles
Discovered, Made
Ellen a Very Dull
Wife Indeed!*



"I oughtn't let you do that," Ellen said tensely, and before Charles could protest she added miserably, "I've been fired!"

all straight and full of lines. A lamp with a curious triangular shade stood in front of a table that opened up to four times its present size. A yellow and black modern carpet covered the floor from wall to wall.

It had only been possible, thought Ellen as she walked listlessly toward the concealed kitchenette, because they had had two salaries to save out of, instead of one. Why, even with Papa Stroud's generous present of \$200, it had taken a year. Now they had it, and now she had no more salary.

"I almost wish we were back in Ninety-third Street," she whispered, flinging open the gray folding doors that disclosed a sink, a washtub, a stove and an iceless refrigerator, with rows of shelves above them. "Oh, what will Charles say?"

Charles' admiration was the biggest thing in Ellen's life. So long as he looked on her as a person of some importance, she could think of herself with complacency. But what would he think of a girl who'd been fired?

CHARLES was an up-and-coming young personnel director, and was going to be a big man some day. She knew it, and so did his employers, his friends. His friends said they were a well-mated pair. Both up-and-coming.

At this memory something splashed into the pot into which Ellen was cutting chunks of carrots. Something trickled down her capable white hands as she began to arrange lettuce leaves and tomatoes on two small green glass plates.

But when a young man in a gray suit, carrying a brief case, and wearing a blue tie that brought out the blue of his eyes, opened the door to the apartment about fifteen minutes later, Ellen turned to him with a smile.

"Hello, kid!" said Charles. He kissed her, not perfunctorily, but very efficiently. He kissed her as men are supposed to kiss women to whom they are *not* married, in the movies.

His first sentence was thoroughly connubial, however.

"Is supper ready? I'm starved! We hired thirty-five new clerks to-day, and I had no time to get out to lunch."

"I'm sorry," said Ellen in a muffled voice. "I got home late. Supper's not quite ready."

She stood leaning against the sink, her face so mournful that even Charles' hunger evaporated at sight of it.

"What's wrong, angel?" he asked quickly.

A dim recollection of something she had read somewhere—probably in one of those advice-to-the-married columns—occurred to Ellen. "Never break bad news to a man before his supper." She tried to shrug her shoulders, and began to arrange the lettuce leaves again. But Charles came up behind her.

"You needn't tell me if you don't want to," he said gently in her ear. "But I'd like to know, if it's bothering you."

She hesitated, holding the knife in her hand. Should she pay any attention to copybook maxims? Should she tell Charles and weep out her hurt on his shoulder?

"Here," he was saying, "I'll fix supper to-night. It's my turn, anyhow. I've been late every night."

He washed his hands with kitchen soap, wiped them on a dish-towel. Deftly he began slicing tomatoes. He did it better than she could, Ellen noticed. He did everything better than she—everything!

"I oughtn't let you do that," whispered Ellen, tensely.

"Why not?"

She drew a deep breath.

"I haven't any job."

He whirled about, incredulity written across his face.

"I've been fired," said Ellen. There was a lump in her throat so large she wondered that he couldn't see it. "They're giving me two weeks' pay, of course," she added.

"But," said Charles, perplexed, "you've been there four years and they always liked your work!"

"Yes," said Ellen dully, "and I've been conscientious, especially since our marriage. . ."

"They didn't know. . ."

"That's it," cried Ellen. "Now they do."

She told him the whole story then, between unsuppressed sobs, her head where she had anticipated it would be, against Charles' comforting shoulder.

ELLEN had come to Banton and Cosgrove's as a stenographer four years ago, and had worked herself up to chief of the office staff in a little over a year. Ellen was interested in the work of this advertising concern. They let her write some copy occasionally. It was good copy, too. Everything went smoothly. Her raises, though small, were regular. Then Charles entered the picture.

Married women were not forbidden employment at Banton and Cosgrove's, but they must frankly declare themselves before they were hired—so that, Ellen suspected, they could be underpaid. She had not told her employers when she and Charles married because she knew she never could explain to them why she wanted to keep on supporting herself.

Now her secrecy had cost her the job. Mr. Banton had found out. He told her they had to reduce the size of the



staff. She, being married, could afford a holiday better than any one of the other five girls in the office.

"WELL, I'll be damned!" whistled Charles, when she had finished.

"You will," wept Ellen, "with me to support."

Charles patted her head tenderly.

"Why, darling," he told her, "that's ridiculous. You'll have another job next week. You'll make money on this. You have two weeks' pay ahead. It won't be hard to find another job, and this time you can say you are Mrs. Charles Martin." He hugged her close. "Dry your eyes, my sweet, and get ready to eat supper. This time next week, you'll be glad you changed jobs."

She looked at him dubiously, as if suspecting his cheerfulness. But Charles' face was untroubled, his eyes bright. Did he really feel no loss of respect for her?

"It may not be so easy," she suggested.

"Oh, it will be. You're a good worker."

Yes, she was a good worker. Ellen sat down at the table. Over the soup she spoke.

"Charles?"

"Um?"

"What if I don't?"

"Don't what?"

"What if I don't get a job?"

He laughed.

"You won't starve," he said, lifting his chest.

"I know. But—it will put us back."

"Put us back?"

"Oh, you know what I mean. We won't be able to save—for the baby."

He reached over and squeezed her hand.

"Then we'll have the baby a bit later, that's all. We're

Illustrations by
R. VAN BUREN



"Her name?" asked Mr. Tremaine. Charles thought fast; then, "Miss Ellen Stroud," he lied glibly. There, he'd done it!

still young. Now, don't you worry about it, honey." "But I didn't mean to take a leave of absence until we had the baby," wailed Ellen.

"Darling, you won't," said Charles in a tone of finality.

ELLEN remembered his voice as she went job-hunting the next week. True, the first two days she did not get started on her rounds until after ten o'clock. It felt so good to lie in bed and let the alarm run down! But when she discovered she was trailing behind long lines of girls who had leaped out of bed almost before the sun rose she got up at 7 o'clock, too.

She visited agencies and answered advertisements. In each place she went she was greeted civilly. "Mrs. Martin calling" seemed to carry more weight, somehow, than "Miss Stroud is here". But by the end of the week she still had no job.

She would not be discouraged. Charles wasn't. Hurrying home on Saturday afternoon to join Charles for tea, she told herself she was out no money yet, and would not be until the end of next week. But it was so wearying, so depressing, to go around from office to office. Humiliating, too.

Sam handed her a package as she got in the elevator. She opened the cardboard box, pulling apart the green waxed paper. A corsage of tiny yellow rosebuds lay underneath a card. The card read: *For no reason at all except to cheer up Ellen. With love, Charles.*

How good he was! How very sweet! Ellen, leaving the elevator, was overcome with a sense of unworthiness of him. What other girl in the world was as lucky as she?

Charles was home before her, and had spread a green-and-white checked cloth on the table, where rested a teapot of Czecho-Slovakian ware, with cups and plates to match. A dozen macaroons, her favorites, were heaped in a green glass bowl.

"Hello, there!" called Charles, coming out from the

kitchenette to greet her. "Well, what luck to-day?"

Her answer was a hug in which the flowers got crushed.

"Best luck in the world," she responded, purposely gay, "when you have someone to cheer you up."

"Any nibbles?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, well, they'll come. Let's have tea."

"Let me make tea," cried Ellen.

"It's all made, dear. Sit down. You must be tired." He hovered around her sympathetically.

She sat down, unhappily. He was too good. It wasn't fair.

"Charles," she said quickly, "you must let me take care of the house."

He looked questioning.

"Yes, that's my job from now on," she stated.

"Half mine," answered Charles imperturbably.

"When I had a job," Ellen said strangely. "Oh, I know you are willing to do more than your share, but I won't let you, Charles!"

"But you'll be working!" he assured her.

HIS voice was not so confident as it had been that night more than a week ago, when he had predicted she would be glad of a change of positions by now. Charles was puzzled. There were so many more jobless girls than he had believed possible!

There were more than Ellen had thought, too. The next week it seemed she saw

every one of them. Some were willing to work for practically nothing. Once Ellen was offered a job for fifteen a week, but she turned it down with dignity; she had been making thirty-five. Certainly her experience was worth that. Charles thought so, too. He said she was quite right to refuse the offer.

At first Ellen went out for positions in which she could use her knowledge of advertising. There was opportunity for advancement in this field. If she could make a great deal of money, she would be able to have the baby she and Charles had always wanted, sooner than they had planned. Besides, in advertising work, she might even write copy while she was at home, and she could always come back, once she became known.

But it turned out to be such a popular idea! In the anteroom of G. Wallace Simpson, Inc., where Ellen was waiting to see the head of the research department, who needed "a young, ambitious girl, interested in advertising, with knowledge of typewriting and stenography preferred", she began talking to a red-haired girl fresh from college.

The girl confided her aspirations to Ellen. She was going to be married as soon as she had a job. Her fiancé did not make enough for two, so they would both work, until they had saved enough money, and then they were going to have a baby, maybe two.

Ellen felt very old, very experienced, and sadly wise. She wanted to get up and leave the palatial office, leave the field clear for the starry-eyed redhead. But her own need kept her rooted to the spot.

Neither of them got the job.

BY THE fourth jobless week Ellen was writing applications for positions in commercial houses, stores, factories. Any position at all, she told herself, would be better than this humiliating idleness. She even inserted advertisements under her maiden name, in case prejudice against married women should hurt her chances.

Her mother could not understand [Continued on page 92]



Tongue-tied and blue, restless and lonely. This is the fate of millions of girls who haven't learned to speak for themselves

The GIRL Who Cannot Talk

By Elinor Bailey Ward

BEFORE a party, do you ever sit at home convincing yourself that you will have the usual miserable time? Do you sometimes feel that you are the only girl who is too shy to talk, too timid to make her presence felt? Do you think, perhaps, that no other girl dreads going to parties as much as you, and that no other girl wonders, as you do, why she goes to parties at all?

Stop thinking your plight is original—such self-pity is really conceit, you know—for your misgivings are not unique in the least. I am appalled by the sad little letters I have received from thousands of lonely, unhappy girls who feel exactly as you do.

So this month I am going to reveal the first means of unlocking the mystic gates to the charmed circle of popularity. You can do it with a word!

At least, you can if it's the right word.

The girl who can talk well; who can, by talking, instill in her listener a sense of delight, ease, sympathy or understanding—that girl has the first key to popularity.

Just as there is an art in the making of a good cake, there is art in measuring the ingredients of conversation. And just as flour is the foundation of delicious pastry, your frame of mind is the foundation of conversation.

LET us presume you are to attend a party at which most of the guests will be strangers to you. You have few friends, and are very anxious to establish some pleasant companionships.

From the very first, make up your mind that you are going to have a perfectly delightful evening. Remember that in our social contacts, as in all else in life, we get no more than we give. If you come to a party like the chief mourner at a funeral, how can you expect to be met with gaiety, admiration and pleasure?

See that your appearance is flawless. A girl's tongue cannot be glib if her eyes are tied to a run in her stocking, or the spot she forgot to remove from her dress. Your gown needn't be a Parisian model, but you *must* be clean and fresh appearing.

INTRODUCTIONS are a great trial. In your shyness, remember that they are as great a trial to a young man as to you. Do not think of yourself at all. Think only of the person you are meeting. Don't mumble:

"Pleased to meet you . . ." as if you were really very sad. Smile and say you are glad. Smile and convince him you are glad. We all like the people who show a liking for us.

One of the most popular debutantes I know, a girl greatly admired for her graciousness, confided to me the secret of her charm:

"I always act as if the person I am meeting is the most enchanting person in the world. Sort of Isn't-this-the-greatest-piece-of-luck expression on my face. If the person proves to be a bore, I manage to slide away politely."

After being introduced, your first inclination is to slink away into some obscure corner, isn't it? You feel like

Being One of a Series of Articles Designed to Help You See Yourself as Others See You

a soldier on the firing line; glances from people about you strike you like bullets. But don't run away—for these glances are perhaps just friendly overtures and you must not cut them off.

Circulate about the room. Try to think of something to say. Smile. Be animated. If you can't think of anything else to say, announce, with a laugh:

"No! I never did like oysters!"

It sounds awfully silly, doesn't it? But my idea is only that you say something. Most people would laugh at your impertinence and the ones who liked it would out-number those who didn't. At any rate, your remark would prove you were original—and not a bore.

Or, suppose you are being introduced to a very pleasant young man who has just come into the room. You like him and want to know him better.

His first impression of you is exceedingly important. With so many women to choose from, masculine favor too frequently hangs upon a first impression. Remembering this, what do you do?

You smile. Not only with the corners of your lips, but with your whole face, and with your eyes in particular.

And not only do you smile, but you look straight into his eyes till he smiles back. One very charming young man of my acquaintance told me that he was sure of finding a "winner" in the girl who was not afraid to meet his glance. Imagine that!

Men will usually wait for you to begin the conversation. Before you start, forget yourself. Think of the man. He lives and breathes, he loves, fears, doubts, worries, is glad, is sad—just as you are. Furthermore, he is just as anxious to meet a charming companion as you are. But if you don't start talking, he'll hem and haw until he is tired of your clumsy inarticulateness. So now you are faced with the necessity of starting that huge, terrifying machine of twosome chatting.

To get it going you must not only say something to arouse interest (or

amusement) but to provoke an answer. You might remark: "My, what a nice tie!" Or (if you are a brunette): "Goodness, I hope you don't prefer blondes!"

Of course, you don't have to repeat these very remarks. I am only trying to show you *how* to start. Suppose, then, the young chap answers: "Glad you like it," and then stops, *plop!*

Don't let the wee chat so easily run on the snags. Answer, facetiously, of course: "Score! And what do you think of my dress?"

Now, if he is a nice young man, he will see that you have made a delightful attempt to draw him out, and before long, with a few well-placed questions, you'll be chatting away at your ease.

THIS puts me in mind of a story I once read about a timid young girl from the country who came to visit her popular city cousin. Through all the parties given in her honor, the shy little girl sat unnoticed in a corner. She simply had nothing to talk about and her poor heart was breaking.

"Isn't there anything that worries you?" the city cousin asked. "Well," the other replied, "I worry about whether I should have my hair bobbed."

"Great!" the city cousin exclaimed. "Talk about *that*."

And so the timid one began asking every man she knew if she should bob her hair! Each time she asked the question, a long conversation concerning hair, styles, women, manners and so on, ensued.

Of course your minds aren't as dull as hers was. But perhaps this story will serve to show you the unique things you can talk about.

Most of us are movie fans. Men in particular are interested in movies. You can often find the theme of a chat by asking: "What did you think of Greta Garbo's new talkie?"

There are several things, which, if you are seeking popularity, you must not do.

1. No matter how frightened you are, don't fidget and act nervous.

2. Don't drag your past dates into the [Continued on page 96]

Write Mrs. Ward

She has helped hundreds of girls in social life, in business, in the professions. Let her help you solve any problems of personality that may be troubling you. With your letter send a photograph, full length, if possible, and an addressed, stamped envelope. All letters will be kept absolutely confidential and receive immediate replies.

Address Mrs.
Ward, care of
SMART SET

221 West 57th
Street, New
York City.

If this girl turns a cold
shoulder to one boy, it's
only to face another

Whichever way, she'll be
right, since she has master-
ed the art of conversation



Bettine, watching how Flora slept, so forlorn, so abandoned, saw her opportunity. Now . . . now was the time to call M'sieu Haagen!



MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

FROM the moment exquisite Flora Towers met the eyes of Annette Percy across William Haagen's dinner table, she hated her. Annette was so obviously the gold-digger—and so obviously, to-night, she was setting her cap for Cecil Towers, Flora's vain, foolish father.

At any other time Flora would have interfered, tried to save Cecil. But to-night there was Haagen, their host—perfect, debonair, taking her mind off her father. Only, what Haagen could not know was that her heart was elsewhere—back in Lugano, where she had lost it to a fascinating Viking of a man—Andy Court.

That Andy Court was a penniless solicitor's clerk; that he

had followed her from London because he knew her private fortune had been embezzled, and that he was even now in Algiers—these things Flora did not know. But her days of blissful ignorance were numbered.

In a series of swift, heartrending blows Flora learned first, that Annette Percy had married Cecil on the quiet; that, two days later, her father had died, leaving everything to his new wife, and lastly that she herself was absolutely destitute, due to her lawyer's defalcation in London.

Dazed with grief, numb with hatred for Annette, Flora turned instinctively to Andy. How could she know that the mad flight to Algiers had taken his last cent? He was helpless,

*Rich Man, Poor Man—Rich
Man, Poor Man... Flora Runs
the Bitter Gamut to the End*



By
May
Edginton

with only his passionate love to offer. It was Haagen, master of any situation, who settled everything. To him, Flora was all that was desirable in a woman and he was determined to have her.

SO, AT his expense, accompanied by her maid Bettine, Flora left for America. She had with her a letter from Haagen to Marcus, Polish proprietor of a swank night club, and with this as *entr e*, she became dancing hostess at Dream Garden and the toast of New York.

Meanwhile Andy, after a fruitless attempt to intercede with Annette, decided to play a lone hand—for Flora. He ingratiated

himself into Annette's services as secretary and persuaded her to go to America. And it was there, at Newport, that Haagen, on his arrival in America, saw Andy Court again. Neither of them acknowledged their previous acquaintance and Haagen left, convinced that Andy had given Flora up and was playing Annette for her money.

It was mid-summer and Flora, stifling in the city's heat, finally let herself be persuaded into going for the week-end to the Westchester home of old Elms Oessler, the banker. But not all her innocence would have saved her then, had not William Haagen appeared on the scene as if by magic. Flora had no idea he had been keeping in touch with her maid, Bettine.

She was, however, to learn a great deal that night—to learn that Haagen's kindness was not impersonal, that he was set on having her—or breaking her. He gave her her choice. And when, on Monday night, hating him, hating the world of men, Flora entered Dream Garden, Marcus accosted her with threats and insults for her behavior toward Oessler. Any more stunts like that and she was through!

Then, at a far table, Flora saw Haagen, calm, imperturbable, smiling...

AS SHE took her usual table, Marcus was aware, without looking, that Haagen had risen, bowed, and sat down again.

The Pole's lips tightened a little. He stood far off, watching a waiter bring her the fruit-cup which they always served her—the mere pretence of eating and drinking which she was supposed to make till some of her patrons came in and invited her to supper.

The Russian soloist came out and sang devotedly in his glorious voice; he always came first. The room remained quiet—unnaturally quiet, even for a Monday night.

Marcus was aware that Haagen was not intending to ask Flora to dance, to sup. He did not know that Haagen was definitely waiting for that little sign which Flora would not give. He only knew that Haagen remained aloof.

"Well," Marcus thought, "that's that!"

But now he could give no more immediate attention to the contemplation of Haagen and Flora. Some strangers came in; and when they were served Marcus had to see to the finishing touches on the table that Mr. Maston had telephoned for.

He went over to Haagen, presently, to say: "Mr. Billy Maston will be here with a party, Mr. Haagen. He is driving up from Newport, I understand. You've met him there?"

"Possibly," Haagen said. "But I shan't be seeing him here to-night; I am just going."

"Mr. Haagen! Already! I am sorry everything is so quiet, but—"

Haagen cut him short. "I'll look in again sometime. But

before I go, Marcus, there is something I want to say to you."

MARCUS stood for a moment looking after Haagen, when, the "something" said, he rose and went out. He noted that again Haagen bowed, with a cool friendly smile, to Flora as he passed the table where she sat alone.

Marcus thought again, "Well, that's that!" And, moving across to her, he said, with almost vicious vexation, "Well! why do you not keep your friend? I want customers! You and I shall have a word about this before you leave to-night."

She sat very still after Marcus had left her. She could have crumpled up and lain prostrate on the low-cushioned seat, but she held herself erect, staring at the emeralds on her hands. It might come to selling them, and then? There was nothing of much value beyond the two big emeralds, her diamond shoulder straps, and a pair of earrings or so. Jewels had never interested her very much.

The ironic thought of Annette was in Flora's mind. If Annette—the Annette of former days—had been old Oessler's guest at his Westchester place yesterday, how would she have handled the situation?

As Flora sat there, staring out with wide unseeing eyes into the room, Marcus watched her like a cat. "Can't afford tragedy airs in a place like this," he muttered.

There was the slight stir of the arrival of a party. Marcus made one of his svelte darts to meet them. The room seemed to waken, to become invested with the aura of curiosity and expectation.

Flora lifted her eyes, and started at sight of Annette, superb in a glittering black gown with a wrap of black ostrich feathers thrown over it, her face alight with triumph. At her shoulder, Billy Maston, slender, brown and fit, glided with the perfect assurance of one accustomed to escort beauty.

A few paces behind them was the tall figure, the fair towering head, that raised Flora to her feet with a little gasp, and shot a sudden spasm of pain through her body. Then, as abruptly, she sank down again, huddled her ermine cape high about her and, bending her head, stared blindly down at the table.

ANNETTE was on the top of the world that night. She had dined early, with these two good-looking young men in attendance—the cynosure of all eyes. She would have liked Haagen, too, but an attempt at an arrangement to meet him here had failed.

They had driven up to town very fast, Billy at the wheel, and she and Andy together in the back of the car. Through the soft half dark, close together, she had talked to him coaxingly, intimately.

She knew now what was the matter with him. He loved her! He was mad with love for her! But he had not dared to reveal himself. And this super-control told on him, tortured him. That was what gave him his strange, difficult, silent moods.

Annette knew all this, she told herself. And she loved him; yes, she loved him, but there was no hurry. She was enraptured with the freedom and the power of her new life, as the Mrs. Cecil Towers.

So she talked to Andy more intimately, more promisingly, than she had talked to him before. She did not for a moment guess that he was thinking, "Where has Haagen gone? What's he doing? If only I could have known—and followed him!"

Once he turned to Annette and risked asking, "Where's Haagen?"

She laughed low and throatily. "How jealous you are, Andy! I assure you he's not meeting us to-night."

They got into town soon after eleven-thirty; were ascending to Dream Garden before midnight.

Maston said to Andy, as they were alone together for a moment checking their hats, "I say, let me dance a lot with Annette. You won't mind for to-night? I know a partner for you, old man."

With a shrug and a smile, Andy answered out of his far-off, teeming thoughts, "Go to it."

They made their entry behind Annette into the long silver room, where the orchestra played unavailingly.

"Quiet, of course. End of the summer business and a Mon-

day." Billy apologized as they followed him across the floor.

Marcus had a specially decorated table for them, remote from the few clients scattered about the place. So, from this restful corner, dim under the gold-shrouded lights, they looked about them, until Billy indicated the slim white figure huddled in ermine away across the room.

"There's Flora. The professional partner, you know."

BECAUSE they were each so galvanized with surprise, with shock, at that name, neither Andy nor Annette betrayed themselves by so much as the flicker of an eyelid.

Not for worlds would Annette have said, "Yes, my step-daughter, trying to earn a living. I took all the money." Men—particularly American men—were such sentimentalists.

Not for worlds would Andy have aroused—just yet—Annette's flame of vindictive anger. He knew, in a sudden rush of relief, that at last the search was over. Here she was! No



Illustrations by

CHARLES D. MITCHELL

more would he let her hide from him. She was here, near him! After a long, quiet look at Flora, he turned confidentially to Annette, murmuring, "This is very strange."

And she, after a long, glittering look at Flora, turned almost simultaneously to him, and said under her breath, "Andy, of all things! Who says the world isn't small!"

He murmured back, Billy being engaged in selecting an elaborate supper, "Does Maston know anything? Do we tell him?"

She answered just as low, and sharply: "My God, no!"

The cabaret broke out through the silver door, and burst straight away into a noisy number.

"You see," said Annette to Andy under cover of the song, "she's nothing to me. I mean—we're strangers, practically. And no doubt she's here *incognito*. I mean, if she doesn't want to recognize us, why should we?"

It did very well, that sophistry of Annette's; it was so convenient. Through the first course of supper, he sat anguished with eagerness, waiting for the moment when Maston should take him over to the immobile figure in white. Then she would have to look at him, have to come again to his arms, and know that she had nothing to forgive. Noth-

ing—except his stupidity. He was going to make her understand.

Andy could not take his eyes from her for more than the briefest moment, and soon he felt the flare of Annette's suspicion.

"Why do you look at her so? I thought you hardly knew her? You've told me the truth, haven't you? Billy's speaking to you. What is the matter?"

He pulled himself together. His moment must come. And then, with his heart beating in his throat and his lips suddenly dry, he saw Flora slowly gather her wrap about her and make the unmistakable motions of departure.

"THAT girl in white's going," said Annette clearly in a hard voice. "Had a dull time all alone."

"Here, Marcus!" Billy cried imperatively.

In another moment Marcus was over at Flora's side, smiling and suave, as far as anyone could see.

But what he said between his smiling lips was "Damn you, who do you think you are? What are you leaving for? You stay your time out as long as you're wanted. You've nearly ruined my place already. And now here's Mr. Maston brought a friend who wants a partner. Sit down!"

"I—I—feel—"

"Sit down!" He beckoned a waiter and ordered her a highball. "Get some life into you. I don't think the party's going to ask you to have anything. There's a lady with them. A swell dame. But you've got to dance if you're needed."

She sank down. Her bones and muscles felt soft and unsupported. But she sipped at the highball which the waiter brought, and stiffened. Dance? She wouldn't. Not with Andy—the deserter, the fortune-hunter, sitting there with Annette.

She thought herself entirely prepared for the moment when he should ask her to dance; entirely prepared for the refusal she would give him. Yet, prepared as she determined to be, when she saw Billy Maston and Andy Court leave their table and approach her across that empty, shining floor, her nerves, her pulses, her breath, were all a mad fluttering.

She looked straight up into Andy's face, her own expressionless, and saw him pale under the brown; his eyes deadly serious, strained. She felt the air about them charged, heavy with the intensity of their dual emotion. But Billy Maston sensed none of it. He said gaily:

"Flora, I've brought you an eager partner. Good dancer. Good fella. Make him yours for the evening, because I am very, very much engaged. Mr. Court, Miss Flora."

The orchestra, revived, urged the dancers out upon the floor.

BILLY MASTON, back at Annette's table, had drawn her to her feet, swung her out upon the floor in an ecstasy of speed and rhythm. Andy still stood before Flora. They had not spoken.

"Flora!" he said in a choked voice.

She heard herself say coldly, "Good evening."

"This glorious surprise!"

She heard herself interrupt coldly, "It must be a difficult moment for you. It is for me."

A ripple of impatience ran over him. Why talk? He said hoarsely, "You'll dance, darling?"

"I wouldn't let you touch me. I hate you!" Any patron but this—any partner! She glanced about the room.

"Haagen was here a moment ago; he left too soon—or I'd be dancing with him."

She would not, and she knew it; but any lie would serve to strike Andy Court! And this was a thrust that went home.

"Haagen! You've seen him?"

She said in a small cold voice, "But of course. I was with him yesterday."

Annette and Billy danced by, and Andy felt a tug at his sleeve. They had danced close expressly for this purpose. Annette said something inarticulate, and then they had drifted on. But her face, [Continued on page 126]



"Lovers!" Annette echoed scornfully. "You and Flora! Bah, you think I believe that?"

*Steve and a Horse Have This
in Common: You can Drive
'em to Water but not to Drink*



IF SOMEBODY had offered to introduce Steve to Sylvia Langley he would have refused flatly, because Steve didn't like women. If he had known who she was and what she represented when he first saw her that hot summer afternoon he would never have stopped, because she stood for all the things he hated most.

But he didn't know who she was. He didn't know anything about her except that she was a very bad-tempered young woman standing at the edge of a ditch. In the ditch was an automobile and in the automobile was a man fast asleep.

Steve stopped his flivver in the middle of the road and asked: "Need any help?"

"Yes," she said, "I'd like to have a glass of water."

"Sorry, I haven't got a glass. How about some pop?"

She nodded condescendingly. "Sarsaparilla."

"We're just out of sarsaparilla. Guess again."

"If you haven't got that I don't want anything."

"All right." He got a bottle of lemon soda out from among the golf clubs in the back of the flivver, opened it on the steering wheel and drank half of it in one swallow.

"Had an accident?" he asked.

"No, we're just waiting for the chauffeur to come back from the circus. Anything else you want to know?"

"That's all. I just stopped to rest a minute." He stepped

"Keep your old quarter!" Steve snorted, and started unloading her bags. "I've changed my mind. I couldn't stand you for eighteen miles"

on the starter. "So long." He waved a hand nonchalantly.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I will take one of those."

"Sure." He gave her a bottle. "One for your friend?"

"He doesn't drink. But I guess I could drink two."

He gave her the last bottle. "Twenty cents," he said.

"What?"

"Twenty cents. You get a dime if you bring the bottles back."

SHE found her bag in the ditched car, took out two dimes and gave them to him.

"I've heard a lot about Southern hospitality," she said, "but this is the first I've seen of it."



Nobody's Fool

By Charles Wertenbaker

"I only had three," he said. "I'd have given you one for hospitality's sake—and I'd probably have given you two if you'd asked for them politely."

"I can afford not to be polite," she said. "Since you're out for money, how much do you want to take me to the nearest railroad station?"

"Four dollars."

"How far is it?"

"Four miles."

"Can I get a train for Hot Springs there?"

"No."

"Where can I get one?"

"Basic. That's eighteen miles."

"How much will that be?"

"Eighteen dollars."

She gave him a contemptuous stare. "All right," she said.

He took three bags out of the other car and stowed them in the flivver. When he had finished she handed him a quarter. He looked at it and then started moving the bags back to the other car.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"I've changed my mind. I don't think I could stand you for eighteen miles."

She looked frightened and her manner changed abruptly.

"You've got to," she said.

"Why?"

"I've got to be gone when this—" she pointed to the man asleep in the big car—"wakes up."

"You've got plenty of money. Buy a ride from the next man that comes along."

"But I've got to hurry. I've got to be there to-night."

"You've got plenty of time. The next train for the Hot won't leave Basic till five o'clock in the morning."

"What'll I do?" she said. "I wired Daddy I'd be there by midnight."

"Well . . ." Steve hesitated. "I hate to, but I'll have to take you, I s'pose."

"Are you going as far as Hot Springs?"

"Exactly."

"Wonderful." She watched him transfer the bags again and then got in beside him.

He started the car and drove silently. After several minutes she said: "I'll pay you whatever you want."

"If you mention that again," he said, "I swear I'll drop you in the first town."

HE STOPPED in Crozet and sent a wrecker back to the car in the ditch. Then, without another word, he drove toward the mountain and up the steep, winding road past Afton to the peak. The sun was getting low and blue shadows stretched across the valley far below.

Once she said: "It's beautiful," but he didn't answer. He drove silently, taking his eyes from the road only to watch the sun setting behind the next ridge of mountains.

They were nearly to Staunton before she spoke again.

"I'm sorry about what I said," she murmured, "but I didn't know."

"Of course not. That's the trouble with you rich people—you think everybody's your servant."

"You started it, charging for that pop."

"That was because you ordered it, instead of asking for it."

"I'm sorry I was rude," she said.

"That's all right."

It was dark when they stopped in Staunton for dinner. Steve was surprised when he saw her face across the table. Before, her attitude and a coating of red Virginia dust on her

face had given him the impression that she was hard. Now he saw that she had fine small features and that her bearing suggested good breeding rather than arrogance. She looked very young, younger than he was; Steve was twenty-four.

The table changed his attitude, too, and he found himself becoming as shy as he had always been with women. She made dinner conversation: "How long are you going to be in Hot Springs?"

"Just a couple of days. I'm playing in the state tournament to-morrow and Saturday."

"I saw the national amateur last year," she said.

"I was in that."

"Were you?" Some of her former manner came back as she said: "I didn't notice anybody but Jones and that young boy he beat in the semi-final. Who was he?"

"Me," said Steve.

"Oh . . . I wanted you to win. You may this year."

"I'm not going to play this year."

"Why?"

"Going abroad."

"To try for the British?"

"No; to study mathematics."

"I wish I knew a lot of math," she said. "I wanted to study it but Daddy made me be social."

"That's a shame," Steve said. He told her what he thought of parents who wouldn't let their children do what they wanted to. In fact, before he finished he had told her all about himself.

He told her he was going to study in Europe for two years and then go back to Virginia and take his Ph.D. and start teaching; he told her that his father and mother were dead and he had just enough income to scrape along on and do what he wanted to do; he told her that his philosophy consisted in not wanting what he couldn't have.

"The trouble with that," she said, "is that it doesn't always work. If you fell in love, for instance, you wouldn't be able to get married and still go abroad to study."

"In that case," he said, "I'd get over being in love."

"Ever tried it?"

"No. Have you?"

"I've never had to. I've always had everything I wanted."

"It's a good thing you don't want me," he said, "because you're the last woman in the world I'd ever fall in love with."

THERE was a big red moon sitting up on top of the mountain when they started again. The top of the car was down and before long the moon changed to silver and made a silver frame for her profile.

Steve found himself looking at her more and more, and after a while he realized that he was looking at her nearly all the time. It worried him. He didn't know whether it was because he had begun to dislike her less during dinner or whether it was just the moon's influence. It was disturbing.

They were ten miles from Lexington when the axle broke. He let the car drift to a stop on the side of the road and looked at her.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but we won't make it to-night."

"What'll we do?"

"I'll try to stop a car and get 'em to give us a lift back to Staunton. Then I'll put you on the early morning train."

"What'll you do?"

"Get the flivver fixed and go back home. It'll be too late for the tournament."

"Won't you go on the train with me?"

"Can't leave the car."

"You'll leave it taking me to Staunton."

"I'll have to take a chance on that."

"Then I'll stick with you."

"You can't. What about your father?"

"I'll explain later. It wouldn't be sporting to leave."

"You'll be in the way."

She didn't answer and he didn't look at her for several minutes. When he did look at her something in her eyes made him say: "I didn't mean that."

An instant later he said: "Good Lord! I'm afraid I've fallen in love with you."

"I knew that hours ago," she said.

Illustrations by
OSCAR HOWARD



MR. THOMAS F. LANGLEY parked a pair of very expensive shoes on a very expensive chair in his very expensive suite and held a very expensive lighter to the end of a five-cent cigar. Then he put on a pair of very expensive spectacles and looked at Steve with his pale, arrogant eyes.

"Suppose you tell me just what's back of all this," he said.

"Well," said Steve, "their car broke down and I picked her up. Ten miles from Lexington I broke down. By that time I was head over heels in love with her. When we got a wrecker he said he couldn't fix the car before morning."

"I've got an old golfing friend in Lexington, so I took her up to his house, thinking that he and his wife could put her up for the night. When we got there we found out that he'd just been elected Justice of the Peace and the first thing he said was: 'I suppose you want to get married'. Sylvia said: 'Yes', and that's all there was to it."



Sylvia came out with Henry Parker—another Langley, by marriage. Why had she followed him, Steve wondered. Couldn't she see how he hated her whole darned clan?

she is selfish. I raised her that way on purpose, to protect her against young fortune hunters like you."

"Thank you, sir. The only thing I made sure of before I married her was that she hasn't got a cent in her own name."

"Well, you probably knew I'd give her a million or so if I had to. But maybe you aren't a fortune hunter . . . Who are you?"

"There are some Tylers mentioned in the history books."

"WHAT of it?" Mr. Langley snapped. "I want to know what you do."

"Nothing. I've been studying. In the fall I'm going to Europe for two years and then I'm going to take my Ph.D. and start teaching mathematics."

"Hmp. Got plenty of money?"

"I've got the income from fifty [Continued on page 131]"

"I see. I didn't think you'd expect me to believe you two fell in love in five hours."

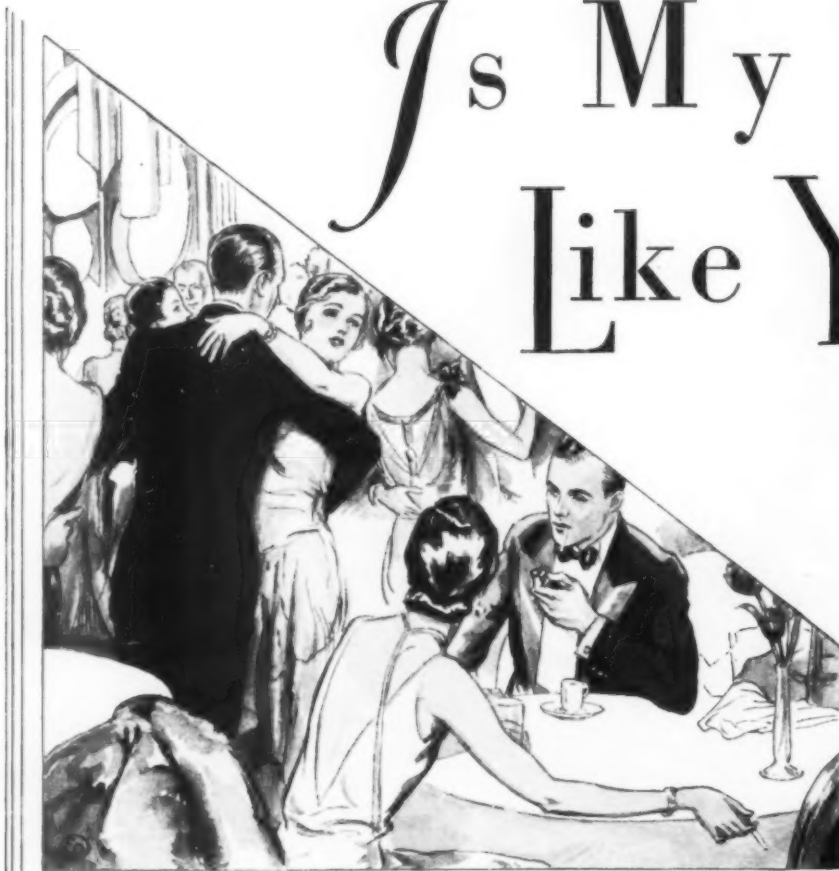
"I think you're wrong, sir. We're both in love."

"How'd you fall in love with her?"

"Well, I disliked her at first. I thought she was the rudest, spoiledest, selfishest girl I'd ever seen. Then I found out she was different underneath and I s'pose all my dislike just naturally turned into love."

"Bosh!" said Mr. Langley. "She is rude, she is spoiled,

Is My Life Like Yours?



My Life as Craleytown sees it. Dancing, night clubs and a grand gay time with other men

WHEN I married an auditor from the home office of our branch factory and went to the city to live, Craleytown privately predicted that my husband would eventually pay the penalty of disillusionment imposed on city men who marry small-town girls.

As for me, I would sneak home—soiled, but deserving it—or else vanish into the scarlet limbo reserved for adventurous, man-crazy country girls. I would repeat local history. More than ninety per cent of our girls who have left the old home environment have either drifted back—shabby, secretive and hard—or have passed into unspeakable oblivion.

They defied local tradition. They dared to look beyond the cramped home-town horizon for the fulfillment of their dreams. Dreams? What right had they to dream of anything beyond their local small-town lot? And it is a hard lot, I assure you.

In Craleytown, as in most small towns, there is a greater number of marriageable young women than of eligible young men. Nearly all our girls—nice and otherwise—are self-supporting. The majority are high-school graduates; a few have college diplomas.

Unlike the girls of our mothers' day, we are financially independent, more broadly educated, less willing to marry to avoid becoming old maids; yet unwilling to stagnate without a struggle for the advantages of the girl of our own age in a larger sphere. So, if these are not obtainable at home, we invade her territory.

Legions, annually, from hidden-away hamlets and distant small centers—married and single—step from all the simple, solid and familiar backgrounds into a pattern of life for which they have not been fashioned.

THIS was my case, precisely. What has happened to me? "Are you still living in the same place?" I have been asked repeatedly when I reappear on the Craleytown streets. "What line of business is your husband in now? I guess you

take all your meals out and are always on the go—movies, dances, shopping, teas and night clubs with other men.

"Do you smoke and drink? My, what a change for you, after home life! Nothing on earth to do but spend your husband's salary on a grand, gay time! I don't suppose you give as much as a passing thought to saving any money for a rainy day."



Asks a Country Girl Living in a Large City. What is Your Answer?

Illustrations by
EDWARD POUCHER

My life as it really
is, five nights out
of seven. Doing the
family washing in
"home, sweet home"



In other words, am I a drifter, extravagant, broke; a waster, pleasure-mad, homeless and—by inference—immoral?

I seem to see these questions in their faces—sly, artful and accusing. In amazement and irritation, I shrink from their implication that I hoodwinked an out-of-town man into marriage through sex adroitness, if not actual seduction.

How can they believe differently? Dare I tell them? Would they believe me?



I know their comments by heart:
"My, what a life!
Nothing to do but
spend your hus-
band's salary on a
grand gay time"

I OFTEN wonder whether other small-town girls live in the city under a certain unavoidable sham or pretense.

During one of my visits home the prettiest girl in town, whom the silent movies, instead of a traveling man, should have captured, called, dragging along two fretful children, twins. I never see or think of her without experiencing a nameless revolt. She is in her early twenties, marvelously endowed with a capacity to live abundantly—a glowing, throbbing example of small-town sex tragedy and ignorance.

We talked about another girl who had also been forced by small-town custom into marriage. This girl lived with her husband in New York. Their child was stillborn. After her departure she rarely returned to Craleystown and then only to slip in and out on late trains.

These two had been seat-mates in high school. "She is so beautiful, so stylish!" exclaimed my enraptured caller. "And her apartment and life!"

There were tears of envy in her large, brown eyes. Her voice was throaty with the heartache of an exquisite and forbidden joy.

I said nothing. What could I say? I knew the girl we were discussing very well. I had been in her apartment. It was on a midtown side street in a neighborhood of speakeasies, disreputable lodgings and city gamins. There, in a dark, stuffy, one-room-rear, without running water or a bath, in poverty which would have been grotesque if it had not been heroic, she supported herself and often her husband as well.

On an ungovernable impulse for companionship of my own small-town kind, I happened in on them unannounced, armed with their address from a mutual acquaintance.

Marion was in an evening gown of his designing and her deft sewing—a latest model. He, handsome and beautifully mannered, wore a Tuxedo. They were boiling coffee, heating a can of baked beans and toasting rye bread on those electrical appliances as indispensable to a city girl as a marcel and a manicure.

Their shock at seeing me was as poignant as my own was at beholding their surroundings. Yet their poise was magnificent. Superb. I was, on the surface at least, the only embarrassed one.

"Funny, Olive, but we were just talking about Craleytown. I've often wished we might bump into each other," Marion said, calmly. "You're just in time for a delicatessen snack. Jim has some passes for a show, so we're going out—but not for an hour . . . Jim, go mix Olive a cocktail! I suppose you take a cocktail when you're not back home?"

Jim vanished. I heard him whispering to someone in the hall, no doubt a neighbor who had some gin or who knew another neighbor who might get some. They disappeared together.

INSTANTLY Marion became self-conscious and affected. She grew challenging. Not openly. Subtly. She came from a family of inordinate social pride. She was struggling, now, in stark fear lest I expose her plight at home.

My heart was wrung with pity and admiration.

"Don't let me break in on you!" I pleaded. "I really came to ask you both to dine with me. My husband's at a business dinner and, to be shamelessly frank, I was lonely for a sight of home-town faces."

That broke down her constraint. She switched off the electric current and faced me, smiling queerly.

"Olive," she said thickly, "you don't lie smoothly. I do; I've got to. But I'm not going to lie to you. I know when I'm caught. I'm putting up a devil of a bluff here in New York. But I'm straight. That's why I'm a telephone operator. Yes, I work! I must! Jim can't swing it, somehow! You know my family. They ask no odds of anyone and I ask none of them. They think Jim's on the stage, drawing a big salary, and I let them think so. Jim isn't a loafer. He tries to get jobs and sometimes he lands one, but I've got to carry the load and I do, and you're the only one in Craleytown who knows it!"

"Craleytown shall never find out from me," I stammered, close to tears.

Nor have I failed her. It was Jim who blurted out the truth when she collapsed. Pneumonia. No reserve. Undernourished.

I went to the funeral. The mother of the twins was there with a new infant in her arms. We rode alone together to the quaint cemetery of our fathers and grandfathers.

"She had courage and character!" the girl-mother said solemnly. She gathered her baby closer and stared at me strangely. "Will you be offended if I ask you an awfully personal question?"

"No," I answered wonderingly.

"Are you deceiving us, too? Is your life like hers?"

"My life is certainly not what Craleytown thinks it is," I replied guardedly.

"Your husband does well, doesn't he?"

"Financially?" I smiled faintly. "Before we were married, I thought so."

"I've heard he's a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man and you look and act it. Now, my husband is only a traveling man. He has a salary and bonus but his expenses are paid and they include the car. He averages about three hundred dollars a month."

WHEN she stopped I said in a still, small voice: "That's about the average of the average city man. In Craleytown it stretches all around your house and lot, your car, a trip somewhere every year, and into the bank. In New York, if it can be made to reach as far as the subway and back and into a movie now and then, you have accomplished financial acrobatics."

I looked at her suddenly, antagonistically: "You ought to be very content. You don't know how well off you are."

"I hate being economical," she flared moodily.

"You don't know the meaning of the word."

"You don't either, for you don't have to be."

I had to bite my tongue to keep from screaming: "You goose! My own husband only earns three hundred a month!"

By sheer force of will, tintured with poor Marion's conception of pride, I kept the frightful secret.

To have revealed the galling truth, which no one in my family knew, would have stamped us as high-hatters and

failures, like Marion and Jim. So I sat tight and kept still.

Yet our cases were not similar, Marion's and mine. My husband was one of millions of city strugglers, steady-going, regularly employed, in line for a salary increase and promotion. I was one of millions of wives striving to maintain a standard which we had not created and which dominated our whole existence.

We had a fixed income on which to meet fixed expenses: rent, apartment upkeep, income tax, insurance premiums, food, clothes and diversions. In addition there were the daily and the invisible drains: carfare, outside telephoning, taxi-cabs in emergencies and entertaining.

In the country, from month to month I knew, almost to a few dollars, what my spending would approximate. I thought, as all small-town girls do, that I was economical, or at least practical-minded in the material things.

Now, as I look back, I can see that small town girls are the real spenders. They are prodigal splurgers by comparison. On my salary at the branch factory I satisfied every feminine whim, without thought of cost, and still added something each month to my savings account. I did my shopping in a nearby small city and patronized only the expensive and exclusive shops.

Small-town girls take a great pride in vying with one another in these respects. They study the styles in motion pictures and in magazines appealing to young women and hasten to be first to bring them out in church or at a party.

When I came to the city all this changed.

I BROUGHT along a lavish, beautiful and up-to-the-minute wardrobe. Some of it has been made over and over and over, until I squirm at the mere sight of the pieces. My husband also was well supplied with clothes bearing standard trademarks.

With our joint savings, and a check from my father—it was to be my modest inheritance—we furnished a tiny uptown apartment and had a neat bank account left. The account is still there, except that it has shrunk almost to the vanishing point.

Economy on a pay-check of three hundred a month in New York is more than economy. It is an achievement.

Here is the country girl's first problem in the large city. It is peculiarly her own. It was solved for the city-bred girl before she was born, by her mother, older sister or aunt. How to manage, how to buy, how to spend, in the most competitive and dizzily fluctuating market in the world. When and where to shop!

I have spent a whole day, breathlessly running from store to shop, shop to store, comparing advertised articles, to make an eighty-nine-cent purchase—only to postpone buying until the next advertised sale!

On such occasions I have gone without lunch and denied myself a cherished soda, trying to delude myself that it was high time I resumed dieting. I have felt quite the sacrificial heroine, dragging myself home in the early subway rush with a dull headache, to bungle a dinner and suppress a wild inclination to shriek when my husband's radio passion that evening turned to political speeches!

Home! The "Little Place All Our Own", on an inexorable lease under an exacting landlord. Homes? In New York? Why, the only homes in Manhattan are on exhibition in museums!

AND here enters another problem of the country-bred girl who is strictly on her own. Home and social ties for the city-bred girl are established from the beginning. They may change as she grows older, but she starts life with an identity, a locale.

The country-bred girl, dependent on a husband who, himself, hails from another locality, belongs to no set and to no one except her husband. She is attached to nothing except her home. It is her pivot. From it she radiates and explores her new world.

Home, to her, is more than shelter; more than an abiding-place. It is her nook of security and serenity; her castle.

"Who started all this bunk about New York being homeless?" my husband once asked. "Someone ought to spike that. New York is the greatest home town in the world."

And this, to my astonishment, [Continued on page 135]



Smart Set's Service Section

Edited by

Ruth Waterbury

WHY is everything women do regarded as a moral barometer?

Consider this long skirt-short skirt controversy. Writers flood into this office all day long, writers of both sexes, most of them forty-ish, with articles to prove that the long skirt means the return of modesty, virtue, home cooking and general felicity.

M. Patou arrives from Paris, freely admits—before a couple of hundred reporters—that he is responsible for the long skirt and sighs at the manner in which America has abused his pretty idea. Ministers preach, debating societies debate, and no less a journalist than the ordinarily wise William Bolitho breaks into print with: "In fashion is the only clue to woman's mind."

Oh, for heaven's sake.

The clothes a smart young woman wears all depend upon what she is up to. That's my story and I stick to it.

More accurately, the way a girl dresses depends upon whom she is dressing for. When she wants it to, nothing so quickly and clearly re-

veals her mind as her costume; but just as often it's a perfect disguise.

Smartness is always mental alertness, and there was never a really *chic* woman who just naturally got that way. Her smartness is the combined product of study, observation, wise buying and taste.

But the smarter she is, the more she knows that *chic* has sex. *Chic* that impresses the male only makes the female smile up her sleeve.

Women dress for men when they work for them and when they are in love with them.

The lady in love goes in for the wayward curl and the gentle scarf. She substitutes sweetness for smartness, and the caress in her voice is as nothing compared to the flattery of her gowns. She knows man wants her to reflect an eternal "yes" and she's aware that nothing says it so clearly as gowns apparently compounded of equal parts of moonlight, roseleaves and dreams.

The business girl spends more on

shampoos, water waves, manicures and footwear than she invests in gowns. But get a group of ambitious young workers together and you see women whose costuming combines two elements almost impossible to blend—noticeability and unobtrusiveness. Everything is there to be noticed by the male eye, but nothing is conspicuous.

THE really *chic* woman is a lady among ladies. She knows to an eighth of an inch the correct width of a hat brim, the exact spot for a jeweled pin. The really *chic* woman is not original, but an inspired copyist. She never errs.

These are the three fashion types, but what their styles have to do with morals is as difficult to see as what men's wearing wool in July has to do with their common sense.

Women dress fashionably because it is delightful and exhilarating. Clothes express beauty, luxury, charm, allure and power.

Of course, we women might admit our clothes are clues to our minds if men will admit the same. But is man's mind as stiff and pretentious as his boiled shirt?

Fashions for

*For the Bride and the Graduate
Even the Most Beautiful
Frocks May Be Bargains*



A fortune to be exquisitely gowned for a formal wedding? Not if you shop wisely. This classically perfect gown in white, blush or ivory satin, ideal for slim young brides may be secured for \$59.50. The veil of plain tulle costs \$25.00.

SMART
SET
SERVICE

Second marriage gowns, or frocks for bridesmaids and attendants, should be in pastel shades. This georgette model has a separate bolero, while godets of tulle in self color give charming fullness to the skirt. Priced at \$79.50.

*All bridal outfits Courtesy
Lord and Taylor.*



The more fluffy bride may choose this net frock with tight bodice, short sleeves and graceful, bouffant skirt. \$59.50. The lace trimmed tulle veil is \$55.00, the twelve-button gloves are \$7.50.



June's Two Greatest Occasions

By
Georgia Mason

ALL the world loves a lover"—we've heard *that* often enough. But there's another equally apt phrase that deserves to be put in capital letters this month:

"ALL THE WORLD LOVES A BRIDE."

Put a mannequin bride *with* a veil and *with* a bouquet in a window and all the world stops to look. Put an awning in front of a church and all the world stops to catch a glimpse of the bride. Let the shyest, least interesting girl of your acquaintance



To receive that high school diploma, a tall girl would look properly naïve in white chiffon with a belted waist and short, bell sleeves. (From Lord and Taylor.) Her smaller sister might choose white dotted muslin with a gay cape and a tiered skirt. Each \$25.00.

Courtesy Best & Co.

plan a June wedding and you girls almost burst with excitement. Isn't that the truth?

So, with the friendly approval of all of you who aren't going to be brides, this June, I shall talk a lot about those who are.

Now I'll bet you're glad I have been encouraging you to be extra thrifty these last few months so that you have some money laid by for your wedding—or some one's else! For SMART SET girls are planning to be married, hundreds of them, all over the states of America this month, and hardly a one of you but is planning to attend a wedding in some rôle, either as guest, attendant or bride.

This is the month to be all a-twitter over things, and to feel that after all, it's rather fine—this being a woman. So I am going to be rather serious about things—serious about clothes and sentiment, romance and responsibilities!

Informal brides or formal graduates or regular girls with heavy dates should favor these chiffons. The one with puff sleeves and full skirt is flowered in green, yellow or blue. The frock with the flattering cape and velvet sash is delicately pastel. Each, \$39.50.

Courtesy Saks—34th Street



CLOTHES first! For it is well to get that problem settled and out of the picture early. This dashing madly



You may wear this little sports frock with or without its dashing cape. In beige or green mixed jersey, it's a marvelous buy. \$15.95

Courtesy Davega.

A lamb of a dress for a young thing, in printed taffeta with a white net guimpe, short sleeves and the correct tiered skirt, \$25.00. The lacy straw hat in black or colors is \$10.00.

Courtesy Saks—34th St.



about right up to the last minute is enough to start any marriage off with a handicap! So *do* plan to get your wardrobe problems out of the way some time before. And *do* plan to have some time to relax, even if you have to be stern with a distracted employer who "doesn't know what he is going to do without you", and extra stern with your best friends who insist on parties up to the last minute. For after all, this high-powered preliminary gaiety isn't so very important, is it? It's the "getting married" that counts.

So let's get our clothes out of the way here and now. Clothes for everybody, incidentally—"maid, wife or widow"—since most of them will fit cozily into any wardrobe, although I have selected them with the bride in view.

You've been saving clothes money the last few months—that is, you have if you've been letting me be your guide—so you're not going to need too much, even for the nicest kind of wedding. Just as it isn't swank any more to be extravagant, neither is it swank any more to have an elaborate trousseau.

The "hope chest" of other days is too cumbersome for the modern apartment, and will be much more practical translated into ready cash to be diverted into whatever channel seems best—home furnishings, a new fur coat in the fall, a savings account or gasoline!

Better a wardrobe just large enough to meet your needs than dozens of chemises with no place to put them.

Unused things—table linen, china, lingerie, dresses, hats take up space, demand care, depreciate, and *go out of style*. It's the nicest thing in the world to fall in love with something new and be able to buy it, especially when you're a young bride full of ideas and enthusiasms. So, it's settled then, that the wardrobe won't be too large or too expensive. Agreed?

YOU'LL want to settle the matter of a wedding gown first, and what a time you will have doing it! You'll probably go into the bridal shop of your pet store and say most nonchalantly—"I haven't the slightest idea what I want." Then you'll look at everything the saleswoman brings you and discover that after all

Smart Set's Shopping Service

Would you like any of the fashions shown here? Miss Mason will get them for you if you will write her giving size and color of the model desired. Address Miss Mason in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York. Send an addressed, stamped envelope, please.

you have a pretty definite idea of what you *don't* want, and a pretty clear idea of the kind of dress you would like to be married in.

The head of an important bridal shop tells me that this is her experience with most prospective brides, and accounts for your idiosyncrasies by saying that most girls have been thinking about a bridal gown all their lives, and imagining a certain kind of one. She insists, too, that very often the kind you want isn't the kind you should have at all!

So if she is right, perhaps you must do some especial thinking about this problem. Why not ask yourself some questions first and find the answers.

What type of person am I really?

Do I look better in frilly bouffant clothes or in slim, serious ones?

Am I a picturesque type, a severe, classical one, a dignified handsome one, or an adorable, pretty one?

Am I extraordinarily short or tall?

Am I slim to the point of thinness and angularity, or, perhaps, a bit too "curved"?

Am I blonde or brunette, or something between the two?

Ordinary dressing demands answers to many of these questions, but the selection of a bridal gown demands valuing *all* of them, for there is so much chance for variety in this dress that you are apt to go wrong.

A bridal gown need have no relation to the styles of the day. You can be classically severe in a gown of Grecian inspiration such as Lanvin has been designing this year. Or picturesque in one of Mediaeval origin. Or winsome in a tiered tulle of Victorian feeling, like some of Norman Hartnell's. Or piquantly naïve in a chiffon reminiscent of the naughty nineties.

Pick your type intelligently and stick to it! If you're a mite of a thing with golden hair, don't try heavy egg-shell satin cut severely with a long train, just because the handsomest bride you ever saw wore that kind of dress. And if you're stately and sort of serious don't choose frilled chiffon with puffed sleeves.

Remember that no bride need wear pure white if that try- [Continued on page 98]

You'll be happy "going away" or coming home in these suits. Silk suit-dress with jacket, in plain pastel shades or prints, with slick velvet bow, \$29.50. (Advised for short girls). Suit with flowered jabot effect repeated in the dress, and smart new peplum lines. In navy or black combinations. \$29.50

Courtesy Saks—34th St.



A find for any wardrobe is this doggy sports suit of jersey or silk with lots of style points. Note its well-tailored collar and the tricky gathers at the waistline. Brown, tan, navy or red, \$19.75. Very smart sports hat, all colors, \$7.50.

Courtesy Saks—34th St.



Learning Your Lines

By
Mary Lee



THERE'S no month when a girl gets so figure-conscious as in the month of June. For now the sports season begins to open up before her. Playing golf, playing tennis, swimming, or merely lolling on a beach—everything brings the figure into prominence.

For myself, I always feel like going around like a patent-medicine hawker and asking, with pointed finger, "Have you got the courage of your bathing suit . . . and You . . . and YOU?"

Beauty has so much more than face value. I wish I could get that over to you in a great, big way. As much of a little pal as I am to cosmetics, I do think they have a tendency to put a false emphasis on facial loveliness, making many an unthinking girl believe that if her face isn't fair she's just bankrupt of all charm.

I wish some smart person would come along and invent the equivalent of cosmetics for the body. Not that I'm advancing this as any argument against perfect profiles, luscious eyes and mouths like crushed strawberries. Far from it. But by and large, most of us have just Grade B faces and through a little learning we make them look Grade A. And just as frequently we have Grade A figures but we do nothing about them and let them slip into the B class, or C—or D, for that matter.

I'm not writing here, so particularly, about exercise as I am about posture. Good posture—good standing—is the quickest pick-me-up of physical beauty I know. Anybody—yes, anybody!—can learn to stand well. And anyone who does has an immediate distinction. It makes all your clothes look like new. It tones up your whole body and it does more for your health than fourteen rest cures.

There's another angle to it, too. I heard an older woman bemoaning the fact, a few days ago, that the one-piece bathing suit was keeping her generation away from the sea. She said older women, with their heavier figures, were ashamed to be seen in contrast to girlish slimness.

Well, even at the risk of being rude to my elders, I think such women should be ashamed. For that's the gorgeous fact about the figure that so many of us overlook. Give the face the most superlative care and it will yet show some marks of age. But the body, given any kind of care, is ageless—as far as its appearance goes. In fact, a perfectly cared for body increases in beauty with age.

So, working on the supposition that all of you who use me as your little guide to perfection have sense enough to keep to approximately your correct weight and energy enough to exercise at least ten minutes daily, let's get down to this posture principle.

Good posture depends upon strong, functioning muscles. A little girl with round shoulders is more than a tired, languid child.

The slumping figure simply screams weak back muscles and is outward proof of the fact that the weight of the arms is being carried forward. Or, leaping over to the other extreme, the best physical directors to-day know that sitting stiff as ramrods, or walking as though the back

Posture makes for perfection. And this being in good standing not only helps your face and figure but saves your very clothes

Beauty has More Than Face Value. It's a Matter of Form for the Whole Body

Illustrations by
C. A. BRYSON

Beauty and the Best

WHY be only half as lovely as you can be? Mary Lee can advise you on attaining flawless loveliness. Overweight? She has a reducing booklet. Bad skin? She has another booklet to help you care for your complexion. Or she will be glad to send you directions on the art of make-up, hair culture, or any beauty problem. Address Miss Lee, enclosing an addressed, stamped envelope, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York

were an ironing board, is just as bad, physically, as a debutante slouch.

Good posture demands that the head be held neither forward nor backward but exactly balanced on the staff of the neck. Try it before your mirror and you will "feel" the balance suddenly and will see that your head is properly poised.

Next, the chest should be up and out and the abdomen muscles should be held up and flat. No part of the trunk works independently of all the other parts. When the abdomen protrudes, the chest can't be in position, and equally, when the abdomen is held correctly, the chest just naturally takes care of itself.

If you haven't time to practice any other exercises, do practice this training of the abdominal muscles. They are the most generally neglected and the most influential in bodily beauty. If you already have a "high" stomach, stand before your mirror and try pulling your muscles back into place. You'll observe that you can't do it properly without inhaling, and that then the chest goes right up where it belongs. The trick now is to train yourself to walk and to sit without letting these muscles relax into their former softness.

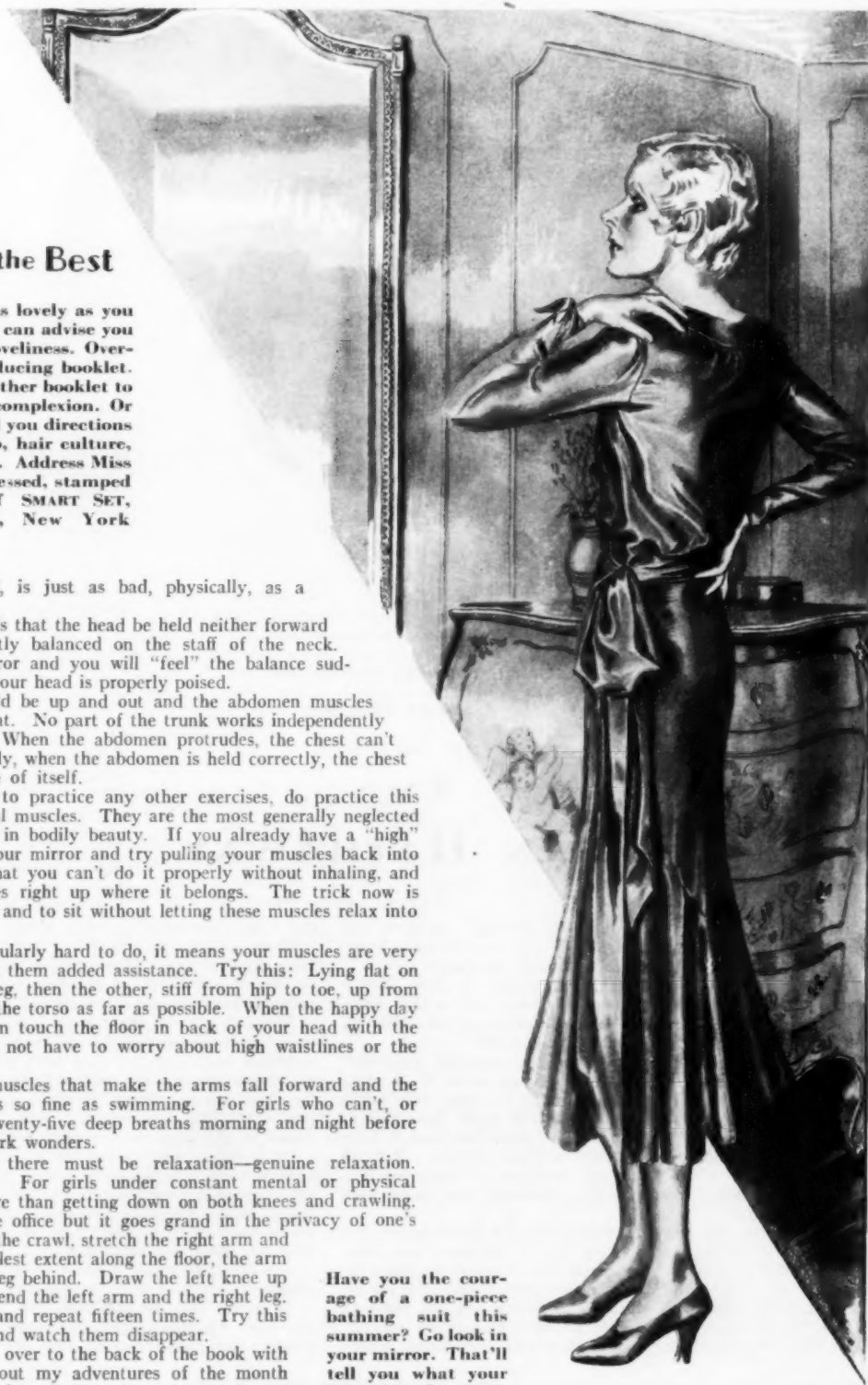
If you find this particularly hard to do, it means your muscles are very weak and you must give them added assistance. Try this: Lying flat on the floor, lift first one leg, then the other, stiff from hip to toe, up from the floor and back over the torso as far as possible. When the happy day arrives on which you can touch the floor in back of your head with the tips of your toes, you'll not have to worry about high waistlines or the slinkiest bathing suit.

For the weak back muscles that make the arms fall forward and the chest sink in, nothing is so fine as swimming. For girls who can't, or haven't time to swim, twenty-five deep breaths morning and night before an open window, will work wonders.

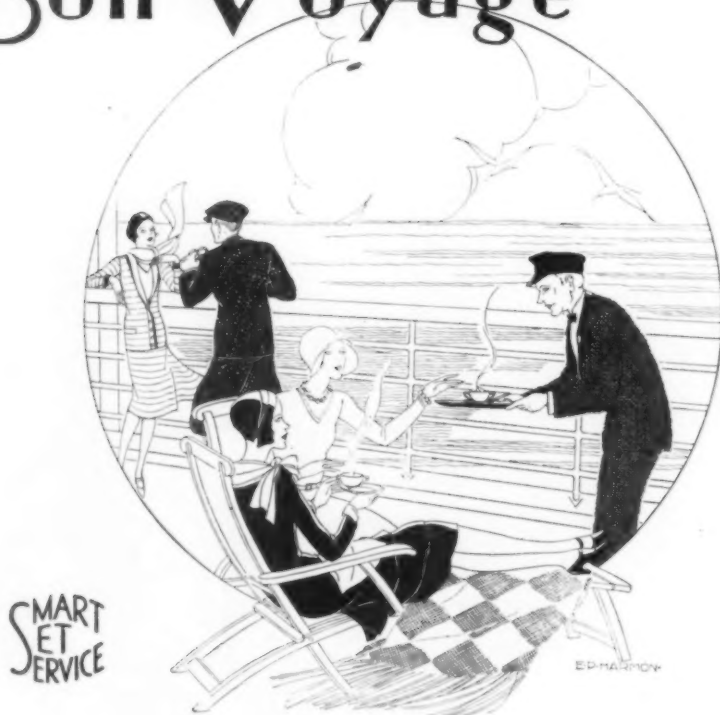
Finally, for posture there must be relaxation—genuine relaxation. Stretching is fine stuff. For girls under constant mental or physical strain, nothing helps more than getting down on both knees and crawling. (I wouldn't try it at the office but it goes grand in the privacy of one's own room). Then, from the crawl, stretch the right arm and the left leg out to the fullest extent along the floor, the arm ahead of the figure, the leg behind. Draw the left knee up under the chest, then extend the left arm and the right leg. Do it very, very slowly and repeat fifteen times. Try this on your "tired moods" and watch them disappear.

And now will you turn over to the back of the book with me, while I tell you about my adventures of the month among the new cosmetics?

Have you the courage of a one-piece bathing suit this summer? Go look in your mirror. That'll tell you what your best friends won't



Bon Voyage



All Aboard!

And

Then What?

*A Little Helpful Advice on
the Code of the Sea*

By
HELEN HATHAWAY

ALL aboard for your first trip to Europe! Is there any thrill like it in the world? If you haven't been, hurry up and go! If you've been once, go again.

For whether you travel first class *de luxe*, with a fat letter of credit, or third cabin tourist, with a thin sheaf of traveler's checks, it makes little difference in the thrill you feel as you watch the good old skyline recede.

The adventure begins the moment you cross the gangplank to the great floating hotel that is to be your home for a week. You are bound to feel a little strange on your first ocean voyage, however much you've traveled on land. For, just as the sea has a law of its own, so the ships that sail it have manners and customs not learned in Pullman cars. But it's only a matter of a few hours out, until you get your sea legs and feel as much at home on the windswept deck as on your own front porch.

The sophisticated traveler doesn't let too much water flow under the bridge without making certain necessary provisions for her comfort aboard. From the deck steward she rents her steamer-chair; with the dining room steward she arranges for her place at table, and with the bath steward she signs up for her bath hour. It's a case of "first come, first served", and it's always the early bird that gets the choice places.

JUST who will be your table and deck-chair companions is one of those shipboard lotteries that adds to the excitement. Only your own luck decides whether the steamer chair next yours is occupied by the most attractive man on board or by a grouchy old lady who snores.

Shipboard friendships are lightly made and just as lightly broken. Therefore, don't take them too seriously or be in a hurry to start them. The clever girl makes herself desirable by being a trifle aloof until she is sure just whom she wants to know.

At sea, if romance doesn't come of its own accord, some people go out and seek it. On shipboard women are invariably in the majority; men are at a premium. Often we flirt and dance with people we wouldn't look at at home, and many a girl blessed with the instincts of good taste loses her head on the promenade deck. She wants a beau for the voyage and plans to get him by fair means or foul—blissfully unaware

that she is the laughing stock of her fellow passengers.

There is very little anyone, particularly any girl, can get away with at sea. There, people have nothing to do except sit around and keep tab on their fellow passengers. Nothing escapes them—no detail of appearance, voice or manner.

Although part of the fun of a voyage is its spirit of comradeship, it is a mistake to rush to get acquainted with strangers until you are sure such advances are welcome. I remember one girl on shipboard who really was a good sort, but who was so anxious to make friends that she became a pest. At table, however, it is only courteous to be sociable. To sit in silence is rude on your part and awkward for others.

On a recent trip to Europe a group of us were fortunate enough to have our chairs placed on the hurricane deck, in full view of the deck sports by day and the movies by night. But if we left them for a moment we returned to find someone else tucked warmly and snugly in our rugs. Yet it was we who had paid the deck steward an extra large tip for this choice site. How we disliked these grabbers! But there are always a quota of them on board.

In budgeting your European trip, you must make allowance for tips. On shipboard, as nowhere else in the world, is tipping an established custom. Only the [Continued on page 128]

The Party of the Month

By

Edward Longstreth

Illustrations by

L. T. HOLTON



That old moon and balcony impulse, or the beginning of life's grandest game

Prophecies for Petters

AT THIS season of the year "here come the brides" by thousands and the bridesmaids by tens of thousands. One and all of these, and even a few innocent bystanders, may have to throw a party.

Everybody co-operates. Some parties are given for girls only, others for the whole neighborhood, and some just for the principal performers, but the objective is usually attained—the bride arrives at the altar exhausted.

Naturally, in all this pother over the blushing event, anything new is generally at a premium.

But mock weddings are, at least as far as this department is concerned, emphatically OUT. We feel rather strongly about them.

A GOOD bridal party must build to a climax. The climax is the groom's meek "I do". This is really the Big Moment.

To lead up to it effectively, the proper foundation is laid by a series of good parties beginning several days ahead. The guests may all be intimate friends, but, quite alarmingly often, a hostess is confronted with a bevy of bridesmaids and a phalanx of ushers who have never before set eyes on each other and may be ten years apart in ages.

One thing, however, can be counted on. The guests, through the very nature of the event which calls them together, are likely to be rather romantically inclined.

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ADDITIONAL prophecies:

7 of Hearts—Lucky in Love

7 of Diamonds—Wealth

7 of Spades—Lucky in Cards

7 of Clubs—Lucky in Health

3 of Clubs—Success if you develop your natural talent

4 of Diamonds—A journey

9 of Hearts—Good luck in business if you like your job

Ace of Clubs—Beware the first year

Ace of Hearts—Heart rules the head. Steady!

Ace of Diamonds—The first year will be costly

Ace of Spades—Keep your head in the clouds, and your dreams will come true

The meeting is anticipated hopefully by both bachelors and maids as perhaps the opportunity.

The game of "Proposals" is therefore very appropriate, and although a few readers have received it through our service, it is too light and gay to keep any longer under our editorial bushel.

All the guests are given little engagement books and pencils. The game starts with all the boys dating up all the girls for proposals. No boy can date the same girl twice, so everybody gets a chance.

At a signal from the hostess, the boys find their first "dates" and the couples make off to some secluded spot. The boy may propose or not, just as he pleases. If he proposes, the girl may accept him—in which case they must exchange a bit of a kiss—or she may refuse him.

The session is ended by a signal from the hostess; everyone notes in his or her en-

gagement book what has happened, and all gather together. The boys must report whether or not they were accepted. But in order to save the girls' feelings nothing is said about whether the boy proposed. This is repeated after each date. The girl with the most proposals and the boy with the most acceptances win.

PROPHECIES are dangerous, especially when Dan Cupid is interlocutor, but when they are done according to the gypsy cards, they have nothing personal in them. An ordinary deck [Continued on page 120]

The usual ending, a captured boy friend being properly crowned by his bride



SMART
SET
SERVICE



Here is the ideal linen closet (And try and keep all these little bows in place when you're actually using the linen — just try)

Your Own Home

By
ETHEL LEWIS

JUNE brides really do have lots of fun preparing everything for the new home. There is furniture to be selected, and the color of the pots and pans in the kitchen to be decided; but in the midst of all these, you must not forget the linens and the linen closet.

who will answer questions about hangings, furnishings, colorings or any problem of interior decorating. Address Miss Lewis, in care of SMART SET, enclosing an addressed, stamped envelope

or yellow or peach, or whatever tone is harmonious with the rest of your color scheme. Perhaps a brightly patterned wallpaper would be even better.

The shelves can all be padded and covered with semi-glazed chintz or taffeta or some other smooth-surfaced material.

Linen closets nowadays are as bright and colorful as bedrooms. At the top of this page is a picture of a linen closet, showing you one way it can be arranged. There are many different ways, of course, but this one is compact and well planned. No matter how small it is, plan the space carefully, decorate it gaily, fill it with just what you need, and you will have an ideal linen closet.

If you have anything to say about the actual spacing of the shelves, it is well to consider the following points. The shelves should not be too wide and should be set fairly close together. It is better to have many piles of linen rather than have a few so high that they topple over.

Alternate deep and narrow shelves are sometimes a wise arrangement, for with different depths it is always easier to get at the larger things. For instance, the shelf for sheets can be ten or twelve inches deep, the next one, for pillow slips, only eight or nine. The distance between the shelves should range from eight to twelve inches.

The most accessible shelves should hold the linens that are used every day, the higher shelves the things that are used only for special occasions. Very often the topmost space is enclosed with cupboard doors and provides a place for storing away things.

Remember that freshly laundered linens should always go at the bottom of the pile so that all of your things will be used in rotation. The accompanying list shown in the box on page 99 gives you an adequate supply to start with, and it is always well to add a little each year. Then when things begin to wear out they will not go all at once.

NOW for the decorating of this closet! It can be any hue you like. Paint the inside bright light blue or green

material. The edges of the shelves will of course be decorated with one of the delightful little edgings that come for that particular purpose.

Next in order are the bands to hold the piles of linen in place. They may be chintz or ribbon or whatever you like. One end is fastened to the shelf under the pile of linen. The loose end, concealing a weight, is then brought up the back over the top and hangs down the front. This holds the pile firmly in place and adds a delightful decoration.

Just a word now as to the contents of this linen closet. Sheets and pillow slips are made of heavy cotton, of medium weight cotton, of finest percale that feels like silk. Real linen, either heavy or sheer is a delightful extravagance, and if you possibly can, include at least one set of fine Irish or Belgian linen. Many of the newest bed linens are in color, and most attractive.

BLANKETS are so lovely that I have found they make most acceptable wedding presents, so perhaps you can suggest that for yourself. The colors are gorgeous and just right to harmonize with your room. "Comfortables", or down puffs are very gay, too, these days.

The night spread or blanket cover is a modern idea that is excellent. It is usually of light weight silk and made very simply. At night it takes the place of your lovely daytime spread and it can be either the same or a contrasting color. It protects the blankets from the soot and dust which inevitably come in through the open windows.

The table linen depends largely upon what kind of dining table and dining room you are going to have. If you have a large table and a real dining room and are going to entertain a great deal, then you will need [Continued on page 99]

You CAN Wear

Last Year's Clothes



HOW many times have you said, "I can't wear anything of last year's." Note the suit above and know you're wrong. See the correct, three-inches-below-the-knee skirt, the dashing bolero, the tuck-in blouse? This year's? Yes, but last year's too. The answer's opposite.

LAST year it was this way—knee length skirt, fingertip length coat. All wrong for this season. But the coat was cut to bolero length. The bottom of the coat was turned into a yoke for the top of the skirt, correctly lowering it. Cost? One spool of sewing silk.



Manhattan

IN THE eyes of the world—and of the law—Martha Thayer was as good as convicted of the killing of her husband, Tack Thayer, in their penthouse apartment in the East Fifties. But to Peter Wayne the idea was unthinkable. Peter loved Martha—which accounted for much. Had loved her since that first night at Teckla's bar, when Tack Thayer, tight as usual, had recognized Peter from their Yale days and had entrusted Martha to his care.

Peter, taking Martha home that night, sensed that tragedy hung over this woman. In the cab she had implored him to take her emerald bracelet and give it to a man known as Benny, back at the club. But Peter, wiser than she, gave the man five hundred dollars instead, and noted his disappointment.

The days after that were centuries during which Peter existed only for a glimpse of Martha. She and Tack, it was plain, were on the rocks. Tack was drinking heavily, leaving Martha more and more in the company of a handsome youth, Evan Ross whom she mutely adored, and at the mercy of Meyer Zahn, a shrewd psychoanalyst.

Peter deplored the way things were going, but could only stand by. He had long since avowed his love for Martha and been told that all she had for him was liking—and a desperate need. And then had come that fatal night—or morning—when Peter was aroused by her beloved voice on the phone saying:

"Peter, come over, will you? Someone's killed Tack. I found him here just now, when I got in."

After that came chaos and hideous notoriety. Peter notified Martha's father in Florida and called in Prentice and Bouton, the family lawyers. He took Martha to his sister Carol's, where she was grilled by Inspector Connolly. The latter was convinced from the start of Martha's guilt, and everything seemed to play into his hands.

MARTHA, it developed, had quarreled with Tack quite openly at the Fantomas Club and had left with Evan Ross, promising to be home at 2:30. Then they went on to Sanborn's, another club, where Ross was seen to leave Martha alone for an hour—during which Tack had been killed. On the strength of that the police are holding Ross as the murderer and Martha as his accomplice, although no one has yet found the gun with which Tack was killed.

Martha's only ally in the law is Charley Mitchell, of the homicide squad, who hates Inspector Connolly. To Charley Peter has told everything. The truth about Benny, the man at Teckla's, for instance. Benny had some hold on Tack Thayer as the result of a gambling debt and has been bleeding both Tack and Martha for months, getting thousands of dollars. He has even warned Peter that unless another sum is



*In Which Charley
Pulls a Fast One
and Uncovers
a Case of Too
Many Crooks*

Illustrations

by

CLARK AGNEW

By

William
Almon
Wolff

Nights

forthcoming Connolly will get all the facts he needs to convict Martha. Benny knows, moreover, about the secret safe in the Thayers' apartment where *anything* might be hidden.

To Charley Peter also told the facts about Ross and Martha—that Ross was penniless and that Martha could never divorce Tack because his mother would have cut off his income. But the biggest obstacle was a girl, Sunya Zeitsoff, about whom no one knows anything, save that she has a powerful hold on Evan Ross.

In desperation, Charley devised a scheme whereby Peter was to get Martha away from his sister's and over to his own apartment before Connolly could reach her with a warrant. The scheme worked perfectly. Martha was at Peter's place, unable to believe that she had slipped through the network of police, when the doorbell rang.

PETER waited until Manuel had taken Martha out by the service door, through the kitchen; then, as the bell pealed again, impatiently, he opened the door himself.

Charley was standing there, and behind him loomed the detective who had stopped Peter on the Thayers' roof, immediately after Tack's body had been found.

There was nothing friendly about Charley's look now; he was once more the brusque, harsh-voiced man of Peter's first

meeting with him. He thrust one big foot inside the door and braced his shoulders tentatively against the door itself.

"I'm wantin' to have a look around inside, Mr. Wayne," he said aggressively. "Brooks, you stay out here in the hall—and don't move. Keep your eye on this door and stop anyone who comes out. Get me?"

"Right, Sarge," said the other.

Charley came in; the moment the door closed behind him he grinned.

"Got her here?" he asked

"On the service landing." Peter was weak with relief.

"Get her in—quick! We got to get a break once in a while, and we sure got one when the boss sent me down to give your place the once over! You and your sister sure worked it slick, I'll say. The man downstairs swears Mrs. Wentworth came in with you and went out again ten minutes later—alone; Brooks heard me gettin' it out of him."

Peter had already turned to the other door. He opened it now and called, and Martha and Manuel came in. Martha smiled pluckily when she recognized Charley, and he, with a gesture of respect rare for him, swept off his derby.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Thayer," he said. "Be easy now—things is comin' long fine, and you're safe here for a spell." He chuckled. "I'll say you've got this town torn wide open!"

"I don't see why you're doing so much for me," said Martha. "That's all right, lady. I got my own reasons. Pete here'll tell you that. I'm tryin' to put somethin' over on my own account. Well—guess I've had time to look the joint over. I'll get along."

"I'm goin' to leave Brooks downstairs, but he won't bother you up here again; his job's to see that you don't get in. Pete—you be at the Biltmore at three o'clock and wait till I turn up, even if it's midnight. Get me?"

And, assuming a ferocious look, he turned to the door. Peter let him out, and Charley, with a scowl, turned back to speak to him.

"You watch your step, now, fella," he said sternly. "We got our eyes on you—you don't want to get mixed up in this as an accessory, if you know what's good for you."

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Peter. He was getting tired of the way everyone thought he couldn't play a part!

WAITING for Charley, in the long corridor of the hotel, Peter tried to fit the jig-saw pieces together. It was difficult to realize that only Tuesday, the day before yesterday, he had seen Tack, alive and well, at lunch!

And now, on Thursday afternoon, Martha was lying on his bed, listening for every sound, with Manuel on guard in the kitchen and Brooks, the soft-spoken detective, on sentry duty below, and ten thousand policemen looking for her! Somewhere Connolly was raging, and Barclay, probably, was being bitterly ironic about the incompetence of the police.

Mr. Cameron, Martha's father, must be well on his way north by this time; Peter wondered, without much real interest, just what he was to be told when he arrived. Over in Cannes, Tack's mother was prostrated, he supposed. Peter couldn't, somehow, work up much sympathy for old Mrs. Thayer. It seemed to him that, in some obscure way, if you went far enough back, you would find her responsible for the whole tragic mess.

It was all very well for Martha to blame herself, and, no doubt, she had reason to. But Tack had been to blame, too, in a way, although Peter was inclined to think that Tack had been the victim of forces he couldn't have been expected to resist.

It was a baffling business that didn't bear thinking about. But he couldn't help thinking about it.

He looked up, suddenly, as someone stopped. It was Charley. But the man was transfigured. His dull eyes were glowing; his ugly, tight-lipped mouth was a little open. He looked like an animal that is stalking its prey, that sees or scents its quarry, and is sure, at last, of the outcome of the chase.

"Come on, Pete," he said. "Let's go."

Peter got up obediently and fell into step beside the detective.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"You'll see. Shut up. I want to think. No time for pulling any boners now."

Charley led the way to a cab. Peter couldn't hear the address he gave the driver. In the cab Charley turned on him suddenly.

"This Thayer—" he said. "Did he wear a watch? Huh?"

"Why—" Peter had to stop to think. "Yes—yes, of course he did. He had two that I know of, anyway—a wrist watch, and a thin platinum watch he wore at night, with evening clothes."

"Yeah? Sure, are you? Did you see that on him night before last—when you got there? Think, now—make sure."

"I don't remember—I don't think so—I might not have noticed. But—no, I'm almost sure I didn't."

"Good. Me—I'm damned sure! Wondered about it, then. But I wasn't bein' asked for my opinion. O.K."

With a shock of surprise Peter recognized a shop on the

corner. They were entering the block in which Tack and Martha had lived, and, in a moment, the cab pulled up at the familiar door.

"Wait here—see?" said Charley to the driver. And to Peter: "Come on—we ain't got all day, fella!"

Doorman and elevator attendant nodded to Peter; they went swiftly up to the roof. A uniformed patrolman answered the bell and Charley strode in.

"Anythin' new, Kauffman?" said Charley.

The other policeman shook his head. "Naw," he said. "Pretty soft for me."

"Sure. I want to have a look round, Kauffman. This guy's with me—witness—see? Hey—do somethin' for me, will you? Beat it down to the corner and get me some cigars." He took a bill from his pocket. "Get four. Smoke one yourself when you get back."

"Sure, Sarge—sure. I'll do that little thing for you."

The patrolman picked up his cap and went out; Peter grinned; but Charley brought him up sharply.

"Now then—get busy! Open up that fireplace! Quick! Remember what the madam told you?"

"Yes," said Peter, and dropped to one knee. The fourth tile from the left, the third from the floor, Martha had said—and you pushed it in. He did, and as the spring was released the whole side of the fireplace swung open, revealing a small safe.

Charley pushed Peter aside unceremoniously and grunted with relief as the safe door opened to his pull.

"Had to take a chance it wasn't locked—didn't think it would be, though!" he said. "Well, there's the gat, all right! Now—let's see. Close up after me, Pete."

Peter obeyed. When he rose and turned, Charley, holding the pistol gingerly by the very end of its short, blunt barrel, was dusting it with a light powder. He stared at it, turning it this way and that.

"Wiped clean!" he said. "Not a fingerprint on it. Remember that, Pete—you may have to swear to it. You're a wise guy, Benny—but you ain't the only one!"

He dropped the pistol in his pocket.

"Which was Thayer's room?" he asked.

Peter pointed it out, and was treated, for ten minutes, to the spectacle of a real search.

Kauffman came back, with the cigars, and looked on curiously.

"What's eatin' you, Sarge?" Kauffman

said at last. "Lookin' for anythin'?"

"Lookin' for anythin'? No!

I'm practising on the saxophone for the Police Band concert!

Seen anythin' of a thin watch and a chain 'round here?"

"There's a wrist watch, with a leather strap—"

"I know—I'm lookin' at that right now. I mean a regular watch, with a chain, like a guy wears in his vest pocket."

"No, I ain't seen nothin' like that, Sarge."

But Charley wasn't satisfied until he had searched Martha's room as well as Tack's; until, indeed, he had hunted through the whole apartment.

"All right—guess it ain't here. Come on, Pete!"

They went downstairs, and again Charley gave the cab driver an address Peter didn't hear.

"That watch and chain, now—worth some jack, wasn't they?"

"I imagine so," said Peter.

"O.K. Watch might have cost how much? A grand?"

"A thousand? I suppose so—I don't know much about that sort of thing."

"O.K. Don't matter much."

"Where are we going now, Charley?"

"Ross's."

"Ross's!"

"Nowhere else but." Once more Charley's savage grin bared his teeth. "I got what I've been after since last night."

"What? For Heaven's sake—what?"

"All in good time, fella. You'll [Continued on page 121]

It's
easy to
find cheap
clothes. It is,
relatively, easy to
find smart ones. But to
find those that are both
smart and inexpensive is an art
which Georgia Mason has mastered.
(In fact, we think she alone has mastered
it and does it better than any other stylist on
any other magazine.) Turn to page 70 and observe
the June models. Aren't they the kind you like to
wear at prices you can afford? Isn't each one of them a honey?

SMARTNESS on a Budget



Talk...Talk...Talk...
Would they never
stop? Martha turned
blindly away, know-
ing Peter would follow

The Flying Knight

[Continued from page 21]

dot in the sapphire sky, until it roared directly over the plantation house, flying at a considerable height. He rose and walked to the edge of the veranda, where he could follow it with his eyes.

Suddenly the beat of the plane's motor ceased as it swooped downward in a long, spiral glide. Dave stood motionless, listening intently as the plane disappeared from sight beyond the grove. A muffled roar broke the stillness again but the ship did not reappear. Dave walked back to Sally.

"Have you any idea where Mueller flies in that plane?"

"No."

He was silent for several seconds, his bronzed face very thoughtful.

"I wonder," he frowned, "why he should use an amphibian, that can land on either ground or water? Where's there any water around here?"

"There are some lakes thirty or forty miles to the south of us," she told him. "But I can't imagine why anyone should want to land on them."

"Well, that's something to think about," he said. "What's more, his pilot gave the wreck of my Wasp a very careful examination from the air before he went on to friend Mueller's."

Sally looked worried.

"Oh, dear," she said uneasily. "I do hope he won't come over while you're here."

"He won't have to," retorted Dave. "I'm going over there as soon as I finish my drink. If I get any more curious about him, I'll break out in a rash."

Joan materialized out of the dimness of the house, cool and beautiful in a simple linen dress.

"I've told Hannah to put on an extra plate for dinner," she informed him unexpectedly. "After sundown you can walk to the cross-roads grocery to telephone, if you wish. It's much too hot now."

"But I couldn't think of troubling you," Dave protested half-heartedly, "especially after damaging your grove."

"Hannah has her orders," she said shortly, helping herself to a glass of orangeade.

"Tell me," ventured Dave, "is this bird Mueller making things unpleasant for you?"

"He is," she admitted, "but if you don't mind, I'd rather not talk about it. I'd much prefer to hear about the new plays on Broadway and the pictures and books and music."

"Fair enough," he agreed. "I'll tell you what little I know when I come back. But I have a bit of business with your neighbor, now, so I may as well be toddling along. How do you get to his house?"

"Cut straight through the groves the way we came," Joan told him.

"Please, Mr. Ordway, be careful!" exclaimed Sally, her black eyes holding his.

DAVE ORDWAY whistled cheerfully as he walked through the sandy, shaded aisles between the orange and grapefruit trees. The spicy fragrance of the fruit mingled with the vague odors of lush vegetation and strange, tropical flowers and formed, in its entirety, a heady bouquet which blended perfectly with his mood of the moment.

Last night he had paced the afterdeck of Gerry Flemming's yacht, fed up with bride

and dancing, hoping that Barbara Holworthy would not repent of having suddenly broken off their engagement of several years' standing.

This morning, the instant the yacht had docked at the St. Petersburg basin, he had escaped before Gerry or any of his guests should appear on deck. An hour later he had taken off from the airport and headed toward Palm Beach and Miami, uncertain as to his exact destination, knowing only that he wanted a change.

Dave was utterly bored with the sophisticated existence into which he had slipped since that day, six years ago, when Mr. Cabot, the family attorney, had looked at him over nose

glasses and told him that David Ordway, Senior, had left him something more than three million dollars. The fortune had seemed, then, a golden key to the pleasures of life—pleasures which his stern, hard-headed New England father had denied him lest he be softened and spoiled by ease and luxury.

Now, however, the money was something to be taken for granted, as were his three motor cars, his express cruiser and his airplane. To the amazement of his father's conservative friends and business associates, Dave had not squandered his inheritance in a riotous orgy. He had invested it with surprising skill and gratifying results.

But there was no thrill, now, to riches; rather a boredom in the knowledge that whatever he wanted was his for the mere signing of a check.

Flitting from one fashionable resort to another, he had forgotten that Florida was still a frontier state, where any-



"An amphibian?"
Dave frowned.
"Looks to me like
friend Mueller's up
to monkey business"

"Smooth Skin a Girl's most Appealing Charm," say 45 Hollywood Directors

Hollywood • Broadway • European Stars • 9 out of 10 use Lux Toilet Soap



LOIS MORAN, charming Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin marvelously smooth."



FAY WRAY, delightful Paramount star: "It helps give the skin a wonderful smoothness."



Photo by H. D. Carney

BILLIE DOVE, First National's appealingly lovely star, in the luxurious bathroom built for her in Hollywood. "A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether or not she is a motion picture star. I use Lux Toilet Soap and find it delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove.

CHARMING SKIN—smooth and clear and soft! The girl who has it attracts people wherever she goes.

"People love the beauty of smooth skin," says Mervyn Le Roy, First National's famous motion picture director. Like 44 other leading directors he has found this out from long experience in choosing girls who will most surely touch the hearts of millions of people.

"To a screen star," he goes on to say, "a flawlessly smooth skin is a supreme necessity. No art of the make-up man can simulate skin beauty under the merciless test of the close-up."

And lovely skin must have the most in-

telligent care. The charming Hollywood screen stars long ago found out that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin exquisite.

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use this delicate soap—and every one of the great motion picture studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

THE Broadway stars, too, have long been enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap—so daintily fragrant and white.



MADGE BELLAMY, ever so popular a star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin smooth as a petal."



DORIS KENYON, attractive young star: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such lovely smoothness."

And now, in the capitals of Europe, too, the beautiful screen stars have adopted it.

Never were the lovely actresses more appreciative of Lux Toilet Soap

than since talking and singing pictures have become so popular. There are more close-ups than ever in the talkies—and every close-up demands a practically perfect skin if a star is to hold the public heart.

If you aren't one of the millions of women who are using Lux Toilet Soap, you'll be delighted to find how smooth and soft it keeps your skin. Its caressing lather is instant—even in hard water. Order several cakes—today.

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French

soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . NOW

10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

thing might happen. He was conscious only of the million-dollar mansions and million-dollar clubs perched precariously on the narrow strip of coral beach between sea and jungle.

He had forgotten that it was a state of extremes where, within rifle-range of the dance patios and roulette rooms, things crawled and crept through the swamps. Indians lived in colorful simplicity, outlaws hid from justice and silence reigned over everything.

Here, however, was a potential adventure which offered a thrilling contrast to his every-day existence. Here, miles from anywhere, were two girls more beautiful even than Barbara Holworthy.

Dave grinned to himself as he thought of the hothouse Barbara set down amid such surroundings as these. True, she could ride and swim and was amazingly skilful at polo, but he could not imagine her in overalls, snake boots and a coarse straw hat.

A PEREMPTORY voice suddenly boomed from behind the next row of orange trees.

"Hey, you!"

The flyer stopped in mid-stride, sharply irritated at the curt tone of command.

From behind the low-hanging branches stepped a heavy-set figure that struck Dave irrelevantly as a fitting subject for "What the Well-Dressed Plantation Owner Will Wear". Panama hat, silk sport shirt, mole-skin riding breeches, boots of polished cordovan—the only *outré* note was a double-barrelled shotgun cradled in the crook of his arm.

"You the guy who smashed my trees?" he demanded truculently.

Dave made a deliberate effort to hold his temper in check. The set of the man's blue-black jaw, the glare of his agate-hard eyes, the thin red slit of his lips and the vague scent of lilac that emanated from his person all served to intensify the impression first created by the sound of his voice.

"Smashed your trees?" Dave repeated coldly. "I don't know you."

"I'm Mueller," stated the other comprehensively.

"Mueller?" echoed the flyer, a spot of red upon each cheek bone. "Doesn't mean a thing to me. Perhaps you're trying to tell me that you own those trees over there where I made my forced landing."

"Yeah, that's me," snapped the other. "Why the hell don't you stick around a flying field 'till you learn to keep a plane in the air?"

"We were talking about your trees," Dave reminded him. "What do I owe you for the damage?"

"Two grand," replied Mueller promptly.

"Two what?"

"Two grand. Two thousand dollars."

"Two thousand! Why, you can buy a whole grove of bearing trees for fifteen hundred. I'd say a hundred dollars would show you a clean profit of fifty."

"You'll pay me two thousand," retorted the other, "or it'll come out of you or your plane."

"Just try and collect it!" challenged Dave.

The next instant he found himself staring into the unblinking eyes of the shotgun.

"Stick 'em up!" directed Mueller harshly.

THE pilot raised his hands. He had seen the man's fingers tighten on the triggers. There was no object in deliberately committing suicide.

"I suppose you think you can get away with this," he said evenly.

"Get away with it, Hell! I could smoke you off and nobody'd know it for a million years. Now, drop your wallet right at my feet. And the rest of the stuff in your pockets, too. Put 'em all out. If you get uneasy, I'll quiet you down with both barrels."

Slowly, deliberately, Dave emptied his pockets, watching the other's eyes for an opportunity to leap into action. But Mueller, alert and impatient, kept the gun pointed unwaveringly at the pilot's breast.

"All right," snapped Mueller. "Now back up a little ways."

As Dave stepped back, Mueller advanced until he stood over the little pile of belongings. Without abandoning his watchfulness for an instant, he stooped and picked up the wallet. He rifled through its contents, counting the treasury notes aloud.

"Eight hundred and seventy-three bucks," he said finally. "I'll take eight-fifty on account."

Then, with exasperating thoroughness, he went through the pockets of the wallet, examining guest and membership cards to yacht and country clubs, as well as memoranda and scrawled addresses. Dave sweated with rage and dug his finger nails into the palms of his hands. Mueller next picked up the pilot's check book and examined the stubs.

"Well, pretty boy," he said at last, "next time you fly across Florida, give this place a lot o' room, see? And if you know what's good for you, you better snap yourself outa this picture before night comes on. Get me? Now pick up your check book and make me out a check for eleven hundred and fifty dollars. I'll take a chance that you ain't going to stop payment on it."

"Write you a check?" blurted Dave. "I'll see you in hell first!"

The other studied him speculatively. The twin muzzles of the gun did not waver. Dave, facing him, heard the blood throbbing in his own ear drums. Through the pounding filtered Mueller's voice, cold and mocking.

"It'll save you a lotta dough if you don't make me collect it myself."

"Collect it," snapped Dave.

"All right, then," said Mueller, "Pick up your junk and run along. Make it snappy, too, or I'm liable to lose my temper!"

Dave stepped forward to gather up his things, hoping that the other would relax his vigilance for an instant. But Mueller backed away, his fingers taut on the triggers. The pilot straightened up, still fighting for self-control.

"I'll see you again, Mueller," he said. "Soon." Then he turned away.

SALLY, whose black hair glittered in the dancing light from the unshaded candles, was frank and ingenuous in her delight at having a dinner guest to break the endless monotony of existence in the old house. Joan, however, was as reserved as before. Although Dave could find nothing to criticize in her manner toward him, he was conscious of a vague, watchful hostility as intangible as the air he breathed—but just as certainly there.

The silver and linen were of exquisite pattern and quality, although the cloth had been carefully darned and mended. The candlesticks were of antique silver, the serving platter of Sheffield plate. The signs of a bygone affluence were visible everywhere.

After a delicious thin soup, an aged negress waddled in, bearing a roast chicken, crisp, steaming and succulent. Dave felt a sharp twinge of conscience. There could be no suggestion of paying for his dinner, yet he was certain that every penny, every ounce of food, was called upon to do double duty in this household.

Of his two hostesses, only Sally betrayed discontent with her present lot. There was a pensive droop to the corners of her lovely mouth which was the result, Dave decided, of many an hour of brooding. Joan, however, bore no traces of unhappiness. The flyer wondered how she managed to live through the lonely days and nights, through a present which seemed to hold no promise of a happier future.

They had both awaited his return anxiously. His sketchy account of his meeting with Mueller had reassured them, especially since he had made no mention of the humiliating few minutes spent at the point of the shotgun. He had told them he had paid Mueller for the damage and had let it go at that.

"I know it is none of my business, Miss Marbury," he said, turning to Joan, "but you aren't planning to run this plantation for the rest of your lives, are you?"

"Lord, no!" the younger girl blurted out before her cousin could answer. "We might as well be dead!"

JOAN looked at Sally, then at Dave, and smiled.

"I hope not," she said, "but, you see, this place represents all the capital we have in the world, and we just have to get a fair price for it. The market for citrus groves has been very poor since the boom."

"How in the world did you happen to come here?" he asked curiously. "I know from your accent that you aren't natives."

"Dad was professor of English Literature at a University up North. He had saved a little money and had become fascinated with the idea of coming down here when he retired and buying an orange grove. Poor old Dad, he had the idea that all you had to do was to put a basket under each tree and make the rounds once a day to collect the overflowing fruit. The rest of the time he could spend on the veranda with a pile of books. We bought this grove just before the boom."

"It wasn't so bad at first," she continued with a faint smile. "But then the boom came. Some northern promoters started a big development here."

"They built a beautiful country club with a sunken swimming pool, tennis courts, golf courses and all that. A lot of people built Spanish houses and the developers even started a million-dollar hotel. Dad made a little money at first. He bought some lots and sold them, almost doubling his money each time."

"Oh, Mr. Ordway," interrupted Sally, her dark eyes shining, "you have no idea how wonderful it was! People dashing around in big cars, playing tennis, dancing at the country club every evening."

"Yes," said Joan, "it was wonderful. Sally and I were busy every minute. We entertained a great deal . . . Oh, well, it doesn't matter now."

She looked full at Dave and the pilot was stirred by the look of courage in those level blue eyes.

"One morning," she went on, "we noticed that the workmen had stopped pouring cement for the new hotel. A few days later, some of the stores closed. Within two months, the bottom had dropped out of everything. A man from the bank came to see Dad. When he had gone, Dad told us that we didn't have any money left."

"Poor Dad! He wasn't very well after that. Sally and I took hold and have done what we could. We haven't been able to hire labor, so it has been rather difficult. But other people have been able to make a success of fruit farming, so we've decided to stick it out until we can sell the place for enough to get us up north."

"Oh, it's terrible, Mr. Ordway!" cried Sally, her eyes glinting with tears. "There's palmetto scrub growing up through the swimming pool and the dance patio. The houses are lost in the brush. It's all creepy and snaky and it used to be so beautiful!"

THERE was an open challenge in Sally's eyes as she looked at her cousin. She seemed about to continue, but at that moment Hannah burst into the room, almost incoherent with excitement.

"Miss Joan," she panted, her eyes rolling whitely, "somepin' out yonder do look like

She bags the bouquets but never a *Beau*



Something to it—There's something to a dentifrice that wins leadership in 4 years.
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢.

Many in Chicago society can remember when Mildred caught her second bouquet. The year was 1917. "Surely now, she will be the next to marry," they said, remembering the old adage. Everybody was marrying; war, romance and matrimony were in the air. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the groom would be one of the nice young men training at Fort Sheridan. But

somehow or other, none of them seemed interested in her after they really got to know her. The years rolled on . . . Mildred was still attractive, still catching bouquets. But there her luck ended. Matrimony seemed further off than ever. The truth was that Mildred repelled others without knowing why. And none of her friends had the courage to tell her.

You never have it?—*what colossal conceit!*

Surveys show that not one person in ten escapes halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next. Its causes are many: excesses of eating or drinking, decaying teeth, pyorrhea, fermenting food particles in the mouth and slight infections of the gums, mouth, nose or throat, from which unpleasant odors arise.

Whatever the cause, halitosis is an

unforgivable social fault. It is unforgivable because it is inexcusable. And it is inexcusable because it can be promptly overcome by the use of full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a mouth wash.

Being a germicide capable of killing 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds, Listerine checks decay and infections which cause odors. Being also a power-

ful deodorant, it promptly gets rid of the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet and clean.

Rinse the mouth with Listerine before any business or social engagement. Keep a bottle handy in home and office. It puts you on the safe, polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis.

End halitosis with **L** the safe antiseptic **ISTERINE**

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powerful big fire. I 'clare hit's Miss' Mueller's house."

The three crowded to the window. The tops of the citrus trees were etched in a scarlet-and-black half-tone against a backdrop of leaping flames and clouds of fire-shot smoke. A dull, rumbling noise echoed through the tropic night. No wood-fed blaze ever burned so fiercely.

"It's my plane!" gasped Dave, swinging abruptly toward the door.

He raced down the long hall, leaped from the sagging veranda and ran through the grove. He could hear the girls' footsteps behind him. What had once been a sleek little monoplane was now a gaunt skeleton of disintegrating struts and ailerons, surrounded and encompassed by a volcano of roaring flames.

Just as Dave came to an abrupt halt against the invisible barrier of searing heat, the radial motor dropped from its base and fell to the sandy soil, glowing cherry-red. Dozens of tiny fires burned fiercely in the patches of dead grass between the trees, whose leaves were curling and withering in the turmoil of heated air.

A dull ache throbbed in the pilot's heart. The monetary loss meant little to him. But the plane was as dear as is a full-blooded horse to its owner. It was more than an inanimate thing of wood, wire and metal. It had been a thing vibrating with life, responsive to his slightest touch on stick and rudder.

The girls, understanding his sense of loss, were silent in sympathy. They stood beside him, staring at the charred, smoking embers.

Suddenly Dave stiffened, peering into the darkness on the other side of the fire. Slowly emerging from the wavering shadows behind the rows of trees came Mueller, carrying his gun in the crook of his arm.

The hard little eyes traveled over the glowing, snake-like wires and at the ever-dwindling fragments of struts, ribs and ailerons. Then he peered through the glare to the other side where the two girls and the pilot stood watching him. Slowly, deliberately, he spat toward the fire and walked around toward the silent group.

"Plane burned, eh?" he said with an expressionless face.

DAVE stared at him through a red haze of anger. Like a stone hurled from a slingshot he leaped forward, grasped the barrel of the shotgun and jerked it out of Mueller's arm. He stepped back and, holding the weapon by the end of the barrel, whirled it around and threw it far into the darkness of the grove. Then he turned to face the other, his hands hanging loosely by his side, knees slightly bent, balancing lightly on the balls of his feet.

"So you weren't content with your cheap little stickup stunt," he snapped, "and had to burn my plane!"

Mueller's agate eyes narrowed into slits. He stood his ground.

"Didn't I tell you to write me a check?" he mocked.

Joan and Sally, shocked into immobility by the sudden flare of hostilities, saw Dave's hand flash upward and heard a dull thud. Mueller's head snapped back and he pitched over as though struck by lightning. He lay there a moment, his hands fluttering on the ground. Dave stood over him, tense, waiting. Mueller rolled over on his stomach as though his body weighed a ton. Then, suddenly, he rose to his knees, lunged forward and gripped Dave's legs in a bear hug.

They were both on the ground, now, thrashing back and forth in the firelight. Joan saw Mueller's hand, fingers outstretched like the prongs of a fork, jabbing at Dave's eyes. The sound of the battle came clearly to her ears above the rumbling of the fire. Sobbing, rasping intakes of breath as their labored lungs gasped for air, coughing grunts as blows were driven home,

the shuffle of feet and bodies against sand, brush and tree trunks. They rolled back into the light.

Joan stifled a scream as she looked at them. They had almost lost all semblance of humans. Their clothes were torn to ribbons, their faces smeared with blood.

Something drew her eyes to the other side of the fire. She stood there, staring, for an instant, then turned away from her cousin's side and dashed through the grove into the darkness, where she began to search the ground, casting back and forth like a setter picking up a lost scent.

Sally, by the fire, gazed after Joan uncertainly. Then her fascinated eyes returned to the two men who were pummeling each other with blows which seemed to drive her own breath from her body.

Joan's efforts were frenzied, now, as she ran this way and that, searching, searching. Then with a gasp of triumph she swooped down and picked up the shotgun which Dave had flung into the grove. She picked it up and raced back toward the fire.

THERE were three men there, where a moment before there had been but two. The third, a broad-shouldered, bull-necked Italian, had dragged Dave to his feet and was holding him, arms pinioned within his own, helpless. Mueller, grinning wolfishly, was standing in front of his opponent. Then, with a deliberate savagery, he stepped forward and smashed his fist into the pilot's face.

Dave's knees sagged at the first blow, but

(TO BE CONTINUED)

the Italian held him upright and defenseless. He made an effort to twist out of the other's powerful arms, but at the second carefully-aimed punch, his head fell forward on his chest. The blows continued, the pilot's head rocking back and forth at each impact.

Joan dashed out of the darkness, the gun's barrel pointed straight at Mueller. The Italian saw her coming and dropped his arms. Dave plunged forward on his face and lay motionless. Mueller pivoted and, with the full strength of his muscular body, drove his right foot into the pilot's ribs.

"Stop it!" Joan screamed shrilly. "Stop it or I'll shoot!"

Mueller, whose foot was drawn back for another kick, whirled around to face her.

"Go away from here!" she stormed. "Quick, go away!"

In her frenzy she pushed the gun into Mueller's face. Her fingers twitched on the triggers. It came to her that she wanted to shoot—to kill. Mueller read it in her eyes.

"All right, girlie," he said. "I'm going." He turned away and was gone.

The tension within her snapped. She sobbed convulsively. Sally had not moved since the first blow of the fight. Her eyes were round and staring, her face colorless. She looked down at Dave as though she had not seen him before.

"Come on, Sally," said Joan weakly, "we must carry him home."

Sally hesitated, shuddering. Then she walked over to where the flyer lay unconscious. Together they dragged him slowly, clumsily, through the darkness of the grove.



The man who kept accurate account of the number of times his wife threatened to go home to her mother



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soothe and stimulate, preserving
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Retain the clean, crisp radiance, the vigor and pep of the morning shower! Pat stimulating dashes of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your body. Feel new life surging through your veins—rejuvenate, exhilarate under the magic of this new French Lotion for the Body. Then—the Talc and Face Powders—petal smooth, both veils of soothing perfection—fragrant with the glamorous odeur of Springtime in Paris, April Showers (Ondées d'Avril)—protection that retains your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day.

The Truth About Cosmetics

By Mary Lee

ONE of the times when being a beauty editor is simply swell is when a new perfume maker becomes interested in you. You go to visit some doggy establishment, find yourself sprayed on the right hand with this scent and on the left with that, your hanky saturated with a third and your furs with a fourth until you can't smell *anything*. But is it a grand and glorious feeling!

This luxurious event happened to me last month in the very swanky shop of Bergdorf-Goodman's, which is one of Fifth Avenue's finest houses. There the new Prince Matchabelli perfumes are retailed. The line consists of perfumes with refreshingly different names, a pine needle essence for the bath that is simply grand and does soften water, and a nice assortment of compacts, lipsticks and rouge. You can see the photographs of these in the picture on this page.

The perfumes come in bottles shaped like the crown on the old Matchabelli crest, their distinguished originator being a Georgian prince. They are "Princess Norina", a perfume of jasmine and orange blossoms; "Queen of Georgia", an oriental affair and very sophisticated; "Ave Maria" which is combined flowers and incense; "Royal Gardenia", which is just what its name implies; "The Empress of India", another Far East perfume, and the newest of all, "The Duchess of York".

The Prince, I'm told, claims that you know nothing about perfume if you don't rave about "Ave Maria", so I step right down to the foot of the class. For this odor of sanctity left me quite cold. My personal pet was "The Duchess of York", a simple lilac fragrance, more lovely and unspoiled than anything I've ever smelled, save the natural lilacs themselves. If you're a little bored with heavy scents, as I am, I think you'll like this.

Either way, the perfumes aren't as expensive as their royal aura would suggest. They start at ten and run up to thirty-five dollars. You can get eight ounces of the pine needle essence for \$3.50. The compact in very smart black enamel is \$5.00 (it would make a very nice gift), with refills for half a dollar; and the lipsticks, in four shades, are \$1.50.

Speaking of lipsticks, Ybry, the perfumer, has a new one in a bright red metal case, which sells for \$2.00. Expensive? Yes, but it seems worth it and here's the reason. Ordinarily I can restrain myself when a cosmetic firm informs me they have an indelible lipstick, for cruel experience has taught me that that's just one of their little illusions. But the Ybry lipstick really IS indelible. Imagine my surprise! I put some on late one afternoon, went to a tea, came home, removed the make-up to substitute a new one and there was the original lip rouge, right where it belonged and as good as ever. It lasted right through dinner and the evening. So, there you are. It comes in a nice range of shades, too.

SOMETIMES I wonder what is going to become of all the beauty shops scattered throughout this land. For, more and more, the better beauty manufacturers are putting out cosmetics for home use and girls are becoming more educated in their application.

Helena Rubinstein is the latest to present a new creation for home work. It is called a Water Lily Rejuvenating Mask, but don't let that stop you. I've tried it and I like it a lot. It is easy to apply and sells for three dollars—a large jar,

enough for about fifteen treatments. Which isn't so bad.

The idea is that it is a sort of quick, home facial to give yourself when you're all worn out and want to be picked up in appearance, or when you are going out to a party and want to appear particularly devastating.

You use a little cleansing cream first, then spread on the mask, which is a thin sort of paste, using a little water on your fingertips to work the paste in around the nose and mouth and eyes. It dries in about ten minutes and leaves you looking very much like a cake with white icing. In fact, you look something awful and what this is going to do to the home life of young brides, I don't know. (Personally, I think all these things should be done in the privacy of one's own bath, but then I'm fussy.)

Anyhow, you go trailing about wearing the mask for as long as possible. If you're just a single damsel with her own room, it's a good racket to work while you're dressing for a party. You know—put on the mask and then get out the sheer stockings and hope there are no runs in them. When you're finally set and need your street face, wash off the mask with a washcloth dripping with very hot water.

Frankly, I've only tried it once but my skin looked so well I sailed right out and bought a new hat. I don't particularly advocate this treatment for young girls—largely because I doubt their needing it—but for those of us who feel a faint shudder in the direction of another birthday, I regard it as pretty slick.



GOLDEN PEACOCK, that ancient and honorable firm that makes the skin bleach, has now branched out and added creams, talcum, cucumber lotion, muscle oil and astringents to its line. (Some day I'm going to meet the woman who uses muscle oil and find out what

for.) The set-up is all pink and white—white jars with little pink caps, wrapped in cellophane. Full directions come with each article and they are delightfully inexpensive. The creams, vanishing and cold varieties, are fifty cents. The astringent's a dollar. After all, one face can only do so much, and I haven't yet tried out the creams, but I used the cucumber crème—shades of Grandmother—one day after driving in an open car for hours, and very beneficial it proved, too, against a bad attack of windburn. Incidentally, it will set you back seventy-five cents if you want to indulge.

I don't know whether most girls feel as I do. But when I yearn to powder my nose I don't like to open a compact and find it contains everything from powder and rouge to postage stamps and old theatre tickets. I'm a simple lass and just a real, good mirror, a clean powder puff and a bit of powder to dash on it are enough to satisfy my nose.

Hence the appeal for me of the new Houbigant compact. It is a powder compact and nothing more. The claim is that the powder has been compressed into cake form through pressure alone and without the addition of starch or other substances, which many compact powders contain and which aren't so good for the skin. Certainly the Houbigant powder goes on smoothly and stays on remarkably.

As for the case, it's keen. Thin and light, golden as a Christmas coin, it's exquisitely designed. It has a little dash of enamel on it, too, green in tiny modernist stripes. All this for a mere dollar. Talk about gilt-edged investments!

"A drop of it...so! and ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? ...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood... And now...And now, I've a perfume... an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!"



Breath of the Modern Spirit

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Young...with eternal youth...Sophisticated... as whispered repartee...Naive...daring...

Soul of the modern woman...part of her vivid personality...breath of her *different* charm...

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen—like you—dares to be *different*...new!

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it
wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragrant with *Seventeen*! The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons...the *Powder*, so new and smart in shadings...the *Toilet Water*, like a caress...the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the *Sachet*...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

Working Wives

[Continued from page 55]

why she did not stay at home contentedly, as so many other married women did. Ellen's position was secure, wasn't it? She could live on Charles' salary.

They had not enough money for theatre tickets and books now, and Ellen dared not buy a winter coat, although her old one was shabby at the wrists. But there was meat for supper every night, meat selected at leisure by Ellen, who before had marketed breathlessly, in quick early morning trips to the butcher's and grocer's on her way to the subway.

How could Ellen explain her misery, her shame? How could she make her mother see that the loss of her job had upset the smooth scheme of their modern marriage?

Ellen now prepared meals, served them, washed the dishes. She disliked it, but when Charles tried to help he was frowned into inactivity. In the days before Ellen thought of herself as a housewife she had welcomed—nay, *urged*—Charles' help.

But now it seemed wrong. The sense of its wrongness weighed on her soul. It put a docility into her moods, strange for Ellen.

EVERY Monday Charles gave her fifteen dollars for the week's expenses. This was the hardest moment of the week for Ellen, although Charles did it with as much tact as he could. He just put the money in her purse, and said, "Good luck this time, honey," then kissed her and went off to work.

She eased her tormented soul somewhat by improving her cooking. Cakes, pies, puddings began to appear on the supper table. They were good, too. Ellen boasted that a capable business woman could be a capable cook without even trying! Charles enjoyed the dainties only moderately. His wife's face worried him more than the cakes pleased him.

Charles could not understand why Ellen had no job. Why, everyone in the United States had a job! That was the theory of democracy. Jobs for everybody.

The truth was, he suspected, Ellen was not trying very hard these days. Somehow the suddenness of her changed position had bitten deep into Ellen's old spirit of independence. The fire, the enthusiasm, was gone. Even her zest in living was altered.

She worried about small things: that the stove wasn't properly polished, that the grocer failed to deliver her orders promptly. She talked about going down to Washington Market to shop more inexpensively.

The first real quarrel Charles and Ellen ever had occurred when she decided to do the laundry herself.

He came home about 6 o'clock one evening, and the house had a damp, soapy smell. He sat down in the chintz chair, and Ellen brought him his slippers—yes, she actually had gone that far, and he had stopped protesting! Charles sniffed.

"What's that I smell?"

Ellen looked mysterious. "What?"

"That moistness, that sort of gooeey smell?"

"Oh," said Ellen, much too casually, "that's from the washing, I guess."

"What washing?"

"Clothes, silly!"

Charles looked at Ellen with serious eyes, taking in every detail of her lovely face. Her cheeks were flushed from the moisture of the room. Her light hair was untidy.

"Ellen," he said severely, "did YOU do the washing?"

She busied herself in the kitchenette as she replied.

"Why, yes, Charles. I thought we oughtn't spend so much on laundry now. And they only tear your clothes to pieces, you know.

I don't mind doing it. Your shirts look ever so nice. Peek in your drawer, you'll see!"

Charles strode over to the kitchenette and put his hand on her shoulder.

"This must stop," he said.

Her nervous laugh rang out. "What a silly boy!" she giggled. "Do you object to your wife's doing her duty, Charles?"

He shook her, roughly.

"Ellen," he rushed on, in a quieter voice but still angry, "you aren't behaving naturally at all. You don't seem the same girl you used to be. You're being a conventional wife, all right—but you're acting like my servant in the bargain. I didn't marry a glorified housekeeper. I married a sweetheart. How long must I put up with this—this fake?"

He expected her either to burst into tears or to laugh at him heartily. She did neither. Instead, she brushed his hand off her shoulder, lifted her head a bit higher, and picking up a platter of Irish stew, marched into the room with it, without a word.

They sat down to dinner silently. She ate calmly, chewing each morsel thoroughly. She was dignified in her indignation—the exuberant Ellen!

It was wrong, all wrong! Charles felt he was gazing at a stone wall.

"Honey," he breathed, "are you angry?"

With the sweetest, most gracious of smiles, she responded: "No, dear." She sighed. "I don't mind."

ON HIS way to the office next morning Charles thought over the whole scene, and at the memory of Ellen's conscious martyrdom, his blood boiled again.

Charles was a simple soul. He knew what he wanted out of life; and, except for Ellen's companionship and material success within a limited field, it was not much. He had married Ellen because she had seemed to desire the same simple things: a fifty-fifty marriage, some day a baby, a steady climb to comparative riches. And, above all, comradeship, friendship between them.

Charles was unconventional in the sense that he came, unhampered by preconceived notions of correctness, out of the usual proper middle-class home. He would have been willing to support Ellen—oh, gladly! But since she had personal ambitions, he was equally as glad to let her take care of herself.

Now, with her job gone, if she had stayed home and read books, or studied, or played bridge, it would have mattered not a bit to him, provided she remained his comrade, his pal, his equal. But Ellen did not seem to be able to do that! With her job had gone her adorable spunk, the alertness of spirit that he loved in her.

"Damn it," said Charles aloud. "I'll not have it!"

He remembered the way Ellen sat on a stool at his feet before the fire each evening. When he looked down at her she was always ready with a smile for him. It was pretty, idyllic even—but it was not Ellen.

Ellen should have been sitting in a chair opposite him, flicking ashes on the floor, as he did, and warning him he must sweep up his own.

Charles felt he could no longer reason with Ellen. The business of the washing showed him she had lost her sense of perspective. She could only get it back, probably, with a job.

He was preoccupied all day at his office, and when he came home that night Sam told him he looked "done in".

"Mis' Martin, she doan' look so well, neither," he offered.

"No?"

"Guess womenfolks doan' lak stayin' in a house where they's no chillens," grinned Sam.

Charles heard the elevator door bang shut behind him and frowned. Was Sam's proposal the answer? Should he and Ellen have a child?

Ellen thought not, when he asked her that night. She thought not, coldly, drawing her shoulders up.

Charles was secretly relieved. Another plan had formed in his busy head.

YOUNG Charles Martin called on his boss that morning. He started in by asking questions about a new undertaking, a promotion scheme he had heard discussed for weeks around the office.

Yes, the boss said, there was a proposition under way, but it was going to be entirely separate from the regular business; would even have its headquarters in another building.

"Fine," said Charles. "Need any employees?"

The boss, Mr. Tremaine, nodded.

"Feminine?"

Yes, he needed about three girls.

"We won't annoy you with the hiring of them, though, Martin," Mr. Tremaine added.

Charles grinned. "I wasn't thinking of that. I had a girl in mind I wanted to suggest for a job. Knows something about advertising, and she's keen as a razor blade."

"Really?" Mr. Tremaine fixed an inquisitive eye on him. "Who is she?"

That was Charles' chance to say, "My wife." But Mr. Tremaine was a man about fifty, whose own wife thought it was slightly degrading for a married woman to work. And as Mr. Tremaine's ideas were definitely taken from his wife's fertile brain, he probably would not employ another man's wife.

"Her name is Ellen Stroud," said Charles.

There! He had done it. He had let Ellen in for the same miserable mess again. "Ah, hah," smiled Mr. Tremaine. "An old sweetheart?"

Charles shook his head, flushing.

"Well, give me her address."

Glibly Charles gave Ellen's father's address. The Strouds had been warned, ever since Ellen inserted her ad in the paper, not to say she was living elsewhere.

"By the way, Mr. Tremaine," said Charles, as he was leaving, "don't tell the young lady I had anything to do with this!"

The boss was in a jovial humor.

"Don't worry," he said. "I won't let on."

HE MUST have telephoned the Strouds' house at once, for when Charles arrived home his wife greeted him merrily:

"I think I've a job!"

Something prickled along Charles' spine as he looked at her. Her face was glowing. There was color in her cheeks that had nothing to do with the steam of boiling clothes. She had forgotten to bring him those infernal slippers.

"Hooray!" said Charles.

As Ellen opened a can of tomato soup she told him all about it.

Mr. Tremaine had called her up. He did not know she was Charles' wife, and she did not tell him. Just think! It was Charles' own organization that had sent for her! Ellen talked rapidly, excitedly, happily. He watched her face as if he had never seen it before.

"And now," said Ellen, when dinner was over, "let's get the dishes done."

How pretty she was! How full of life! No longer was she meek and submissively servile. This was the wife he had married!

Gleefully Charles grabbed a dish towel.

CHOOSE

YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching
your skin" and select shades
to match your costume



CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonise with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge does not blot out the skin. The natural color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is retained when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this natural color, Princess Pat adds. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge seem to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is another requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain color value. You recognise this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognise it when you select rouge shades.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had just one shade—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. But the shade remained the same. You couldn't use other shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge.

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summer-tan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FREE PRINCESS PAT, LTD.
Dept. A-1036
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked.

☐ ENGLISH TINT ☐ SUMMERTAN ☐ NITE
☐ VIVID ☐ MEDIUM ☐ SQUAW ☐ THEATRE

☐ Name (Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

BLISS and Biscuits

*Thirty-Minute Meals
Arranged for New
Brides and Other
Cooking Debutantes*

By
Mabel Claire



NEARLY every girl is singing a Him-tune this month. And certainly every girl who isn't a bride is at least planning to be one some day.

So let's talk about those first meals in a new kitchen. Those little cooking tricks that culinary debutantes must master. For surely we're all too smart to ignore good food and pretend it doesn't matter. Love means happiness, and happiness gives us all an urge toward the finer things of life—and excellent meals are just that.

Now one of the most important things a girl can learn about cooking is timing. A luke-warm roast served after a tepid soup, barely warm vegetables and a too-warm salad—these catastrophes are due entirely to bad timing.

For a meal to be appetizing, all the hot things must be hot and all the cold things icy. But the only way to achieve this perfection is by knowing in advance just how long each article takes to cook or to chill and to have each ready in its correct sequence.

The old days, when women cooked from dawn till dark for just one meal, are gone forever, thank heaven! Our days are too precious for that. An hour should be the average

time, even for an elaborate meal, and just to prove it can be done, I'm giving you some half-hour dinner menus that will be easy for you.

That is, thirty minutes is par for the course. Count time out for the shopping and begin scoring as you light the gas.

Making a game of preparing dinner is fun and I think you'll be delighted, if you follow directions closely, to discover how excellent the results can be.

THIRTY-MINUTE DINNER—I

Fried Chicken
New Potatoes
Asparagus, with Lemon and Butter Sauce
Currant Jelly Finger Rolls
Sweet Pickles
Strawberry Short Cake
Coffee

SHOPPING LIST—

3 lbs. Young Chicken cut for frying
6 New Potatoes
Bunch of Asparagus
Lemon

HAVE READY—

Large Frying Pan
2 Saucepans, Cover
Double Boiler
Mixing Bowl
Pie Plate



SMART
SET
SERVICE

Grace that is natural and always attractive

DOROTHY MACKAILL

First National Pictures, Inc.

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



TODAY, to be really beautiful, one must be radiantly healthy, yet desirably feminine. Youthfully slender, but with never a trace of the "flatness" of yesterday.

How many girls, dieting to achieve this fashionable figure, have destroyed both health and charm!

And so unnecessarily!

By following a few simple rules it is comparatively easy to control the weight—and be healthy and more beautiful while doing so.

Eat balanced menus—designed to reduce safely. Avoid the two great dangers of dieting—anemia and improper elimination.

One delightful product that is not fattening will help avoid both of these dreaded dangers. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Add it to any reducing diet. It furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean and healthy.

Improper elimination is one of beauty's greatest foes! It is the most frequent cause of pimples, sallow complexions, lines of age, listlessness and disease. Just two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily is guaranteed to eliminate this danger.



In addition, it helps prevent dietary anemia by adding iron to the blood. Iron brings glorious color to the lips and complexion. With milk or fruit juices, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You can eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in so many delightful ways—without adding many calories to the diet. In fruit juices—sprinkled on salads, in soups. Cook it in bran muffins, omelettes, breads. New processes have improved ALL-BRAN—both in texture and in taste. Recommended by doctors.

Always ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You
Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. S-6
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

Name _____

Address _____

Milk
Cream
6 Finger Rolls
Currant Jelly
Sweet Pickles
Box of Strawberries.

Measuring Cup
Butter, Sugar
Flour, Salt
Baking Powder
Potato Masher
Spatula, etc.

LIGHT two burners of the gas stove. Fill two saucepans half full of water for the potatoes and asparagus. In the frying pan melt one large tablespoon of butter.

Singe the chicken. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Brown in butter. Add two tablespoons of water. Cover closely, turn the gas low and cook for fifteen minutes. Add four tablespoons of cream and cook for eight minutes.

Scrape the potatoes and start them boiling.

Wash and peel the asparagus, cut off the hard ends. Put to boil in the second saucepan.

Pick over the strawberries. Mash them with the potato masher and add one cup of sugar.

Light the oven. Butter the short cake pan.

Into the mixing bowl sift one cup of flour, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, one rounded tablespoon of sugar. Blend with two rounded tablespoons of butter. When it is like cornmeal, stir in one-third cup of milk. Do not roll the dough but shape with a spatula into round biscuits. Bake until brown; about ten minutes.

For the asparagus sauce put two tablespoons of butter and the juice of half a lemon into the top of the double boiler. Stir until blended. Add one-quarter teaspoon of salt and dust with pepper. Drain the asparagus and dress with the sauce.

Set the table. Heat the rolls. Make the coffee. Remove the chicken from the pan to the oven. Keep warm. Make the gravy by stirring one tablespoon of flour into the fat in the frying pan; add one measuring cup of water, one-half teaspoon of salt, dust with pepper. Cook until thickened.

Split the biscuits. Put together with the crushed strawberries between and on top.

THIRTY-MINUTE DINNER—II

Casserole of Veal Chops

Parsley Potatoes

Radishes Olives

Quince Jelly

Poppy Seed Rolls

Date Conserve with Cream

Coffee

Kitchen Capers

No, not a game but a seasoning. Do you know how to put them in a salad or a sauce? Are you sure you know all the gentle arts of seasoning, or broiling, basting or baking for that matter? Mabel Claire is here to serve you. Write her at SMART SET, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope and she will answer all your cooking questions

SHOPPING LIST—

1 lb. Veal Chops
Small Eggplant
2 Onions
Small Cabbage
4 Potatoes
Bunch of Radishes
Bottle of Olives
Jar of Quince Jelly
6 Poppy Seed Rolls
½ lb. Stoned Dates
2 Apples
Grape Juice
Parsley
½ Pint of Cream

HAVE READY—

Large Covered
Casserole
Frying Pan
2 Saucepans
Covers
Apple corer
Knife
Measuring Cup
Flour Sifter
Flour
Butter
Sugar
Salt
Pepper

LIGHT the gas oven. Put the casserole in the oven to heat.

Boil salted water in the saucepan for the potatoes.

Peel the eggplant, cut it into dice.

Shred one cup of cabbage and peel the onions.

In the frying pan heat one tablespoon of butter.

Sauté onions, eggplant and cabbage in the butter for three minutes. Remove to the hot casserole, dust with salt, pepper and flour and return to the oven.

Add one tablespoon of butter to the frying pan. Dust the chops with salt, pepper and flour. Brown two minutes in butter. Put the chops in the casserole, on top of the vegetables, and dust with flour.

Into the frying pan pour one cup of water. Heat and pour it around the vegetables only. Cover closely and finish cooking in the oven for twenty minutes.

Peel the potatoes. Slice and boil in salted water.

Wash the radishes and chop parsley.

In the second saucepan, boil one cup of water. Peel, core and quarter the apples. Boil rapidly for eight minutes. To the apples add one cup of sugar, one-half pound of stoned dates, and one-half cup of grape juice. Cook five minutes. Serve the conserve, warm, with cream.

Set the table. Make the coffee. Heat the rolls.

Drain the potatoes. Return to the saucepan and add one tablespoon of butter, two tablespoons of minced parsley. Shake the pan well until the butter is melted.

Remove the casserole cover and brown the chops for a minute under the broiler flame.

IF YOU want some additional recipes, with the time needed to prepare them, or directions for assembling menus of your own and fitting them into a time schedule, write me and I shall be only too glad to help you.

The Girl Who Cannot Talk

[Continued from page 57]

conversation to suggest you've been around.

3. Neither must you imply that you're lonely, and are thankful to your companion for his attention.

4. Don't try to be conspicuous. Few of us are poised enough to occupy the exact center of attention.

NOW I am going to let you in on a little secret that I think will amuse you. Most brilliant conversationalists indulge in exaggeration. They add a few frills to the truth and dress it up in a fancy bonnet.

I have a friend named Jeanne who is one of the most amusing speakers I have ever heard. She'll expand an account of a person crossing the street until it takes on the proportions of an expedition into dark Africa. People know she exaggerates, and yet they will flock away from some dull chronicler of the truth to listen to her. Once she was explaining that her father, a druggist, sold a lot of perfume.

She swung her arms wide and exclaimed: "Why, he sells a million bottles of chypre a day. Cross my heart!"

Another time she was describing a fire, an uninteresting one-alarm.

"The flames leaped a mile into the sky," she exclaimed solemnly. "Women and children fell out of the windows like mosquitoes . . . The firemen dumped the Atlantic Ocean on it and chopped down the building—but they put out the fire."

Once again, she was explaining something: "And twenty-five men jumped into my

taxi-cab . . ." She paused dramatically.

At this point, an attractive but accurate listener protested that twenty-five people couldn't possibly get into one cab.

Jeanne looked at her with good nature and replied:

"My dear, if you only had an imagination you'd be perfect."

Jeanne is very popular. She is far from a beauty. She has no talents whatsoever. Yet she always has a legion of admirers. And all because she uses her imagination when she talks.

The foundation of all conversation lies in one of the following elements: amusement, understanding, exchange of ideas, or the explanation of one's self and opinions. Frequently they progress in the order mentioned.

Somewhere it is written that the way to a man's heart is through, let us say, good cookery. But before we have a man to cook for we must reach him through his ego.

Ego is not conceit. A small boy's ego is shown in his boasts of his physical prowess, of how his dad can beat up all other dads, of how his mother can bake the best pies, and so on.

Ego carries over from the small boy into the man. It changes its outward expression, but it is the same ego. You must encourage it in him. Wasn't it wonderful that he was so rapidly promoted! Isn't he kind to take care of his invalid mother! You do wish he'd explain baseball to you.

Dear girls, there are a thousand ways

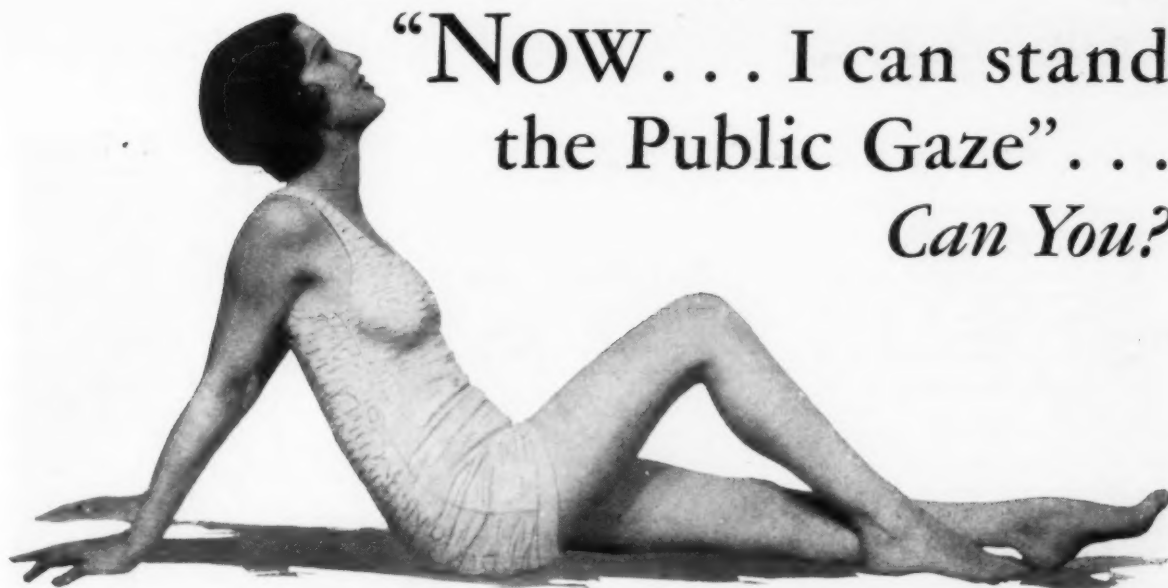
of feeding this ego. Sympathize with him. And if you can, let him help you. He likes that. Let him advise you. Question him about this and that. Should you use less rouge? Does he approve of sunback swimming suits?

IN THE social world we must try to develop an insight into people. We must find out what interests them, what they like, and make them tell us about it. This is not as difficult as it sounds. Your very desire to do it will carry you halfway. Remember only that part of yourself which might contribute to a discussion. *Forget the rest.*

You know very well what attracts you in others. Try to infuse the same elements into yourself.

Beginnings are always difficult. You might feel your position to be as precarious as that of an inexperienced tight-rope walker. And just as tight-rope walkers learn their art close to the ground, so you might practice yours in a sphere in which you are at ease. Your own family, your girl friends will make excellent training grounds.

Conversation, of course, is only one step toward unfolding that lovely personality of yours—and toward popularity. You must take other steps that I will tell you about later. For the next month, however, work on the conversation. Let me know about the difficulties you meet. Each of you has a different problem, but I think I can help you all.



Dainty LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, believes in the health and beauty-giving power of the Sun

In a recent issue of
PHOTOPLAY—
JOAN CRAWFORD
says:

"I think the stockingless vogue will always last. Tanned legs without hose are most attractive and I shall continue to go stockingless, even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses."



CHARM . . . illusive . . . appealing . . . the first requisite of those who wish to be able to stand the public gaze.

It is so easy to be dainty . . . to appear lovely in other people's eyes . . . if you keep your skin smooth and free of superfluous hair.

Lounging on the beach with strong sunlight on your bare legs . . . at dinner with lamplight shining on your bare arms . . . Wherever you are, whatever you do, you can meet the public gaze with poise if you confirm your daintiness with Del-a-tone.



Removal of under-arm hair lessens perspiration odor.

Easy to use as cold cream, it actually removes hair safely and pleasantly in three minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone Cream is the first and only white cream hair-remover.

Society women, stage and screen stars . . . renowned for their charm . . . prefer Del-a-tone Cream to all other methods for removing superfluous hair from under-arm, fore-arm, legs, back of neck and face. It's so *modern*, swift, convenient and so safe.

Send coupon below for trial tube.

Delatone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper \$1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube 10c—use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company (Established 1908), Dept. 656, The Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

DEL-A-TONE

The Only White Cream Hair-remover

**TRIAL
OFFER**

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 656, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

When you write to advertisers please mention THE NEW SMART SET MAGAZINE

Fashions For June's Two Greatest Occasions

[Continued from page 73]

If you want to look Greta Garbo-ish, choose the negligée with the huge bow in the back and gobs of lace up and down the front. In crêpe de Chine, pastel colors. \$27.50. (Courtesy Nat Lewis). Or if you want to be simpler, choose the other one in pastel crêpe. \$12.75.

Courtesy James McCreery.

ing color is bad for her—for nets, chiffons, or satins can be dyed in any of the off colors and still be in good form. Be brutally frank with yourself. Pick the dress which would be *most becoming as a dress*, even if you weren't going to be married in it.

I COULDN'T believe it, when I saw a lovely white satin gown, beautifully cut, for \$59.50. And a darling white net for the same price. I can tell you about others, too—a stunning satin with the flattering Vionnet neck line and yards of train for \$110, and a precious white chiffon with puffed sleeves and lots of dainty tucks, sort of 1890-ish, for \$95.

But I feel satisfied and more than that—thrilled—to offer what I think is a perfect bridal gown for Smart Set girls, in two models shown on page 70 at a deliciously low price. Of the two veils, I like the more reasonably priced one best.

I'll go on telling you secrets, too. I was so excited at discovering these glamorous wedding gowns almost any girl could afford, that I dashed up to one of New York's finest florists and told him the story, asking him to design the proper bouquet for each of the two gowns. In the photographs you will see the bouquets he made up for Smart Set girls. Lovely calla lilies for the satin, straight and dignified, and a more feminine, cluster bouquet for the net. He warned me to tell you that calla lilies should be held loosely, in a sheaf, and *never* have a bow. With the other, though, you can have a big bow and lots of little ones quite properly. He showed me—oh, very carefully—just how you should carry them, and the girls in the photographs are carrying them just that way. I think he deserves our gratitude, don't you?

ARE you impatient—all you other girls who aren't going to wear veils, or even be brides at all this year? Well, things are coming your way now, for all the rest of the clothes will be as good for you as for a bride.

There will be lots of girls who plan to have a simple wedding, in a church, at home, or in the garden. Then a printed chiffon, with a big lacy straw hat, would be picturesque and proper, or a delicately colored georgette. One with sort of trailing, languorous lines, if you're the type to wear them; or with a more youthful silhouette and simpler neckline if you're small and winsome. We've pictured both at pleasant prices!

If you're even more practical, for one reason or another, and want to be married in a suit so that you can dash off immediately—well, why not? For the photographs show that you can be as charming in a suit as in anything else, if you choose the right kind. But *do* be careful to see



that your accessories are *perfect*. Just the right bag, hat, shoes, gloves, and jewelry.

The girl in the sprightly suit with the big black velvet bow (at the bottom of Page 73 is fortunate enough to have had everything "enssembled" for her by an interested stylist—so look carefully at the details.

Both of these suits have sleeveless dresses, quite right by themselves. One with a scalloped cape effect, sort of ladylike and very flattering. The other with a top of the same gay printed silk which you see in the graceful jabot of the coat. Don't forget your slightly longer slip-ons when you are wearing either of these without a coat.

And, a hint about black patent leather pumps—perfectly plain opera ones.

Given a wedding gown, a printed chiffon afternoon dress, a going-away suit—for you can juggle with all of these models—what more does a bride need? A coat, some kind of a coat. Perhaps a polo coat; that's always a good bet for the girl with a moderate income.

The one we're suggesting this month is white, but trust Georgia to watch out for your interest! The manufacturer assures us that since it is 100 per cent camel hair you can trot it to the dyer's in the fall and burst upon the world a few days later, radiant in a new fall coat—beige, blue, any old color you want. The hat is exciting, too, because it is styled with as much snap and correctness as others twice its price.

Next, negligées. I have selected two for you. One, a simple dressing gown, suitable

for travel. Smartly checked in practical colors, of supple silk which doesn't muss easily and takes up little room. What more could you ask?

WHAT with the heart throbs of wedding clothes, we've almost neglected the "young intellectuals" who will be graduating all over the states just as the brides will be "marrying".

Here are three suggestions—the simple white georgette, the crisper dotted muslin and the more severe flat crêpe. The dotted muslin has been one of the most popular Southern numbers of a certain smart house, while the flat crêpe is one of the most widely copied of the new Paris models, a Lucille Paray. The georgette has the indorsement of one of our interested stylists. They'll all be grand dresses for summer.

Do you like to have the fashion pictures taken like this—sort of informal and friendly? And do you find it helpful to see clothes on a tall girl and one rather shorter? Which reminds me that I have promised myself to take up the problem of clothes for the very small girl and the very tall girl seriously some time soon.

I haven't said a word about my pet dress—the demure flounced taffeta, with its quaint puffed sleeves and a wicked swish to its flounces. But it's a lamb, if your figure can stand taffeta.

As for next month, just wait till you see our "summer vacation" clothes! They're marvelous.

Your Home

[Continued from page 78]

more large table cloths of linen or lace, or whatever fabric appeals to you most. If, on the other hand, you have only a small gate-leg table which could never seat more than four, you will scarcely need the large table cloths. However, it is nice to have at least one set, if there is any chance of your ever using it. And when it isn't in use you can keep it tucked away in a pretty box atop your linen closet.

For the rest, use the many gay things which are so tempting in the stores.

Such bright sets make delightful wedding gifts, but it is well to let your friends know just what colors and kinds you want, for there is nothing more useless than the wrong sizes or the wrong colors or the wrong textures in table linens.

What's in the Linen Closet?

- 6 sheets for each bed (1 pair colored or trimmed)
- 6 pillow slips for each bed (a pair to match best sheets)
- 1 heavy wool blanket for each bed
- 1 light weight summer blanket for each bed
- 1 comfortable or extra blanket or down puff for each bed
- 1 night spread or blanket cover for each bed
- 1 bedspread for each bed
- 1 summer bedspread for each bed
- 12 large bath towels
- 6 smaller bath towels
- 12 linen hand towels
- 12 wash cloths
- 12 guest towels
- 2 bath mats
- 1 damask table cloth with 12 napkins to match for formal dinners
- 2 fancy linen table cloths with napkins to match (colored damask, lace or embroidered)
- 6 luncheon sets (white or colored—plain or fancy, cloths and napkins or runners, doilies and napkins)
- 4 breakfast sets
- Doilies for trays
- 12 small napkins to use when serving beverages
- 12 tea towels (lintless—for glass and silver)
- 12 kitchen towels (for cooking utensils)
- 6 hand towels
- 6 dish cloths

BUY with discretion and after careful calculation.

Make your linen closet as gay, as well-stocked and as well arranged as possible. You will then be the envy of all your friends, and you'll discover just how important an item the linen closet is in your domestic scheme of things.

If you have any problems that come up in connection with your household linens or supplies; if you aren't quite sure what table service should be used for any particular occasion, let me know and I'll advise you.

This is just to remind you that Miss Lewis, who has heretofore dealt only with the details of your room, is expanding her department to include your whole house. Take advantage of this greater SMART SET SERVICE



What infinite relief to *know* that Kotex deodorizes

Kotex stays soft; it is fashioned to fit; it is disposable . . . and it deodorizes a complete, safe way.

DAININESS makes one important demand which some women overlook. And Kotex answers that demand. It deodorizes, by a special process, as it is worn. You've no idea what a relief it is!

And Kotex gives you—too—the relief that comes with safe protection. It is filled, you know, with Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This is a cellulose substance which, for sanitary purposes, fulfills the same function as cotton but with 5 times the absorbency.

Used in leading hospitals

85% of America's leading hospitals now use the very same absorbent used in Kotex, so its superiority and safety are unquestioned for your use.

Kotex is never bulky and uncomfortable, because it is fashioned in a way that eliminates bulk and makes the pad inconspicuous under the closest fitting frocks. What a difference that makes!

Kotex gives lasting softness

It is not only soft to feel, but soft to wear. And that softness lasts—it doesn't pack into chafing hardness. Its absorbent filler is light, cool, dainty.

Once you use it, you'll find it indispensable. There are many reasons why—and one is the fact that it is so easily disposed of. That fact alone has changed the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
- 4 *In hospitals* . . . The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
- 5 *Deodorizes*, safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
- 6 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Or singly in vending cabinets through
West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and
KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any
drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



TANGEE

The Magic Lipstick!

Tangee is Nature's loveliest color. For this is the magic of Tangee . . . it changes on your lips and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring, whether you are fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red.

For Tangee is like a lovely glow from within, a blush entirely without thickness or greasy smear . . . permanent, natural color which you cannot smear or rub away.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, one that soothes and heals. And it outlasts several of the usual lipsticks.

Tangee Lipstick, Crème Rouge, Face Powder, Night Cream, Day Cream, each \$1.00. Rouge Compact, 75¢. Tangee Cosmetic, a new "massara," will not smart, \$1.00.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

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Gold Digger

[Continued from page 30]

He left miles of grazing land, thousands of head of cattle and sheep and horses and bales of gold-edged securities to Jack, his only son.

Jack would live a year, the doctors told him, if he would conserve his rapidly diminishing life force. Or, as Jack, a Harvard graduate gone native, expressed it, "If I play 'em close to the chest, for say a pot with a limit of two hours. I can stick it out and totter around for three hundred and sixty-five days. But if I take off the limit and play for pots of say six months. I got to cash in most any time. Well, I'm no piker."

So he spent his summers in the Mormon country, among his live stock, on the theory that a man must work for his keep. But almost any time between one might encounter him in Reno, where he varied the monotony of a short life by periods of "hellin' around."

He was the first native Nevadan I met after my arrival in Reno.

That first night I saw him lose \$18,000 at faro and not only win it back but double it at the crap table. I saw him drink, with a consumptive's alcoholic immunity, at least a quart and a half of liquor, and I saw him toss between five hundred and a thousand dollars on the floor of different dance halls and roadhouses for the entertainers.

By morning he was addressing me as "Derned Old Horned Toad" and "Old Settler", sure proofs of his esteem. His ten or fifteen thousand casual acquaintances throughout the state were generally addressed as, "H'ye".

"This—" I got his summons over the telephone—"is Jack Clarke. How you, you derned old Horned Toad? I'm just in from that freeze-pants cabin of mine. I'm over here at the Capitol Bar and Shorty King's mixin' up stingarees his own self. There's one waitin' for you. So you come aridin' hell-for-leather."

And, when after three stingarees, I pleaded abstemiousness because of heavy professional appointments in the morning, he accepted the apology with an understanding tinged with heavy sarcasm.

"You're doin' your own ridin', Old Settler," he told me. "You choose to amble when the boys are ridin' hard; that's your prerogative, as they used to tell us at dear old Hahvahd. All I want is for you to stick along, drink for drink with me, so I won't get to imaginin' I'm a lone drinker. I don't care what you order, ginger ale or sody pop. Let's go down to Charlie's and tear a steak or two apart."

AT CHARLIE'S he touched casually upon divorce. Casually, because he, as a bachelor, knew nothing about it.

"They say," he told me, "that Divorce is one of the things that's ruinin' this country. I can't notice, myself, that this country is bein' ruined. It's too darned big. Ever fly across it? 'Ruinatation' is what keeps preachers preachin' and editors editin' and you writers writin'. It ain't a fact—it's a subject."

"And, speakin' of Ruination, you've been seen ridin' around here in a diamond-studded chariot with Lucretia, Duchess dee Bertillon, its best exponent since the days—or the nights—when that red-headed woman, Cleopatra, took Mark Antony, or Julius Caesar, or both. You fixin' to join that endless procession of Lucretia's ex-husbands?"

And when I hastily and heatedly denied that I had ever harbored such a thought, he went on unheeding:

"I'd sure admire to meet her. She's either a good woman gone wrong or a bad woman goin' right. She must have a lot of Somethin'. She's dug up more gold than the mule that uncovered the Comstock Lode. Three husbands aggregatin' about forty millions—ten per cent of that in alimony . . . Yeh, I'd sure admire to make my bow to her and say, 'Madam, Howdy. I kiss your hand an' make bold to ask, How DO you do it?'"

"I'll give you the opportunity," I said.

"Oh, say now!"

"You craved it. You get it. And I'll make a little bet that you fall like the other suckers."

"How much?" he asked absently.

"Well, I'm no plutocrat, but I'll risk a thousand."

"Done!" said he and shook hands. "And, you derned old Horned Toad, I don't want to take your hard-earned money. But I'm no sucker!"

THEIR meeting came about through me, but not by any plan. Lucretia called me up at ten o'clock one morning—which is an hour before dawn in Reno—and summoned me imperiously to her home for dinner that night. Twelve hours later I had sufficient knowledge of her philosophy of life to have conceived a grudging respect for her.

"Marriage, to me," she said, "is a peculiar kind of institution. It's like a bank or a safety deposit box full of gilt-edged securities. It hurts me to realize it, but to me Marriage is a means of livelihood. I am what the world calls a parasite. Yet if I hadn't married my lovers I'd be called much worse."

"But I am not by any means alone. My dear! I should say . . . I may be cynical, but I believe that forty per cent of all wives are like me. We marry for a home or for whatever else a husband can give us, and in return, we give our husbands companionship, respect and fidelity. But never love."

"The world, when it knows about us at all, despises us. We are 'Gold Diggers'. But physicians understand us better. I think the medical terms for us are 'frigid' and 'unawakened'."

"And yet there isn't one of us who wouldn't give everything she possessed for this thing called love." The steel behind her gaze was sheathed in wistfulness. "My dream is to love a man. I don't care whether he is rich or poor, strong or weak, good or bad. All I want is to experience the wildness of emotion that my husbands seem to have felt for me."

Then the steel behind her eyes was un-sheathed again at a question of mine.

"My future?" she repeated. "It has to do with husbands—of course. Of the six possibilities Vannie Durance seems to be the most eligible. Know him?"

I knew of him. Immensely wealthy. Polo player. Connoisseur of show girls.

"I have a friend in Reno I want you to meet," I told her. "Cattle man. He believes no more in the love of women than you do in the love of men."

"A cattle man," she repeated. "Any money?"

"No," I lied.

"You mean a cowboy," corrected Lucretia. "A cowboy," she repeated and laughed softly. "My dear!"

THE orchestra of *The Willows* played. "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby". The ballroom was bathed in soft pink radiance through which the dancers

shuffled softly like figures in a dream. And as I danced with Lucretia, the sounds from the gaming room insinuated themselves into the music.

Came the whir and click of the roulette wheel and the monotonous voice of the dealer at the crap table.

Then, over the dealer's tones and over the music, soared a voice I knew.

"Bet me the limit on coming out. Bet me the limit on the field. Bet me the limit on the eight point. I got a hunch. H'ye! Roll 'em out, *hombre!*"

"Your cowboy," I told Lucretia, "is here."

Their glances clashed softly over smiling lips as they appraised each other swiftly, like two duellists. Jack Clarke's hail-fellow-well-met pose had dropped from him and he was suddenly the man of the world, suave, courtly and poised.

We talked of the south of France, of the flowers of Grasse, of the Lido—knowledge of which he explained by the statement that he'd lingered a little while on the other side after the war.

Noting their reactions, I watched Lucretia's mantle of condescension fall from her. I saw the steel die out of her gaze to flame up in a suddenly awakened interest. Her lips were parted, her eyes shining. She talked brilliantly and listened with an absorption which approached genius.

I saw the faint contempt fade from Jack Clarke's eyes, to be replaced instantly by the utmost faith in her and by an awe of her beauty and her charm. They danced together. Wonderfully. Two figures welded into one.

He sat with us, at my insistence, all through the long night, sharing dance for dance with me.

When I danced with Lucretia, I could feel a new vibrancy pulsing through her body. It was as if she had come alive. And when I glanced at our table, I would find Jack Clarke's eyes riveted upon her. And a phrase from Genesis kept recurring irrelevantly in my mind:

"Male and female created He them."

WHEN we left, I to accompany Lucretia home in her car, she and Jack Clarke parted as reluctantly as two declared lovers.

"Who IS he?" she asked as we slid out into the winding road into town. "Who is Jack Clarke?"

"A cowboy," I said noncommittally. "I told you."

"He's the handsomest man I ever saw," she said with conviction. "There's something about him. Something in his eyes."

I could have told her it was Death. But I didn't, and her dismissal was perfunctory and absent-minded.

Jack Clarke was at the Capitol Bar where I knew he would be. But there was no ebullience in his greeting.

"What'll it be?" said he, and straightway lost himself in contemplation of the ornate glass pyramids behind the bar. "Me?" he demanded an instant later. "I don't care. Stingaree, sour, highball—give me a straight whisky."

Another long period of silence. Then, "Gold Digger, hell! Why, she's just a girl." He began to cough.

"Pay wagon comin' around. Ghost skirtin'. Hoverin' here and about."

He sat down as the paroxysms shook him, fighting grimly for the air which he resolutely drew into his tortured lungs. He sat there a long time, breathing stertorously. And then the coughing ceased and he lay back, his eyes open, a grin on his too-red lips.

"You boys take me out to the cabin?" he asked. "Old Boy missed me again."

Shorty King and I drove him out, along the north road for thirty miles. We came, at length, to a log cabin among the healing pines. A log house built on a slope, reached by four rude wooden steps and carrying upon it a roofed porch.

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Glostora

Inside we were received courteously and solicitously by Pedro Epiphany Gonzales, boyhood servant of Clarke's, a squat Mexican with fierce mustachios and the heart of a woman.

Jack Clarke's good-by was characteristic. "Don't tell—anybody, Old Settler. I don't want—anybody to know." His smile became wistful. "I wish," he said thoughtfully, "I'd played 'em a little closer to the chest. I'd have more time to enjoy—something." It was dawn.

RENO is in the latitudes 55 to 60 degrees, an area most discouraging to the forced growth of animal or plant life. But it is an emotional incubator.

So the romance of Lucretia, Duchess de Bertillon, and Jack Clarke, condemned multimillionaire, blazed into fierce prominence. There were reasons for this. Here was an unawakened woman suddenly awakened. Here was a man sweetening the swiftly diminishing sands of his hour glass with an emotion he did not know existed. Death and love peered over each other's shoulders to look out of his eyes.

They were shameless when I came upon them suddenly in Lucretia's house where I had been summoned for dinner. They were in each other's arms, close as a single body, and I heard her whispered caress vibrating with her emotion.

"Darling! Oh, my dear!"

"Marriage?" Lucretia absently repeated my question later in the evening. "Why, I hadn't thought of it. Shall we get married, Jack?"

He grinned at her, his eyes alight with love—and death.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" She

shrugged impatiently, and turned toward Jack.

"Sure, we're going to get married," he said. "We aren't," she contradicted. "Not for a long, long time. This is wonderful. Marriage might spoil it. It probably would."

And Jack Clarke agreed sadly: "Not for a long, long time."

THE angry whirling of the telephone jerked me from my dreams one morning two weeks later and a woman's strained voice hurtled over it in inquiry.

"Where is Jack? Where can I find him?" "Jack who?" I was still stupid from sleep.

"Jack Clarke. This is Lucretia. He was to have met me last night and he didn't appear. He would never disappoint me unless something happened."

"Oh, he's all right."

"Where IS he?" The voice was shrill with hysteria. "I want you to bring me to him. Immediately. I'll be at the hotel in fifteen minutes."

As I dressed hurriedly, the light fingers of a new day were streaking the eastern sky.

The Rolls was purring at the curb as I swung out of the lobby and it slid swiftly into fifty miles an hour as I threw the simple directions at the imperturbable Henri.

Lucretia was pale and haggard. Her mouth was drawn and her eyes were staring with fear. She took out her compact and gave herself a hurried beauty treatment.

The log cabin leaped suddenly at us and we were as suddenly standing at the bottom of the wooden steps. The door opened, even as Henri swung from his seat, and Pedro Epiphany Gonzales stood in the doorway, his fierce mustachios drooping with grief.

"Gently, Señorita," he greeted her gravely.



"Just get your feet in,
Madame, I'll do the rest!"

"And bravely. He knew you would come. He is gone but he is here. You understand?" His bronze, work-scarred hands closed gently over hers and he stared into her eyes.

She sighed and the rouge surged out from her pale face and she looked like—well, what she was.

"I—understand," she said and her lips were firm. "I want to see him." She stepped past Pedro into the cabin.

We waited for the sounds of grief, which are worse than those of death. They did not come. And after a decent interval I followed her.

SHE was standing in the center of the big living room, at a table over which had been thrown a wildcat's skin. Her fingers were working in the fur. There had been no tears, but there was no longer any softness at all in her straight-gazing eyes. All steel. She looked like a sullen child who has been severely and unjustly beaten. She said: "I shall always hate the smell of pine. Until I die."

Pedro Epiphany Gonzales silently handed me a long envelope bearing the legend, "Bar C Ranch". It was addressed to "Old Settler". I opened it reverently. It contained two documents—a note which enclosed a check made out to me for a thousand dollars. The note read:

I am a sucker because I didn't play them closer to the chest before she came. She is wonderful.

The other was a will in the same handwriting, which began:

I, John Calvin Clarke, being of sound mind and in full possession of all my faculties, bequeath the whole of my estate, when the debts against it have been paid, to Lucretia de Bertillon. They consist of—

Followed a list of ranches, mines, cattle, sheep, horses and corporation stocks which, I knew, would aggregate thirty million. As witness, it bore the signature of Shorty King and the mark of Pedro.

"This is for you," I said and handed it to her.

She stood there a long time, reading it slowly. Having finished, she read it again and by that time the steel had been replaced by softness. After what seemed hours, she looked at Pedro.

"Is there a copy of this?" she asked him.

"But no, *Señorita*," he replied. "There was not time. *Señor King*, he left here but two hours ago. *Señor Clarke* wrote so slowly . . . he coughed."

She stepped over to the fireplace in which the logs were blazing and dropped it.

"Shall we go?" It was an order.

THREE weeks later, Lucretia de Bertillon, with her brand new divorce decree tucked in her traveling bag, took leave of me on the Overland Limited going east.

"Good-by, Old Settler," she said. "I think you're awfully nice. Really."

"What are you going to do, Lucretia?"

"Why," she said, "Vannie Durrance is the most eligible of the six most eligible suitors. I am going to marry him."

And she did.

Reno and Ruination may or may not have some connection. There's a lot to be said on both sides and Mr. McGuirk is the man to say it.

So if you've enjoyed Gold Digger, just WAIT till you see his next Reno story coming in July!



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DON'T say you can't use a cream rouge just because you once tried the old-fashioned kinds! The new Dorothy Gray Cream Rouge is delightfully different. It isn't dry and sticky, and it isn't greasy. It has a perfect consistency—a light, fluffy creaminess—so that it blends softly on your skin, and lingers there for hours and hours. But the loveliest quality of Dorothy Gray Cream Rouge is its *natural effect*. When you have applied a bit of Cream Rouge, the color appears so delicate and translucent that it actually seems to come from beneath the skin. This most desirable effect is due both to the creamy texture of the rouge and to its skillfully blended shades.

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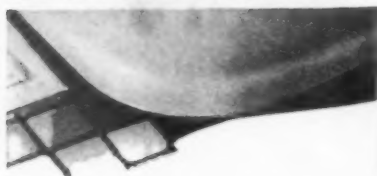
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Good Little Nurse

[Continued from page 35]

As she caught his hand she dragged her own across his lighted cigarette and gave a little cry of pain.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he exclaimed. "Did it burn you badly? Let me see."

He struck a match and studied the little palm.

"That's going to blister," he noted regretfully. "Come on up to my ward and I'll put a dressing on it."

"No, indeed," Cissie declared. "It's just a little spot."

"Little burns," he announced professionally, "can get infected as well as big ones. Come on, it won't take but a minute."

AS SHE stood in the familiar office room amid the bottles and instruments with which she worked every day, Cissie stifled a wild impulse to laugh. Captain Robin made a quick, neat dressing of the burn. When he had finished he held her hand in his a minute.

Cissie waited, with her eyes cast down, as she had that very afternoon. She could feel his intent gaze on her face. Again the color rose in her cheeks as the heavy, black eyelashes swept up and she sought his eyes softly. This time the result was instantaneous. With a quick movement he bent and pressed his lips to her wrist, just above the strip of gauze.

Cissie trembled ever so slightly and caught her breath. This would never do! She must say something . . .

"Do you," she asked mockingly, "always work this fast?"

"No, I'm glad to say," he spoke grimly. "No previous training. I'm unable to account for my impromptu efforts."

"Well," admired Cissie sweetly, "for a person who kisses by ear, you certainly show natural talent."

"You little—" His grip on her hand tightened.

"Don't say it," advised Cissie. "Just make up your mind whether you're going to shake me or kiss me, and let's go back to the dance."

"I'll do neither one," he declared furiously. "But I'm going to take that mask off you this instant."

Cissie's heart leaped in her throat, almost choking her as she replied, "And I thought the army prided itself on its sportsmanship?"

He dropped her hand abruptly. A flush ran up to the edge of his mask.

"All right," he agreed shortly. "And how much of a sportsman are you? Are you going to give me a chance to find out who you are?"

Cissie pondered. There was nothing to be gained by ending the play in one act.

"Yes, I am," she promised. "If you don't find me, when we unmask, I will be dining alone to-morrow evening at the Gonzales Café in Juarez."

"Well, I'll know you!" he assured her vehemently. "I'd know you now in a plaster cast. And you're mistaken about your dining alone to-morrow—you're dining with me!"

Back in the dance hall again, the fun was on. Four dances, two of them with Captain Robin, and then, having got away with murder, Cissie reluctantly vacated the scene of the crime.

SHE opened the door of her room softly and was greeted by a jeering chorus: "And what are you doing out? I thought all good little nurses were in bed hours ago!" Frankie and Bea gazed at her with undisguised envy.

"Except," Cissie reminded them maliciously, "when Captain Robin is taking care of

them." She grinned impishly as she said it.

"Now," inquired Bea with open curiosity, "where do you go from here?"

Cissie picked up a newspaper from the foot of her bed. "Society note," she rattled nonchalantly, "Captain Philip Robin will entertain Miss Cissie Paget at a dinner for two at the Gonzales Café on Wednesday evening."

"Front page item Thursday morning,"

Bea pretended to read over Cissie's shoulder. "Captain Robin was picked up unconscious in a Juarez café last night. He seems to have suffered a severe shock . . ." No kidding, Cissie—she faced the younger girl seriously—"are you going as far as that?"

"I certainly am," declared Cissie. "When does the bridge close?"

"Midnight," replied Bea. "But, for Heaven's sake, Cissie," she pleaded, "don't be such an idiot as to chance a thing like that!"

"It's crazy, Cissie," broke in Frankie. "Think of your future. Why, you're a wonderful nurse, but don't you know you'll probably get your discharge before you're through with this?"

Cissie didn't answer at once. She walked to the dresser and removed her mask. When she faced the older girls the laughter had faded from her eyes.

"Don't you see," she implored earnestly, "I am thinking about my future? I have twenty, thirty, maybe forty years before me in which to be a wonderful nurse. How many years have I to be a girl? I'm going—that's all there is to it, even if I have to face a court-martial."

Before Cissie went on duty the next morning she clipped the gauze dressing from her hand and pasted a strip of adhesive tape over the small, red welt in her palm. Although, she reflected, nothing short of a wooden leg would have attracted Captain Robin's attention to a nurse on duty.

"Good morning," she greeted him softly. "Good morning, Miss Paget." He looked up with an absent expression, issued a few instructions and bent over the charts again. He was just as thoroughly aware of her as he was of the sterilizer in the corner.

In the hall outside, Cissie leaned against the wall and shook with mingled anger and mirth. And he had sworn he would know her in a plaster cast!

As the day wore on Cissie grew nervous. She dropped a tray of sterilized instruments. She forgot the four o'clock temperatures and she bathed the same patient twice.

Evening found Cissie seated at a small table in the Gonzales Café. Outwardly she was a beautifully groomed, well-poised girl. Inwardly she was scared to death.

Now that the time had come for unmasking, what about the consequences? Would he be terribly angry, or—worse yet—disgusted? She had never doubted that she would go through with it from the instant his lips touched her wrist. Still, obtaining joy under false pretenses might have its hour of reckoning.

She saw him the minute he entered. And, as usual, he didn't see her. He checked his hat and coat and followed the head waiter to a small table near hers. He ordered a drink, then leaned back in his chair and began to make a careful study of the guests.

When he reached Cissie's table he bowed perfunctorily, and his gaze moved eagerly on!

"Well, I'll be everlastingly darned!" thought Cissie.

IT was early and Captain Robin soon finished his inventory of the small crowd. His gaze moved slowly back to

Cissie. Not a suspicion! Not even the least glimmer of a question. She was merely the only person present that he knew, so it was natural to watch her. But he still kept a wary eye on the entrance.

It was the first time he had seen Cissie off duty. She was wearing her best frock, a subtle little affair—plain, but distinctly effective, somehow hinting that it had cost a lot. And it had. A whole month's pay, in fact.

By the time the captain's eyes strayed to Cissie the third time he discovered that Miss Paget was a devilishly pretty girl. It was something of a jolt. He had worked with her every day, and now he was actually seeing her for the first time.

Cissie was aware of his scrutiny. A sweet, slightly sick sensation rose in her breast but she kept her eyes resolutely fixed on the table. Suddenly she put up her hand to tuck back a wayward curl that had strayed down on her cheek.

At the sight of the gesture something stirred the captain's memory. He drew his brows together in a frown. Could it be? He gave a mental gasp. Why, it was impossible! He knew who the colonel's guests were; at least, indirectly. And yet—it had been a *masquerade*. She could have slipped in uninvited. He was staggered by the bare idea.

If she had, what daring it must have taken! And what a complete fool she had made of him! His eyes moved to Cissie's face again uncomfortably. Well, he'd have to settle that question right now, or he could never have another easy minute.

He rose abruptly and approached Cissie's table. "May I?" he asked, indicating the vacant chair.

Cissie's smile was nicely done and she replied casually, "Certainly, glad to have you!"

Captain Robin hesitated. He had been almost sure the minute before, but now he paused, uncertain.

"Nice dance last night," he remarked conversationally.

"Dance?" repeated Cissie briskly.

Score One for the captain! He hadn't suggested that she attended it. But with the Nurses' Quarters next door to the dance hall she could hardly profess ignorance! The captain's suspicion deepened and with it came an intolerable memory of the scene in his office the night before. How she must have laughed! White anger crept over him, but he waited. He must be sure.

THE waiter brought their cocktails and left. When Cissie reached for her glass he caught her hand swiftly and turned it over. There, across the little white palm, lay a strip of adhesive tape.

He held her hand steadily. Slowly, inexorably, Cissie felt her gaze being drawn to meet the cold outrage in his eyes. But she gazed back, unflinching.

An interminable silence. He released her hand.

"Miss Paget," he observed coldly, "some sort of explanation is in order."

"Are you speaking officially, or unofficially, Captain Robin?"

"I'm speaking officially, Miss Paget." His tone became impatient. "And I'm waiting."

"Then—" Cissie's voice was low—"let me remind you, Captain Robin, that your demand overreaches your authority. I will make my explanations to-morrow morning—to you, or to the colonel. At present, I'm off duty. I'm here to keep an engagement made at your request."

Another interminable silence.

In the white heat of the captain's anger was a cool spot of admiration for the girl. The poise of her! The impudent verve of her! He leaned back in his chair, floored.

His eyes swept Cissie's face again and he noted, professionally, the rapid beat of the pulse in her throat and the white line around

In the lives of ENGLAND'S women "LYSOL" plays a vital part



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her nostrils. Why, she was scared blue, the
gritty little devil!

Very well, he reflected grimly, why not
play the game through and call for the
reckoning to-morrow? Really, he couldn't
ask for a more poetic justice.

"Miss Paget." He leaned over the table.
Cissie looked up swiftly, struck by the
change in his tone. "You are quite right.
I apologize for my remark. I will make
my request at the proper time. Meanwhile
—I believe you are my guest for the evening.
Pardon my delay; I'll order at once."

He turned his attention to the menu with
malicious satisfaction. He had not missed
the swift flush on Cissie's face, but out-
wardly he was the attentive host.

Cissie reflected: "This is to punish me.
He thinks I'll break down and beg for
mercy."

Aloud she said: "You order, Phil. Any-
thing but cream of potato soup."

"And why not cream of potato soup?"
he couldn't resist asking, as soon as he
caught his breath after that impudent
"Phil".

"When the nurses' ration money gets low
Miss Harris gives us cream of potato soup.
We've had it four times this week."

"Miss Harris," he rebuked her, "is very
efficient."

"So's a steam roller," she observed in-
nocently.

He turned back to the menu to hide the
smile tugging at the corners of his lips.

The orchestra began a humming, thrum-
ming, delightfully barbaric air. Captain
Robin glanced at Cissie quizzically. She
rose and went to his arms.

"Now don't," she murmured against his
shoulder, "be Captain Robin while we
dance. If you must have a title, be the
Surgeon General. It's so much more over-
powering."

He laughed involuntarily and the tense-
ness of his clasp relaxed. She was certainly
game. And she danced like a dryad. Some-
how, with her pliant body in his arms, it
was hard to keep his mind on Miss Paget,
the nurse, who must be punished severely.

It was easier to remember Little Red Riding
Hood.

Again and again his glance strayed to
the curve of her cheek, with the black
lashes resting against it. She didn't talk,
thank Heaven! She gave herself over utterly
to the joy of dancing.

Back at the table again, Cissie ate her
dinner with a relish, while she told him
sprightly anecdotes of Miss Harris. And,
on the theory that there is no profit in
being hanged as a lamb, she further regaled
him with humorous sidelights on the hos-
pital staff, as seen from Cissie Paget's view-
point, which reduced him to chagrined
mirth.

The third dance, Cissie's cheeks were
flushed and her eyes sparkling. Anyone,
looking on, would have thought she was
just a carelessly happy girl keeping a wel-
come date.

Slowly something began to dawn in the
captain's mind. Cissie was happy! To-
morrow morning literally didn't exist for
her. He was at once amazed and exasper-
ated. Here she was, under sentence of exe-
cution, and she wouldn't bother to hunt
up a prayer book until the hangman arrived!
How pleasure-starved she must have been!

AS HE tucked Cissie into his car Captain
Robin was thoughtful. A moment later
they were gliding through the darkness to
El Paso.

What was she thinking, he wondered, as
he studied the shadow of her head beside
him? Would this evening stand out in her
memory as golden and worth the price?
He half wished that he had met Cissie's
gallant spirit with genuine effort on his
own part, since it was over now. He might
enjoy the memory of it himself, if he had.

On the long stretch of road approaching
the hospital he slowed the car. One arm
slid along the seat behind Cissie. She
neither started, nor did she fall on his
bosom. Evidently she hadn't weakened
yet, for she leaned her head back carelessly
and began to hum in soft content.

If she would only give in, he thought.



"To what do you owe your success?"
"Oh, acting—undoubtedly"

If she would only show some sign of the white feather, he might be able to overlook her misconduct—and still save his dignity. The car pulled up beside the Nurses' Quarters. He climbed out and opened the door for Cissie. Softly they tiptoed to the side entrance, and stood for an awkward moment. A slim hand met his in the darkness.

"Good night, Phil." Her voice shook slightly. "It was wonderful—more wonderful than you know." Her lips brushed his cheek swiftly and the door clicked behind her.

By the time Captain Robin had put his car in the garage and reached his quarters he was boiling with outraged masculine dignity. The little minx! He hadn't had the nerve to kiss her, and right at the last play—she trumped his ace! Well, there was one more hand to be played in the morning.

CISSIE reported early for duty the next day. She felt pretty sure that she would find the captain there before her, and he was.

Precise as to uniform, she opened the door and stood before him.

"Captain Robin," she began courageously, "I want to tell you how I happened to be at the colonel's dance Tuesday night."

"Just omit any explanations, Miss Paget," he replied quietly. "The army doesn't deal with motives and causes. It's results we must face—and I'm fully familiar with the results in this case. I have your resignation all filled out and if you will sit down at the desk and sign it, that will be all."

Cissie could feel her face flush, then go deathly pale. So that was it. She was not to have a hearing. No chance to justify her escapade. Oh, it was cruel! He knew that nothing he could have done would hurt so much as this.

It was his game now. She had to play it on his terms, but she could still show him that he couldn't make her cry for quarter. Head up, she walked to the desk, seized the pen and wrote her name at the bottom of the form.

He bent over the desk and blotted it and a curious expression crossed his face. But Cissie couldn't see. Her eyes were blurred.

"One thing more, Miss Paget," he continued softly, as he moved nearer Cissie. "As you are resigning in an irregular manner, I have written some instructions which you will find on the sheet under your resignation. Please read them and act accordingly."

This was too much! Cissie rose from the desk abruptly.

"Captain Robin—" she couldn't look up because of her brimming eyes—"I am no longer under your command. I refuse to take further instructions from you."

She was stumbling toward the door when his hand seized her shoulder and thrust her back in the chair with: "Read that letter!" It started as a command, and ended as a plea.

There was nothing to do but read it. It seemed to be the only way she could escape from that suffocating room. She blinked and drew the sheet toward her.

"Sweetheart," she read with dazed, unbelieving eyes, "I think you are the gamest little idiot I ever saw. Will you meet me at seven this evening for dinner? There are three thousand things I must say to you before I fall in love with you. I am afraid I won't be able to remember them afterward. Phil.

P. S. Don't forget to straighten your cap when you leave the office. I have a feeling it will need it."

Fifteen minutes later a flushed and bright-eyed Cissie stood in the hall outside the captain's office and straightened a very much mussed cap. She would, she decided blissfully, tell the girls all bets were off. What was mere money in her young life—now?

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The Charm School of Achievement

[Continued from page 27]

would snatch her up and whisk her away; and if she walked too close to the buildings a lean and vicious arm would reach out from a dark cellar and drag her down into the underworld, to a fate worse than death. She had been told these things and she believed them.

Charm, yes—she knew about that, without realizing she knew it. But sex certainly had no place in the office.

While Ann herself was a typist, she acted as if she were in a general's drawing room and gave her job all the dignity and consideration she would have given the colonel's lady. And when she was in a position to have a typist of her own, she treated the stenographer as if she were a guest at tea. She was always quiet, dignified and gracious; her success is a profound lesson in deportment.

She was far from passive, however. Her little jaw was set. As grim as a mathematician with a slide rule, and as determined as a steam shovel, Ann had what tennis players call the "tournament temperament". It is a neat way of saying a powerful but ugly word.

A LETTER of introduction brought her to Harry Durant, in charge of the reading department at *Famous Players*, in New York. She saw him after hours one day.

"What do you want to do?" he asked, fearful lest she, a blonde and a young blonde at that, had her eye on a film career.

"I want to be a home reader," she said. "Ever had any experience?" he asked.

"No," she said, "but isn't it just reading books and visualizing them and writing them out in a brief form so that other people can visualize them?"

"Why, yes," said Durant, "that's really all there is to it."

So, along with her other duties, she became what the film industry calls a home reader.

During the day she worked in the insurance office and got permission to stay late and type out the synopses of the books she had read, eight pages of single-spaced copy. She received five dollars for every synopsis, and when the other girls had left the office for a hot dinner or a hot date, Ann sat at her typewriter with her feet propped up on a chair so that the charwomen could mop the floor. It took pluck to do that.

She soon grew discontented as a typist. She felt that vague unrest that all children of success have. She knew she was equal to bigger things, so she found her boss, a friendly woman who gave a kindly ear to her problems, and begged for work in another department. In time she got it, too—in the Welfare Division, where she wrote little booklets on health. Her job consisted of reading lengthy medical dissertations on disease and translating them into words of one syllable.

And then, as if this job and her home reading were not enough, she spent her lunch hour one day looking through the insurance salesmen's magazine, only to discover that it was hopelessly dull. Would it do any harm to inject a little humor into the book? That night she wrote some verses which she called "Georgie, the Germ", in the manner of "Archie, the Cockroach".

The skit was no great piece of art, but it was amusing. What was more, it came to the attention of those higher up and, although Ann did not get on the magazine, she was given a couple of raises which brought her income up to something like \$25 a week.

Strangely enough, it was in those days

that she paved the way for the beautiful speaking voice that brought her to talking pictures. She did a great deal of dictaphone work, but when her letters came back from the typists they were, for the most part, badly done.

There must, Ann decided, be some reason for this, so she went to the room where the dictaphone tubes were transcribed and found that the best typists picked the best tubes. She talked to the girls and found out just exactly what it was they wanted from the person who talked into the machine. Then, in order to get the best stenographers, she set about perfecting her own voice and enunciation.

She little guessed, then, that she was preparing for her work before the microphone.

IN HER own small way Ann had made a success. Inexperienced, unused to the ways of the business world, she had more than mastered her job, but she wanted something more. There was no humor, no excitement, no play in her life; merely work, work, work. The dreary cycle of boarding house (she had, by this time, with the approval of her mother, moved to a working girl's hotel where she got a room and two meals for seven dollars a week) to office and back again.

She needed more, something thrilling, dramatic and daring—a new interest, a look at life. So, one afternoon, she got off early and went down to Greenwich Village. There she presented herself before Jasper Deeter, the guiding genius of the *Provincetown Players*, and destined to become one of the more dominant influences in her life, her guide and counselor.

"I thought," she ventured, "that I might hold a spear or something in a production of yours."

"Well," said he, "sit down and read this part over. If you're good in it, you may have it."

The *Provincetown Players'* performance of "Inheritors" changed Ann's entire career, for immediately after she appeared in it she had four offers from other producers.

She knew that her father would disapprove of a stage career. And he did. For eight years he disowned her, and only recently have they been reconciled. But Ann was a determined little person and she felt that she had the right to lead her own life.

Deep in her heart she was frightened of the theatre. She had been taught that the stage was a den of iniquity from which no girl ever came away unsullied; when she went to managers' offices she always left the door open.

"I used to think sometimes there was something wrong with me," she said later. "I never got insulted."

Ann Harding wouldn't, for she went to the managers as one business man to another. She was offering her talent for sale and she met them as she would have met her boss at the office. She always dressed simply and never wore rouge or powder.

One of the rôles that came to her as a result of "Inheritors" was with Jimmy Gleason, in "Like a King". She was to be a leading lady on Broadway at \$100 a week, a colonel's pay, but as the show wouldn't open until fall she went into stock in Buffalo for the summer.

When she began working with the *Provincetown Players* she gave up her insurance work but still kept the reading job. When she went into stock she had to give that up, too, for all her hours were full.

The actresses had to buy their own clothes from their very meager salaries and several new gowns were required every week. So

at night, after the late performance. Ann sat in her room and made her own costumes!

"Like a King" opened and failed, and Ann went back to stock. It was then that she lost her voice and had to spend every cent she had saved to get it back. She was at last called for the leading rôle in "Tarnish", but after a week she was let out.

Disconsolately, she went to Jasper Deeter for counsel. He told her why she had failed. She had no conception of the part; she did not read it correctly, and, just as a lesson in acting, he coached her. It was merely a gesture, for another girl was to have her rôle. But for some strange, fateful reason, Gilbert Emory, the author, kept turning down all the leading women who were tried out.

Finally, Ann was sent for again. This time she gave a new interpretation of the rôle, thanks to Deeter, and "Tarnish" was her first big Broadway triumph.

FROM there on the story is well known. Passive as she looks, passive as her rôles have been on the screen, she is a doer rather than looker-on. Once a manager tried her out for a part. She read the lines for him. He hummed a bit.

"Well," he said at last, "leave your name and address. I think we should have a brunette for this part and I don't approve of wigs."

"I shan't leave my name and address," she said. "You knew when I read the part that I had light hair. It couldn't change color in half an hour, you know."

She eventually got the part.

"You see," she said, "it's really all a matter of selling; yet I hate the super-salesman—you know, the bright young man or woman who bounds into an office, slaps the employer on the back and gives him an 'I'm your man' look."

"If someone is overanxious to sell you an article you think, 'Maybe there's something wrong with it'. But if the salesman says, 'Now this is very rare and very precious and I rather hate to part with it', you're more interested. It's exactly the same way with selling yourself."

"The only attitude to take is one of 'Well, if I don't get this job I don't care. I'll do something else'—and honestly mean it. Not just assume an attitude of indifference for the effect, but to feel, really, that if this doesn't work out something else will."

"Efficiency and bustle don't get you anywhere in business, and neither does sex; and by business I mean the theatre, too. Just being calmly yourself helps a lot, I think. And, once you have a job, it's a good idea to do just a little more than you're being paid for."

Nor has Ann stopped this practice now that she is in Hollywood. After "Paris Bound", "Her Private Affair" and "Condemned" were finished she was idle for many months. Everybody, it seemed, was looking for a suitable story for her.

"See here," said Ann, "I'll look, too." And she began reading as any reader at the studio would do. She found "Jane Eyre" and amazed the officials by turning in a carefully written, technically correct reader's report and synopsis of the book. It will be her next picture.

She hopes to write scenarios some day. She is going to try it while she has an acting job, against the day when she won't be able to act any more. Meanwhile, she is achieving success in the dual rôle of wife and mother, but that is another story.

Ann Harding's life is woven in neither a bizarre nor inimitable pattern. She is neither more nor less gifted than the average girl. She simply did her job well, used her head, never gave up, did not intrude sex into her business, did more than she was paid for, was honest—those straight blue eyes couldn't be anything but honest—and kept, throughout it all, the charm of a lovely girl.



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Name _____
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address _____

Case No. 1

[Continued from page 25]

especially murder, was reported in the minutest detail to the Chief.

Miss Dawson drew, much to her annoyance, the gruesome business of searching the papers for murders in the metropolitan area—murders in which women were involved—acquainting herself thoroughly with them, saving the clippings and visiting the scene of the crime.

Miss Jennings went over each report as it came in and mentally tabulated the information for use at the proper moment.

The first of the month came and went.

Three days thereafter the Chief sat at her desk flexing the inevitable pen between her fingers, when Jackson entered.

"You put me on a nut this time, Chief."

"What do they think of her at the hotel?"

"Eccentric! My word, that's mild."

"What are her daily habits?"

"Breakfast at twelve sharp. Served in her room. At one she goes out on a shopping—"

"That's enough," Miss Jennings interrupted. "Any change in her actions since the first of the month?"

"And how!" the operative remarked inelegantly. "She's been like the proverbial chicken with its head cut off. I've shadowed her to fifteen palmists, mediums and Hindu fakirs in the last three days. Their names and addresses—"

"Never mind, Jackson." The woman detective picked up a newspaper from the desk and leaned forward eagerly.

"Now get this straight. We're going to work the flower gag on her. At exactly 12:15 tomorrow I want a bunch of white roses delivered to her, wrapped in this newspaper. No marks of identification, mind. Fold the paper this way so that the first thing she sees is this ad staring her in the face."

"I get you, Chief. I'll plant it so she can't miss it. Anything else?"

"Send Miss Dawson in."

THE manager came at once, her hands full of newspaper clippings.

"How are your murders getting along, Miss Dawson? Anything that fits our requirements?"

"Well, there's the case of the woman out at Hollis, Long Island, who shot her lover."

Miss Jennings consulted a list of current moving picture presentations.

"Won't do," she remarked laconically.

"Then there's the woman in the Bronx who stabbed her husband because she thought he was running around with other women. They lived in a little frame house near the lower end of Van Cortlandt Park I was up there yesterday. When the husband came home late one night his wife was waiting for him with the butcher knife. Afterward, of course, she was heartbroken. The police have her in a straightjacket—"

"Wait a minute, Miss Dawson. What's the address?"

When it had been dug out of the clippings the woman detective again consulted her list. Her face brightened.

"Just the thing! There's a neighborhood moving picture house nearby that's showing the very picture I have in mind. What luck! But we'll have to pull it off before the end of the week when the picture closes. Now everything depends upon the ad."

"Anything more I can do, Chief?"

"Well, for the present, Miss Dawson, leave the clippings of the Van Cortlandt murder with me and call the Bronx Home Moving Picture Palace. Find out the exact time the last evening run of the feature begins and if they have a completely equipped ladies' room."

The next day an atmosphere of tense expectancy permeated the luxurious offices of the agency. Miss Jennings sat quietly behind her desk, waiting. Everything was in readiness.

One o'clock came . . . Two . . .

With a sigh of disappointment Miss Jennings settled back in her chair.

Just then the door opened. Miss Dawson slipped inside and closed it behind her carefully.

"She's here!" she whispered in a shaking voice.

"Show her in."

A MOMENT later a well dressed woman came hurriedly into the room. She was obviously a gentlewoman, although there was something hunted about her; she was haggard under her make-up. She began to talk immediately, with the volubility of the chloral addict.

Miss Jennings seemed not to hear and motioned to her assistant.

"Miss Dawson, draw up that comfortable chair for Mrs. Van der Craft." Then, turning to the visitor, "Mrs. Van der Craft, please sit down."

The detective's voice was gentle, her smile encouraging, her manner deferential yet inviting confidence.

"I saw your advertisement," Constance Van der Craft babbled, taking a crumpled bit of paper from her bag. "I thought you might be able to help me."

"That is my business, Mrs. Van der Craft." The woman glanced to where Miss Dawson sat in a corner.

"But this is a personal matter," she said, nervously.

"Miss Dawson is my valued assistant," the detective soothed. "We are only too eager to help you if you will only tell us your difficulty."

Then began a game—the woman speaking rapidly, at times inarticulately, rambling on about an inheritance which was being kept from her unjustly, of a husband who had strangely disappeared, but always craftily evading anything definite.

In the midst of her discourse she called imperatively for a glass of water. When it was brought she took a black bottle from her bag, carefully measured a quantity of dark liquid into the glass and drank it avidly.

Under its influence she became calmer and more lucid. What could the investigator and her assistant do? Could they find out why her inheritance was being withheld? Could they get it for her? She was arrogantly insistent.

Then, as the drug wore off she became pleading, almost servile, playing upon their sympathies. She was a grossly abused woman. She had never harmed anyone, never. Tears came into her eyes.

Another glass of water. Again the black bottle.

"Chloral is a dangerous drug to take, my dear." The detective's voice suddenly grew taut. "Do you carry its antidote—strychnine?"

The woman screamed involuntarily, then sank her teeth into her quivering lip to bite off the sound.

But Miss Jennings appeared not to have noticed.

With shaking hands the woman poured another dose of the drug and drank it at a gulp. Perhaps she had not screamed. The detective sat as though nothing had happened.

The woman sank back relieved.

Miss Jennings rose. Her hand fell lightly, caressingly upon the woman's shoulder.

"I want to help you," she said gently,

"and I think I can. If you will excuse me for a moment Miss Dawson will tell you how we have been of assistance to many people who were being deprived of their just deserts."

She stepped quietly out and closed the door. In the outer office she picked up the telephone and called the private number Elmore Van der Craft had given her. After a brief delay she was connected with the financier himself.

"Mr. Van der Craft, I'm afraid your worst fears are about to be realized . . . No, I do not need you. I want someone Mrs. Van der Craft does not know, but who could recognize her by sight. Someone in whom you have implicit confidence, for if my experiment works I will get some testimony for you to-night that I want one of your trusted agents personally to hear . . . Your confidential secretary? Yes, have her in the lobby of the Bronx Home Moving Picture Palace before ten o'clock this evening. Let her carry a paper bag of candy in her hand so we will know her. When she sees your sister-in-law come in, accompanied by two women, she is to follow and keep her eyes and ears open . . . Yes . . . Good-by."

From then on events moved rapidly, inevitably.

BACK again in the inner office Miss Jennings allowed an audible sigh of relief to escape her.

"I've just succeeded in breaking a dinner engagement, Mrs. Van der Craft," she said with enthusiasm, "and I do hope you can dine with us. I'm so very interested in your case. Perhaps later we can drop in at a movie. Do you like movies?"

"Oh, I love them, Miss Jennings! It seems as though I hadn't been to a theatre or a movie in years. I used to love to go; I could get such a good cry. But I go very seldom now."

Over her bent head the detective and her assistant exchanged glances.

"That's splendid. My car is outside. We'll run out into the country somewhere," Miss Jennings patted the woman's hand reassuringly. "I do so want to help you. Please consider us as your friends, dear."

While Mrs. Van der Craft was busy with the glass and the black bottle, the detective found an opportunity to whisper to her assistant, "I'm going to build this woman up for a confession at the psychological moment. Follow my leads."

A few minutes later Miss Jennings' smart little coupé with its three occupants threaded its way smoothly along Upper Broadway. As they skirted Van Cortlandt Park the traffic became lighter.

Mrs. Van der Craft did most of the talking, the detective keeping her unerringly upon the subject of herself and her troubles, strengthening the bond of sympathy.

By the time they reached Yonkers the summer dusk had settled gently about them. A few miles beyond they stopped at a tiny tea room for dinner. In the candle-lighted room, under the spell of the friendly companionship the detective wore about her, some floodgate in the woman's mind gave way.

She talked constantly, in a steady, endless monotone . . . bits of intimate reminiscences, petty likes and dislikes forgotten for years, fragments of old conversations . . . hovering, dipping, yet never quite alighting on the one thing uppermost in her mind.

As they rose to go, the detective's practised eyes gauged the contents of the little black bottle as the woman prepared a dose of the chloral. "No," she thought, "it won't have to become inadvertently missing. There's just one shot left. Exactly as it should be."

Miss Jennings took a quick calculating look at the illuminated clock on the dashboard and the return ride began.

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Under the influence of the drug Mrs. Van der Craft became quieter.

They rode through the night in silence . . .

THE clock on the dash registered nine-fifteen as they turned into the tree-lined drive leading through Van Cortlandt Park. The night was like a black pit, starless. The headlights threw the trees into grotesque, moving shadows.

"What a weird place this is after dark," the detective said, lowering her voice. "And what a night! This is what we used to call 'a good night for murder!'"

At the word a violent shudder passed through Mrs. Van der Craft.

"I don't like this. Let's get out of here," Miss Jennings exclaimed, turning into a roadway to the left.

But that was no better, for in a few minutes they emerged upon a paved street with a cemetery on one side and the shadowy park on the other.

"Worse and worse!" the detective cried with a fine show of surprise and alarm. "Will we never get away from murders and cemeteries?"

She accelerated the motor and swung off through a series of side streets where the gaunt frames of partially constructed houses stood up eerily in the dark. The woman beside her was trembling violently. A few more turnings and she pulled up before a little solitary frame house that set back half hidden from the road.

"I—I believe I'm lost," Miss Jennings said in a shaking voice.

Constance Van der Craft clutched her arm convulsively.

There was a panicky silence.

"Don't you know where this is?" Miss Dawson suddenly exclaimed, pointing. "That's the house where the wife stabbed her husband with a butcher knife . . . there was blood all over the place."

"Oh, how horrible! The poor thing! What a terrible load to have on her conscience!"

Mrs. Van der Craft slumped back in the seat and covered her face with her hands, a thin wail escaping from between her fingers.

The car leaped away. A succession of swift turns and they were on a brilliantly-lighted boulevard. Directly in front of them flashed a multi-colored sign bearing the legend: *Bronx Home Moving Picture Palace.*

The car came to a stop.

"Let's go in here," Miss Jennings suggested. "A movie will be just the thing after this awful ride."

The woman's acceptance was immediate and eager. The clock on the dash pointed to one minute of ten.

In the lobby they passed the financier's secretary carrying a paper bag in her hand. She caught the detective's quick nod and followed them into the theatre.

Inside, the reason for Constance Van der Craft's willingness to come in became apparent when she sought the ladies' room and took the last dose of chloral in the bottle.

When the three women found seats well forward in the practically empty house, the woman with the paper bag sat down two rows behind.

The feature picture was just beginning. . . .

A COURTROOM scene. A man is on trial for his life. A former suitor of his wife has been murdered. Circumstantial evidence screams his guilt.

In the first row sits his wife in heavy mourning, thin-lipped.

A flashback . . . the dead man's sumptuous bachelor apartment, the door to his

bedroom half open. A woman's voice protesting. A man's—insistent, afire with passion. Sounds of a struggle. A revolver shot. The wife comes through the door, her clothing disarranged, a smoking pistol in her hand.

The courtroom again. The accused before the bar of justice. His wife in the first row, tense, thin-lipped. Will she speak?

The audience in the Bronx moving picture house grew tense under the suspense. Constance Van der Craft, between the two detectives, clenched her hands. A fine mist of clammy perspiration appeared on her face.

On the screen the wife sits forward in her chair.

Will she speak?

The jury files out. The wife still sits tight-lipped.

The jury files back. The foreman rises. "Guilty!"

In the audience, the hands of the woman between the two detectives are rigid on the arms of her seat, her eyes stare at the screen, her body writhes in cadence with that of the woman in the courtroom.

Will the wife speak?

The suspense is maddening.

The wife *must* speak! She is in the witness chair. Words, long held back, burst forth in a veritable flood.

"I am guilty!"

IN THE audience a woman sways forward. Her lips move with the woman's on the screen. The detective grips her arm, bends close to her ear—"What a relief . . . to speak . . . to speak!"

A piercing scream bursts unheeded into the harsh monotony of the canned confession.

In the audience a woman has fainted. Her two companions, assisted by a woman with a paper bag who has risen from a seat behind them, carry her to the ladies' room. An usher stands at the doorway to keep the curious out. A fussy manager bustles up but is waved away.

A woman has fainted, that is all.

But in the ladies' room the closing scene of a real life drama was being enacted.

At full length on a couch lay Constance Van der Craft. Beside her stood the woman detective, bathing the white face with a damp handkerchief. In the background Miss Dawson and the secretary waited.

Constance Van der Craft's eyelids fluttered open. She struggled upright.

Miss Jennings' arm went protectively round her.

"Don't worry, dear. We understand. We know everything." Her voice came in a soothing chant. "It is such a relief. Such a relief to tell someone, to get it off your mind."

"It was that cursed movie," the woman sobbed. "I never meant to tell. Oh, the family—the family name. I never meant to kill him. But the strychnine . . . it was there. And I was afraid, afraid if he recovered he would divorce me. . . ."

Miss Jennings' file contains this brief synopsis:

Van der Craft, Constance M.—poisoning. Motive—fear of divorce and attendant loss of financial support.

Method—strychnine. (Chloral prescribed as sedative accompanied by prescription for its antidote, strychnine. Strychnine poisoning symptoms mistaken for fatal stomach ulcers. Theory confirmed by Dr. Harding.)

Disposition—poisoner adjudged mentally incompetent and committed to an institution, cured of chloral, unaware of events leading to her commitment.

Watch for Case No. 2

Any Girl Can Marry

[Continued from page 17]

marriage is a full-time job for a girl, if she wants to make a success of it; and that it takes grit and perseverance and devotion and the kind of faith that moves mountains.

The spoiled beauty may possess these qualities, but usually her life has not been such as to develop them to any extent.

What, after all, do men want from a woman when they make up their minds to marry? Not just looks and legs, or there wouldn't be an unmarried chorus girl on the face of the earth.

In their wives men look for charm, sympathy and kindness. They pick the sort of girl who makes them feel at home, and wanted. Home, after all, can be the loneliest place in the world for a man unless the woman with whom he shares it convinces him that he is loved, that he is wanted, and that she *does* prefer him to anyone else in the world.

Therefore, any girl who is able to convince a man of these things can always marry, and pick and choose among men at that!

I can never quite understand why girls are so obsessed over mere prettiness. Some of the most awful feminine bores I ever met have been simply wonderful to look at. Good looks do draw men's attention to a girl, but that's all.

There are a million ways of drawing a man's attention to you, even if you don't quite measure up to beauty chorus standard. The simplest and most successful is to seem unaware of his existence—not haughtily but just naturally and convincingly. Nothing will prevent him then from proving that he is on the same earth as you. After that, it's merely a matter of personality whether you hold him or not.

Let no girl who doesn't happen to be a raving beauty develop an inferiority complex. Some of the most famous women in history were far from beautiful. Nell Gwynn, Charles II's favorite, whom he loved so much that his dying words to his brother were "Let not poor Nelly starve!", had only one asset of beauty, her wonderful red hair. But she had a heart of gold.

Again, Lady Hamilton, the love of Lord Nelson's life, probably couldn't have got a job in the films because of her looks, but she fascinated that great man and several others. Also, it is said that Cleopatra herself wasn't exactly beautiful either.

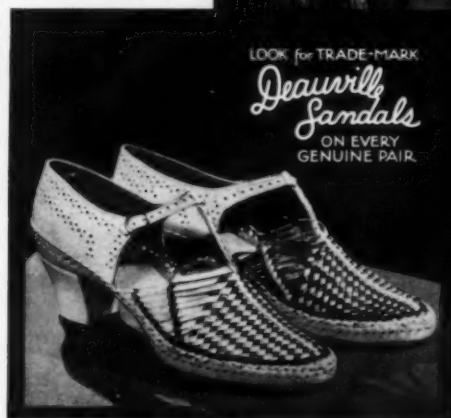
ANY girl can get married if she possesses a charming personality. And the best way to possess a charming personality is to have a heart of gold, like Nell Gwynn.

You see, it's YOU a man loves, and YOU means your character and personality. He loves your lips and your eyes too, but because they're yours, not because of their shape or color alone. Almost certainly somewhere in the world lives a girl with finer eyes or a more perfectly cut mouth, but if she passed by, the man who loves you wouldn't turn away from you. He prefers your eyes and your mouth because they're yours. Don't you see?

Contrary to popular belief, French women are not very good-looking, yet at the same time they have a reputation for charm. The average American girl is infinitely better looking than the average French girl, both in face and figure, but French women take greater pains to be charming.

So, starting, as American girls do, with a natural gift of good looks and vitality, remember that to cultivate personality and charm is all you need, if you aren't at the moment quite so sought after as you wish. And even if you *are*, cultivate personality and charm still more, because charm in a girl is the loveliest quality in the world.

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Polly Pays the Piper

[Continued from page 51]

seemed to irritate him unreasonably. Dr. Alan Trennon was in no merry mood. He was tired and hot with dancing and annoyance; he had had a heavy day, followed by a bad scare, a long ride and an outrageous reception from Polly Holinshed.

He put his hands down hard on her shoulders, and executed a maneuver not unlike shaking.

"You little minx . . ." he muttered. But it was actually as if Polly did not hear him. She leaned a little toward him, clasping her hands against his coat.

"Oh, Alan," she said softly. "Don't you think Rand is wonderful looking?"

"No," said Alan shortly.

Alan Trennon did not think Rand was wonderful looking at all. But Kildare did have a way of attracting women to him without effort—the fascination always attaching to any man thrice married, thrice misunderstood, and thrice divorced. One look out of those long, pale eyes of his, and they came buzzing round him like bees about a honey pot. But that Polly, of all people, should be taken in by him. . . .

She leaned a little closer in the darkness. "Don't you think that white lock is just too fascinating?"

Alan Trennon did not think any such thing.

"He's got green eyes," he said abruptly—to his own surprise.

Polly Holinshed gave him a little playful push.

"You're green yourself with jealousy," she teased him.

Which was, of course, absurd. "Don't be childish," he said sharply.

"I'll try not to be any more," Polly replied as she left him.

And actually that was the last he saw of her that night.

AFTERWARD Alan Trennon was able to discern three distinct stages in that nightmare of a house party.

In the first stage he was angry. He said to himself that Polly couldn't get away with it. He'd stop her. Naturally, all he wanted was to see her happy. But a man like that. . . .

He said it to himself the next morning—after a sleepless night spent in listening for surreptitious movements—when he saw Polly skipping across the lawn before breakfast. She had a tennis racket in her hand, and Rand Kildare, offensively perfect in white flannels, beside her.

Alan flung himself into his clothes anyhow. It did not look like an elopement. Still, you never could tell. Polly would be just the person to run off and get married in short socks, with nothing but a tennis racket for baggage.

They were there all right, though, when he arrived; just changing sides, so that they stopped at the net to greet him.

"Come down to watch us?" Polly asked with a mischievous little twinkle.

"Yes," said Alan. He lighted a cigarette and tried to look nonchalant.

"We'll bear watching all right," said Kildare, with a leer. That was all you could call it—a leer.

Alan ground his cigarette out viciously. "Well, I'm the man that's going to watch you," he said shortly.

Looking at the two of them standing in front of him, Alan wondered again what Polly could see in the creature. She seemed like a little girl, in her short red skirt and sleeveless white jersey.

She had had her hair cut again—"Long hair is getting so common," she'd said laughing—cut high about her ears, with a long

lock down her forehead like a child's. Beside her Rand Kildare looked old and world-weary. There was a too-knowing smile on his red mouth.

"I hope you will enjoy seeing us play," he said, with a politeness intentionally rude. "What is it, Polly? Love all?" He pinched her arm intimately.

"Love all," agreed Polly, with a naughty look sidewise at Alan.

Alan Trennon sat down firmly on a bench, with the air of one who would stay all day, if necessary. He regarded that conversation in the nature of a challenge. It was as if they dared him to stop them if he could. And he took up the challenge.

AFTER that, Alan never let Polly Holinshed out of his sight. If she and Kildare played golf, Alan got Electra Van Dillen to make a foursome; if they swam, Alan burst out of the house in a red candy-striped suit, borrowed and unbecoming, to swim with them; if they went picnicking, and Rand and Polly wandered away together, Alan was always there—"picking flowers," he said, with a look that would have withered the hardiest blossom on its stem.

Even at night Alan did not relax his vigilance—not that there was ever much night left by the time Electra permitted her guests to go to bed. Polly's room was next to Alan's, and he was not above laying his ear to the wall to make sure that she was in. He began to look a little haggard, what with loss of sleep . . . and other things.

In the second stage, Alan was frightened. He ha' not supposed he could be. But now a strange little coldness slid all through him whenever he looked at Polly. At first she had been captious, teasing enough to drive a man distracted. That had been annoying, but not alarming. Now, all of a sudden, she was different.

It was not easy to say where the difference lay, either. It was not that she was less merry; rather as if a kind of fierce gaiety possessed her, so that she did not dare be still. No one could walk so far, nor ride so hard, nor play so many holes of golf as Polly. She took them all on at tennis, one after another, until she came in white-faced and shaking. Alan had never seen Polly tired before. Somehow, underneath all this activity, he sensed that she was not happy.

IT HAD something to do with Rand Kildare, of course. And one night Alan found an explanation. He had gone out to the terrace for a smoke, and there he found Kildare kissing Electra Van Dillen. He was not surprised; Kildare kissed everyone. But he was not kissing Electra with any off-hand friendliness. He had bent her head back across his arm to reach her lips. His hands, grasping, demanding, pressed her body against his.

Polly must have stumbled on some such scene. She was too whole-hearted herself to understand that Rand Kildare could never be any one woman's man.

Alan drew back noiselessly. He found Polly in the garden by the pool—alone. There was a moon that night—a high, white moon that turned the lily pads to silver. Polly, in her honey-colored gown, was like a small, gold figure of despair. She started when she saw Alan.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "I thought it was Rand."

"Won't I do?"

"I suppose you do as well as you can," she said ruefully, laughing a little.

She made a place beside her on the bench, and Alan sat down. He wanted to take her

in his arms and comfort her, as he had when she was a child, but somehow he couldn't. "Look here," he begged her. "Give it up. Let me take you away."

"Away?"
"Home."

"What do I want to go home for?" she asked. She tried to laugh again, playing up gallantly.

"You can see it isn't any use," said Alan, forgetting all tact. "The way things are. . . ."

He felt her stiffen a little. "Things aren't any different from the way they've always been."

"Then you . . . knew?"
She nodded.

"I guess I've always known," she said finally. "But I don't believe just . . . knowing makes much difference, if you're in love. Do you?"

Her voice, that she had tried to keep so steady, broke suddenly, and he saw that she was crying. It was about the most upsetting thing that had ever happened to Alan. Polly was not a crying sort of person.

"Polly!" he cried aghast. "Polly! My dear . . . Don't . . ."

He put his arm about her and drew her to him. When her head lay against his shoulder, he bent down and kissed her on the forehead.

But in the instant that his lips touched her, in that instant she had jerked herself away. Hot, angry color ran into her cheeks and dried the tears there.

"Oh!" she cried. "How can you? How can you!"

For an instant she stood shaking before him. Then she was gone—a quick gold streak that flashed across black lawns.

AFTER that the third stage was upon Alan in no time. There was anger in this stage, as there had been in the first. And fear, as there had been in the second. But there was something else in it, too, that he could not put a name to.

Of course, that kiss there by the pool had been just a friendly gesture. He said as much to Polly the next morning.

"You know I didn't mean a thing by it. . . ."

"Oh, I know that," said Polly.

It did seem, then, as if she might have been a little more—approachable.

Alan was with her whenever he could manage it, trying to gloss over Kildare's defections. But Polly was as ungrateful and provoking a little piece as anyone ever tried to help.

When Rand Kildare dived backward from the diving tower, Polly said it was wonderful. But when Alan climbed up Needle Rock and dived backward from there—though it was much higher, and the water much deeper, and the rocks ever so much rougher—she did not say a word. It was always like that.

Alan went to his room and looked in the mirror to see if he could find the explanation there. He had always taken himself for granted, and let it go at that. Now, remembering Rand Kildare, so excessively well turned out, so dark and dashing and handsome, it struck him all of a sudden that he himself might be subject to improvement.

Accordingly, Alan sent up to town for new tennis shoes, a new bathing suit, three new pairs of knickers, two new sweaters and a dozen ties. But it made no difference. Polly did not notice one of them.

Nevertheless, he was wearing the second of the knicker suits and the eleventh of the ties that afternoon when they went up in the aeroplane.

THERE was a commercial field a few miles away, and anyone with twenty dollars could ride. There was a biplane with two seats and a larger monoplane that

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held four besides the pilot. The girls were all over the planes in no time; fingering the silvered fabric of the wings, surprised that it was not tin, and climbing up on the step to thrust their heads inside.

"That's the stick," said Polly, pointing. She made the pilot, Hendricks, tell her all about banking and rolling and giving 'er the gun, and a lot of other things that Hendricks was only too glad to tell about.

"It must be thrilling to aviate," she said.

"Rather nice," agreed Kildare languidly.

"Makes you feel uppish."

"I always wondered how you got that way," said Alan.

Kildare ignored him. "Of course," he said, "I haven't really done much with flying since the war. Ever fly?" he asked Alan.

"No," said Alan shortly, resolving then and there to get a plane to make his professional calls in.

"Come on, Rand," Polly said. "Let's go."

"Come on, Electra," said Alan.

In the end they all went, in the big monoplane. Polly and Kildare sat in the two seats just to the rear of the pilot's place, with Alan and Electra behind them. Polly was delighted with it all—the earth falling away from underneath, the wind roaring past the windows—

"Only I'd like to drive," she said. "You might give me a lesson, Rand."

Electra was looking a little greenish.

"Better let the pilot do the piloting," she said, then added determinedly: "It's perfect. I feel as if we were alone in the world."

"Oh, it's a good place to be alone in, all right," Kildare agreed. "No curious bystanders." He cast an impudent glance back over his shoulder. "Prettiest way in the world to elope, I always thought."

IT WAS at dawn the next morning that things began to happen. Alan Trennon was awakened from his first uneasy sleep by what he took to be a blacksmith hammering a horseshoe on top of his head. He sprang up, listening—and everything was still.

Presently, however, there was the sound of stealthy footsteps in the hall. A door somewhere opened and closed. Alan scrambled out of bed, and pulled on a pair of shoes and a dinner coat over his pajamas.

Outside, the first light was breaking. The lawn looked cold and white with dew. The gray of the Sound was one with the gray of the sky, and almost as still. There was no movement anywhere. Alan went out into the corridor.

Half way down, he met Electra Van Dillen. Electra was running, a scarlet dressing gown streaming behind, her red hair wild about a wild white face. Her imperious beauty had fallen from her. She seized Alan by the sleeve.

"They've gone!" she cried. "The flying field . . . Rand and Polly. Oh, Alan, bring him back!"

"You bet I'll bring her back," said Alan.

Afterward it was all a mist in his mind, like the gray mist that rose from the lowlands. There was a maddening delay in getting off—the keys to the garage, the keys to the car. He took Electra's Blue Streak, because it was the fastest at Timothy Hill.

It was seven miles to the flying field, and no one could have got there quicker. But when Alan ground the Blue Streak to a standstill beside the hangar, the little two-seated biplane was just rocketing down the field. The wheels wobbled clear of the ground before he could do more than cry out after it. It circled the field twice before it straightened out and headed west.

Alan jerked the car into gear and headed west after it like a streak.

So she had done it after all. . . A man like that. . . Crazy, darling Polly. . . He, Alan, was a fool. . . A fool. . . His very thoughts went out in a roar of motion

ALAN drove without consciousness or volition, crouched over the wheel, his hair laid back flat by the weight of the wind. He did not know that he still wore pajamas and a dinner coat. The top was back, and the wind pounded past his ears. The landscape unwound past him like a scenic film run through too fast.

Gray light. White light. Yellow in the east. Red in the east. The edge of the sun. Downhill. Salt meadows. Uphill. A bridge. A town with a milk wagon. A city with a traffic officer blowing a whistle. A railroad with a train screeching. A rooster that fled at his approach. A cat that fled. People—another town. Farms. Fences. Stone walls. Trees. The road. . The road. . . The road. . .

Suddenly Alan was aware that he could not see the plane any more. Impossible that he had passed, gone under it. He ground on his screaming brakes, while he glanced over one shoulder.

Overhead the biplane, like a silver gull, twinkled in the sun. He heard the roar of its motor, very loud as he killed his own engine. It was behaving strangely, flying low, wobbling and teetering in zig-zags, nosing heavily upward, only to dip lower than before.

And then, while he still watched, suddenly the plane gave a lunge sideways, as if from a blow, staggered, and sat down heavily in the treetops. There was the crash of branches breaking. For an instant it seemed that it would rest there. Then it slid backward, teetered a moment grotesquely on its tail, and lay on a crumpled wing. He saw the door of the cab fly open.

There was a little strangled cry. "Alan! Alan! . . ."

And Alan was out of the car, running, wildly, crashing through underbrush, stumbling, running again. . .

Rand Kildare had Polly in his arms, his face black with passion.

"You did it on purpose, you little imp!" he charged her. "Pulled the stick right over."

"Of course I did," cried Polly struggling.

"Stop. Stop. I say! Alan—Alan. . ."

"Here I am, Polly," called Alan thickly.

Afterward he could not be sure what happened to Rand Kildare. He thought he remembered hitting him. He thought he remembered seeing him limp off down the road.

Anyhow, he was gone, and Alan was holding Polly close—a pale, shaken Polly, her black eyes enormous in a white face. There was an ugly black bruise on her shoulder where the white jersey was torn.

Alan knew now what that third stage was. It was jealousy.

Alan did not kiss Polly tenderly, gently, on the forehead. They were the burning kisses of a lover that he set on Polly's lips.

He kissed the black bruise on her shoulder where the jersey was torn away.

IF ONE is very happy, it is easy to be just.

"But after all, you can't blame Kildare too much," Alan said, "when you promised to elope with him."

"I never promised anything of the kind," said Polly. "He was giving me a piloting lesson and he got fresh. He ought to be ashamed, too, when he's going to marry Electra."

"But you said. . ."

"No, I didn't," Polly objected. "I said if I eloped with him, would you tell my family. I wanted to see . . . if you cared enough . . . to stop me."

All of a sudden Alan had Polly right up in his arms, and he was running with her, back toward the car.

She cried out when she felt her feet leave the ground:

"Alan! Alan! What are you doing?"

"I'm going to tell your family."

"Tell them what?"

"That you're going to elope with me," said Alan Trennon.

Today's Virtue

[Continued from page 45]

Rachel and Doctor Edwards, too, of course.

A little before eleven she went downstairs and Mrs. Downes called her, from the kitchen. Pamela went in and sat on a stool, swifly the elder woman work, deitly, swifly. They talked, or rather Letty Downes talked and Pamela listened. But there were questions, inevitable, though friendly enough.

"Do you feel sick in the mornings? No? My, you're lucky! I was terrible sick my whole time with Buddy. Have you your things ready? There! Is that the door bell? That will be Johnnie—Doctor Lathrop . . ." She wiped her hands on her blue apron and ran. Pamela followed, slowly.

HE WAS standing in the living room. A big young man, with very square shoulders and a shock of rather unruly, reddish brown hair. His eyes were brown and eager and youthful, his mouth rather grave. The hand he held out to her was big and well-shaped. His smile was heart-warming.

"I'm glad you're here," he told her.

She had been so reluctant to meet him—this man to whom she must lie. Yet he must presently stand to her in that uniquely intimate, yet impersonal relationship of physician. She had hated thinking of that. With Dr. Edwards she would have felt no shyness, no reluctance. But this man was young, and a stranger and he believed her to be something she was not.

Yet, meeting him, she forgot much of all that had troubled her. There was something very strong about him.

"We hope you'll be—comfortable here," he said, his eyes on her black gown.

Presently he talked to her about herself. As a patient. She found herself answering, easily, his quiet questions.

"It's not easy to change your doctor," he said. "And no one would be perfectly satisfactory after Uncle Bill. He's—well, one of the best. But I want you to feel that I'm your friend."

She murmured a low "thank you", outraged to feel her eyes fill with tears. Nerves, he thought, watching her; she's a bundle of them. Her condition, of course.

"Uncle Bill wrote me that you wanted to do some work," he said. "If you really do I can give you plenty. I'm trying to do a book." He laughed.

"It would help enormously if you could type the first draft for me. It's the world's worst mess! You can rent a typewriter. I'll tend to that for you and perhaps, this afternoon, you'll come to my office. I live," he told her, "just around the corner."

He held out his hand. Pamela rose and laid her own in it. Something very heartening went from him to her in that quick, firm clasp.

A week later, and she was established, a part of Merton. She knew the nurses in the house, five of them. They had trained in the nearest big city—there was no training school at Merton—but they nursed at the hospital when they could. No small hospital like it, they assured her, and no doctor like John Lathrop.

The school teachers were friendly too. One of them, Janet Bedford, Mrs. Downes told Pamela, had her eye on Johnnie. "Oh, they go together, a bit. But Johnnie's too busy to get married," she assured her guest.

Three weeks later and she had dined at Dr. Lathrop's, as the guest of his aunt, Dr. Edwards' sister. An attractive, alert little person, with clear blue eyes and a quiet voice and a way of putting people at their ease. She liked Pamela the first time she met her.

"Why didn't you tell me she was beauti-

ful?" his aunt asked Lathrop afterward.

"Is she?" he stopped and looked at his aunt, puzzled. "I didn't know it."

"Oh, you!" said Frances Edwards scornfully.

SPRING came to Merton. The hills were green with it, the trees leafed out in delicate fragile jade.

Pamela, working in her big room over the pile of almost illegible manuscripts, would look down on Mrs. Downes' flower borders and peach trees and feel the beauty of the spring returning almost unbearable, a knife in her heart. Spring with Anthony had been so sweet. . . .

"Anthony," wrote Rachel, "hasn't come back yet. No one seems to know where he is."

Well, what did it matter . . . or must it matter so much that in some way Anthony would always come back with the spring?

She was not permitted to work too hard or too long. She was ordered to walk, and she did, sometimes alone, sometimes with one of her fellow-guests. Now and then Dr. Lathrop took her in his little car when he was going to call on someone out in the country.

Gradually a feeling of security came to Pamela. She was forced to show interest, even eagerness, when Mrs. Downes' incessant friendly talk turned on babies, and when Mrs. Downes planned for certain changes in the alcove.

"I'll have it repainted while you're at the hospital," she said. "You're going to stay with us, aren't you . . . till you get your strength back?" And later, wistfully, very sweetly, "There's Buddy's crib, if you care to use it, Mrs. Norris. It's in good condition. It only needs a coat of paint."

Because of all this, Pamela began really to feel the interest and the eagerness that she at first simulated. And so she painted Buddy's crib herself, with careful, slender hands, while Mrs. Downes chattered from the low doorway of the attic.

Security. A measure of peace. Friendship. She looked steadily forward. Spring had gone with the early roses. Summer came in, hot and golden and a riotous mass of bloom. She and John Lathrop had become friends by summer.

They rode out into the country together.

"You're worried. You're not as nervous as you were, but something is troubling you. Is it—your loss? Would you care to talk to me about it?" he asked gently.

"Johnnie," Mrs. Downes had asked him, "don't you think it's funny she don't have a picture of him with her?"

"Perhaps it would hurt her too much," he'd answered.

Now he waited for Pamela to speak.

She said, slowly, "I'd rather not, if you don't mind, Dr. Lathrop."

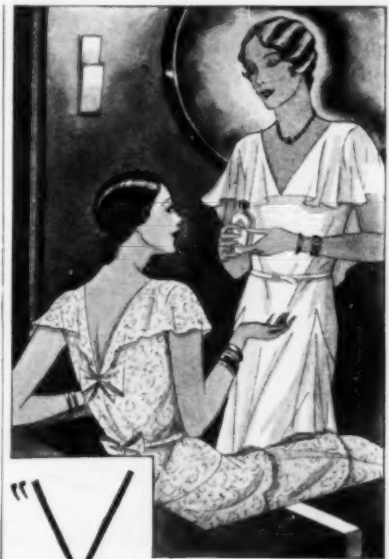
But he had no sense of rebuff from the answer, and that night he wrote his uncle.

"I don't know anything about Norris, of course. But I feel somehow that she wasn't happy with him. I don't know why. Happy women—women who were happy, I mean—generally talk about it, after a time. They have to, somehow. They get something out of remembering. I feel she doesn't want to remember. She's an awfully fine girl, Uncle Bill."

And, back in New York, Edwards read the letter twice.

"I wonder!" he said, aloud. And then, suddenly, "Oh . . . My God, that would be tragic!"

SUMMER. And Rachel writing, "Anthony is back. He's been here. He's



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driven me mad, trying to find your address."

But she could forget Anthony a little. He, too, had vanished again with spring. Rachel, New York, even Edwards seemed far away. As her time approached she grew lethargic, wrapped about in a strange sense of time standing still, of drifting... And then, one afternoon, Dr. Lathrop took her to the hospital on the hill. There was a small white room, with two of the nurses she knew best. There were the inevitable preparations. There was a man she knew and yet did not know. Quiet, professional, terribly gentle. There was pain. A little exciting at first. Pain she laughed at.

"It isn't so bad," she told the day nurse, Margaret Douglas.

But the afternoon was long; and the night was longer. Margaret had gone off duty and Mrs. Merritt had taken her place. She had quiet, strong hands. Good to hold on to.

The room to which they took her was white. There was a great white light beating down on her from the ceiling. An enormous clock.

There were people in the room and a subdued, dream-like hurry and bustle, to and fro. There were voices. And above all, there was pain. Tearing. Exhausting. "I'm so tired, Dr. Lathrop," she said.

Now another woman sat beside her and told her to breathe deeply. She went under; there was no pain. She struggled back again and the pain met her on the threshold. The clock ticked. It said something to her. It was something out of an old melodrama, or out of a book; she wasn't sure.

The clock ticked solemnly... *the wages of sin... the wages of sin...* Theatrical... but true. True, ticked the clock. She said, very clearly... "I have paid, haven't I? I am paying, now."

Lathrop's hand was on hers. She could see his face, out of the mist which hovered about that beating white light. He said, "Steady! You're a brave girl."

She didn't scream. She had no right to scream. Other women could scream, could beat their hands and beg for help, for sympathy. Not she. She clenched her teeth. She thought of fields, furrowed by the plough. She whispered, "My back... my back!" and then... "I'm so tired... Oh, God," said Pamela, "so terribly tired."

Lathrop's face was the color of his operating room gown. He said, presently, very harshly, "Here, Miss Mathews... hurry... Put her under."

Peace... after struggle... and a dreamless wonder.

Waking, she heard the thin, restless, rebellious cry. Waking, she looked up at Lathrop's face bent over her.

"It is over," he said, and his voice shook a little. "A boy," he told her.

There were tears on her face. She closed her eyes again and heard through her dream the muted voices, the footsteps, the cry...

A boy. Her son. Nameless.

LATER, when she was back in her room, they brought him to her. "Seven pounds," said Margaret Douglas proudly. She pushed aside the little cowl of blue blanketing. Rachel's blue blanket.

Reality—in a blue blanket. The little face was red, wrinkled. The small mouth opened. Pamela's son yawned a little, bored at life as he found it.

"What color," asked Pamela, "are his eyes?"

Her voice sounded strange to herself. Margaret said, briskly,

"Blue, of course, like yours."

"Baby's eyes change," she found herself arguing. They mustn't, she thought desperately, be gray—gray as storm, as steel...

For a minute Margaret gave the warm breathing bundle into her unaccustomed arms. She'd never held a baby before...

She held her son, closely. Because of all

she must mean to him, because of all she meant to do for him, her clasp was tight, almost savage. The baby stirred, whimpered. Margaret bent to lift him.

Later, when Dr. Lathrop came in again "She's been crying," said Margaret.

He nodded. It wouldn't, he thought, hurt her to cry a little. And it might ease her.

He had telegraphed his uncle. And Edwards, waiting until Rachel returned from work, phoned her. "Can you come to my office, Miss James?"

When she was there, he told her briefly. "A boy. Everything's all right. Don't worry about her."

Rachel's gay little face was subdued. Her eyes were misty. She echoed, "A boy. Pamela's."

"Pamela's," he agreed gravely. They looked at each other a moment in silence. So very much Pamela's.

SO MUCH her own. Pamela knew this, after a few days at the hospital, when her door open for the breeze, she heard another woman being taken into the delivery room, heard her come out again; saw, during the interval, the agitated figure of her husband pacing the wide porch just beyond her own room. A very young husband. A very young wife. Their first child.

Somehow that got through the armor she was building up about her heart.

"What," asked Mrs. Downes, coming to see her, laden with garden flowers and home-made jelly and chicken broth, "what are you going to name him? Do you know?"

"No—" said Pamela faintly.

Lathrop, stopping in on her eighth day, asked too.

"I'd like," said Pamela, with a sudden resolve, "to name him after... Dr. Edwards—William Edwards—" she paused—"Norris."

"That's great!" Lathrop smiled down at her. "He'll be tickled to death. But he can't be godfather. I want to, may I?"

"Of course you may," she said, flushing.

"His father's first name," asked Lathrop, "for the records?"

"George," she said, quite at random. The flush deepened and spread; faded to white.

Lathrop said, gently, "I'm sorry to bother you. You see, we hadn't it in the history room. All very irregular, but somehow, we slipped up on it. And your maiden name?"

He asked.

The question came so suddenly that she answered, quickly, unthinkingly,

"Pamela Norris..." and then was quite still, shrinking back against the pillows.

"Norris?" repeated Lathrop, puzzled. She answered steadily.

"I married my cousin, Dr. Lathrop."

"I see." He frowned, abstractedly; he didn't approve of cousins marrying. He made a note or two on the pad he carried and bent over the baby once more.

When he had gone, when Margaret had taken the baby back to the nursery, Pamela put her hand under the pillow and took out a letter from Rachel.

"I was so excited," she read, "coming out of Dr. Edwards' that I bumped into Anthony. He stood there on the street and made a scene. Where were you? He wanted to know. What was I doing at Edwards'?"

He bet I knew something and Edwards, too. He'd go in and demand the truth. He had a right to know, he said.

"Later, of course, I got hold of the doctor by telephone. He didn't say much, just that he'd gotten rid of 'our young friend' who seemed a bit importunate. Pamela, he'll turn things upside down to find you. What do you plan to do?"

Pamela didn't know. She couldn't go back to New York. She would have to stay on at Mrs. Downes' until she grew strong, until she could determine where to go.

But, in a sense, it was determined for her.

Back at Letty's, the alcove shining with clean new paint and Buddy's crib occupied, with the garden just the place for Bill and the second-hand carriage she had bought, she came back to health and strength and to an amazing beauty.

SHE went one night to Lathrop's for dinner. Bill was left, between feedings, in Mrs. Downes' care. Dinner was early; there were just the three of them there, and after the meal was over Miss Edwards settled her brother and his guest on the great veranda and left them alone.

Lathrop knocked the ashes from his pipe against the porch rail, refilled it, jamming the tobacco down with a firm thumb, and set a match to it. The match flared for a split-second and Pamela saw his young brown eyes and the fine lines of his face, the sweetness and strength of his mouth.

He asked, concerned and friendly, "What are your plans for the future, Mrs. Norris?"

"I don't know. I—I don't want to return to New York."

There was a short silence and then she said, "But I must make my home somewhere, some place where Bill can be happy and healthy and cared for. I'll have to find work, you know."

She sighed involuntarily.

Lathrop said, a little self-conscious, "Why not stay on here? You like it—"

"I love it," she said quickly, "but—"

"It's the 'but' I want to speak to you about," he went on, and laughed. "This book of mine. You've done wonders with it, grammar and all. Could you stay on, as my secretary? Doctors may have ideas for books, but few of us know how to put them into readable English."

"You could work here, in the room off the office. Bill will be all right with Mrs. Downes, or if you care to bring him here, and not have the bother of going back to the house, you can park him on the side porch. Aunt Frances would love that, you know. In fact, I doubt if you'll ever get him away from her."

"I'm doing," he said, "awfully well. With the hospital and all. And I've a big practice. Later, I'm going to specialize and cut down on the outside practice a bit. But not just yet. How does it strike you, Mrs. Norris?" he asked her. "I could afford to pay you forty a week. Would that be enough? Would you like to take the job?"

TO STAY in Merton—with the people she had come to care for! Not to have to struggle and battle. To live there the rest of her life, watching Bill grow up, strong and healthy and laughing. She said, very unsteadily,

"I—I'd love it. I can't thank you enough, Dr. Lathrop."

"This," he suggested laughingly, amazed at his own relief, amazed at the tension which had preceded it, waiting her answer, "this is a small town. No formalities, you know! John's a nice, workable sort of name. You'll stay then? Good. You don't know what a help you've been to me."

"If you really want me—" she began, but he interrupted her with a sort of shout, very boyish, very engaging.

"Want you! But I can't do without you, Pamela!" he said.

There was a brief silence. Startled. Strange. In the faint light from the house their eyes met, for a second. Met in a sort of dim, trembling recognition. Undreamed of, but half guessed at, yet waiting there until full knowledge dawned.

Pamela's heart turned over within her.

"Not that," she cried out, silently. "Not that!"

It was incredible! It must not be! In the nature of things it could not be permitted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Prophecies for Petters

[Continued from page 77]

of cards is used and dealt only to the bride and groom.

The significance of the cards as they are dealt, first to the bride, then alternately to each in turn, is as follows:

The first Jack to fall to the bride after a heart has been dealt her, indicates the entrance of a triangle in her life. The man will be blond if it is a heart or diamond, otherwise he is dark. The arrival of the triangle problem is indicated by the number of cards intervening between the heart and the appearance of the Jack; each card denotes a month. For the groom, the first Queen to appear after a heart shows when his triangle begins, and whether blonde or brunette.

When an ace is dealt to either bride or groom, that indicates the end of the first year. The next spot card dealt to either bride or groom denotes the number of children that may be expected.

If the groom is dealt a club before a heart, it shows the bride is due for rough treatment. If the bride is dealt diamonds before hearts it shows that the groom will have to make a pile of jack to keep her.

Additional significant card readings are given in the box on page 77.

INASMUCH as it is considered impossible, or at least bad form to be in love and not write poetry, the simple game of Poetic

License solves the problem for the prosaic lover.

The writing of the Nuptial Ode is in the nature of a contest.

Take a word that has obvious possibilities, like "flustered". There must be eight lines in each poem. One of the lines must end in "flustered", three lines must end in a rhyme for it—say, "mustered", "custard", or even "fust word" (that is where the poet gets his license), and the other four lines may rhyme any way at all to suit the poet's fancy.

When all are done, each presents his poem—on bended knee—to the bride-elect. A vote is taken as to which is the wittiest poem—in case of a tie the bride decides—and the winner is crowned Poet Laureate for the evening.

Although many girls these days do not attempt a formal wedding but prefer to be married quietly—and save the money for something more permanent—nevertheless, the big church wedding and all it implies still has an irresistible appeal.

Therefore, the Service offering this month concerns weddings. Suggestions that may be useful in planning a well-run wedding will be sent on request if you write to Mr. Longstreth, care of SMART SET, 221 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.

THE \$25 prize for the best poem submitted in the Valentine Contest conducted by Mr. Longstreth in February, has been awarded to Miss Phyllis Gleichman, of Madison, Wisconsin.

We take pleasure in publishing her poem:

Valentine

To a Come-Hither Lady

SOMETIMES I think that you're
divine,
Your glances are to me like
wine,
You have a devastating line—
Oh, how I'd like to call you mine!

Perhaps, when I've a crooked
spine,
And spend my days in bed—
supine,
My coarser instincts I'll refine
And never act so assinine.

And yet, though toward you I
incline,
I really can't seem to confine
My glances to one gal's outline.
I still am under twenty-nine!

From complications I'll untwine,
On dangerous fruit I'll never dine;
Just taste the drippings from the
vine
Where many slender tendrils
twine.

So, sweet lady, do not whine,
If selfish plans don't seem so fine.
Joy meets with grief as I decline
To let our foolish hearts entwine.

Manhattan Nights

[Continued from page 82]

know. It won't be long now," he added.

They stopped outside the house in which Ross lived. This time Charley nodded to Peter, who paid the driver off. He looked around for Charley, who was talking to an inconspicuous-looking bystander—a plain-clothesman, evidently.

"All right, come on," said Charley. "He's upstairs."

NOW, once more, Peter saw Charley in action. He rang the bell; stood waiting, obscuring Peter with his vast bulk.

"You Ross?" he said, when the door was opened—by Evan Ross himself, Peter saw. "Sure you are. I know you—and you're gonna know me, before I'm through with you." He showed his shield again. "Detective Sergeant Mitchell. On the Thayer case."

"Well?" said Ross. He recognized Peter. "Oh, hello, Wayne! Come on in. I'll be with you as soon as I get rid of this detective."

"Maybe," said Charley. "That's up to me, fella."

"What do you want?" said Ross, almost truculently. "I've seen Inspector Connolly and Mr. Barclay to-day, and they told me I wouldn't be bothered again."

"Yeah?" They were inside, by now. "You don't want to believe everything you hear, fella."

Peter hadn't seen Ross since he and Martha had come into Sanborn's on the night of the murder. Ross looked bad.

"Thought you'd pulled a fast one, didn't you, huh? Thought you'd got away with—murder—because the Chief and the D. A. acted like they was swallowin' the line you was handin' out?"

"I don't know what you mean, Sergeant," said Ross. His voice was steady enough, but his eyes were wandering.

"The hell you don't! I'm wise, fella—I'm wise." Charley's hand went, with a sudden movement, to his pocket; he drew out the automatic he had found in the pent-house. "Ever see this before?"

"No!"

"That's what you say! Suppose I told you it had had your fingerprints all over it?"

"I'd say it was a damned lie!"

"You would, would you? All right. Leave that lay—for now. Where was you Tuesday night—Wednesday morning, if you want to be fussy—between two-twenty, when you left Sanborn's, and three-twenty, when you got back there?"

"I've already told Inspector Connolly—"

"Hey, fella, I don't care what you told who! I'm askin' you—see? Come clean!"

"I—I was with a lady—" He looked at Peter apologetically. "With a Miss Zeit-zoff—"

"Yeah? Well—I'll say that's a damned lie!"

"Then why the devil are you asking me, if you know so much?"

That was pure bravado, and Peter knew it. Panic had taken hold of Ross.

"I'm givin' you your last chance to come clean—that's why," said Charley.

Something about Charley's manner puzzled Peter now. He had changed again; his voice was gentler, almost tolerant.

"You're a poor sort of man, Ross—I'll say you are! But you must have some guts! You know the whole frame—you've known it for a day and a night at least! Once more his voice was full of contempt.

"Shut up! Get out! I don't know what you're talking about—" Ross shouted.

"You know, all right, fella—you know. But I can't make you talk if you won't. Have it your own way. Come on, Pete. He

can stew in his own juice for all of me!"

IN THE hall, as they waited for the elevator, Charley turned his cigar over thoughtfully.

"Well—that's another good hunch gone wrong!" he said philosophically.

"What do you mean?" said Peter. "Haven't you got anything on him? Was that all—a bluff?"

"I got plenty on him," said Charley. "No, that wasn't any part of a bluff, Pete. Only—they's others he's worse scared of than he is of me. That's the trouble with Ross."

"What are you going to do now?" said Peter, in the elevator.

Charley didn't answer him until they were outside.

"Slow up a bit, I guess," he said. "This Ross is scared pretty bad, Pete. I'd like him to come across—I sure would."

"But you said you knew already what he could tell you?"

"Sure I know it. But one of the things you learn first off in this racket, Pete, is that they's a lot of difference between what you *know* and what you can *prove*. Wait."

He went off and talked for a minute, in a low tone, to the detective stationed outside the house. He came back, scowling.

"Let's get a cab," he said. Peter hailed the first one that came along.

"I want to go to some police station," said Charley.

"East Fifty-first?" suggested the driver.

"Naw. Wait a minute. Go south." He leaned back, frowning; then his face cleared. "I got it," he said, and tapped on the window. "Mercer Street," he ordered.

THEY went into the sombre station house, surrounded by loft buildings that were dark and quiet. The Sergeant behind the desk looked up as they entered.

"Lo, Charley," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"My hat," said Charley. "Shake hands with my friend Mr. Smith, Sergeant Greene. I want to shoot off a gat, Tom. Mind if I spoil some pillows upstairs?"

"Help yourself," said Greene.

Charley led the way upstairs to the long dormitory—empty at that hour. There he busied himself collecting pillows from various cots, piled them up, and then, taking deliberate aim, fired the automatic he had found in the Thayer fireplace safe at them. Then, very carefully, he hunted among the mutilated pillows until he found the bullet.

"I suppose you know what you're doing," said Peter.

"I got an idea I do, Pete. Gawd knows I may be wrong—but I think I know what I'm doing this time. All right—let's go."

"Where to now?" asked Peter.

Charley chuckled.

"Well, here's where I got to take a chance. We're goin' down toward Headquarters, an' you're goin' to wait right in the cab till I get back. I don't want you trailin' in there along with me."

So, again, Peter had to play a waiting game. He was helpless.

Charley came back in less than half an hour. He was smiling; the look of the predatory animal was gone—for the moment, anyway—from his eyes and mouth. He was actually singing.

"Oh, boy, I'm lucky, I'll say I'm lucky! This is my lucky day!" Charley was crooning. "When'd you eat last, Pete?"

"Breakfast," said Peter, and realized, rather to his disgust, that he was hungry.

"Same here," said Charley. "You buyin' dinner?"

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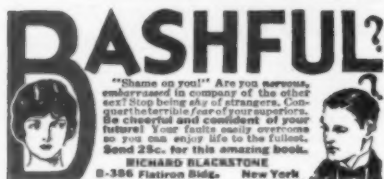


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"If you like," said Peter. "Where shall we go?"

It seemed to Peter that even Martha, in her most finicky mood, had never been harder to please in the matter of choosing a restaurant. But there was a reason for Charley's fastidiousness. He wanted to avoid all places where policemen and newspapermen might be expected to appear. He settled, finally, on Billy the Oysterman's.

Peter had a silly, young feeling that he was being disloyal to Martha as he thoroughly enjoyed his dinner. But he knew that if anyone could tempt Martha to eat this night it would be Manuel, and there was a certain satisfaction in the thought that she had found shelter in his rooms.

His own appetite was quickly satisfied. Not so Charley's. But finally even he sat back, replete, and lighted one of his inevitable cigars.

"Easy does it, Pete," he said. "There's a chance—I'll tell you that much. But it's touch and go." He looked at his watch. "Time we was movin' on, though."

THEY drove back to Ross's apartment house. But this time they didn't go inside. Charley, leaning from the window of the cab, gave a peculiar whistle, and a dark figure emerged from the shadows. This, Peter saw, was not the man who had been on duty before dinner. He heard sibilant whispers.

"Madison and Fifty-fourth," said Charley then; and, when they reached that corner, "All right, Pete—come along!"

Half way toward Park Avenue Peter saw one of the lurking figures he had now learned to look for everywhere. This was the man who had, earlier, been waiting at Ross's door. At the same moment he uttered an exclamation.

"Hold it," said Charley, and spoke to the other detective.

"Well?" he said, turning back to Peter. "Nothing—except—Dr. Zahn has an apartment in here."

"Yeah. That's where Ross is. This bird trailed him here and telephoned word back to the guy that relieved him over at Ross's house. Surprised?"

"Why—no—not specially. I remember now Mrs. Thayer's telling me that Ross was a patient of Zahn's."

"Yeah? Where's he get the jack to pay that guy's fees, I wonder? Well, I guess he's in good hands for the time bein'. Swell night, ain't it, Pete? Let's drive around the park."

"Oh, for God's sake, Charley! What's the idea?"

"Simple enough, Pete. So's we won't get to a certain place too early."

So Peter drove twice around Central Park, and listened to Charley's reminiscences of fifteen years on the force. Then, as the cab moved down toward the glowing electric signs that marked the midtown skyline, Charley looked at his watch again and tapped on the window.

"Down Fifth to Forty-ninth—then go west till I tell you to stop," he ordered. "And take it easy, bo. I'm sort of lookin' for a friend."

As they turned out of the park Charley half rose, and leaned forward.

"Change places, Pete," he said. "I want to be next the curb."

The cab moved along, jerkily, keeping close to the curb. Charley leaned out; he seemed to be looking at the lighted shop windows. Suddenly he spoke sharply to the driver.

"Pull up—stop here a minute," he said.

He had wrenched the door open and dropped to the street before the cab had stopped. Peter, looking out, saw him, now, go over and accost a tall man, no older than Peter himself, who seemed to be strolling aimlessly along, dinner jacket and white shirt showing through his unbuttoned

overcoat. Charley spoke earnestly for a moment; the other nodded, then turned back to the cab, following Charley inside. "Meet Officer Purdy, Mr. Wayne," said Charley.

STOPPING and starting, still crawling, their cab turned west at last. The traffic lights stopped them at Sixth Avenue; halfway to Broadway Charley tapped on the window again.

"All right. Here we are. Pay this guy off, Pete. Next stop, Heaven—or the other place!"

They walked along and stopped at the door of one of those brownstone houses in the forties, the upper floors of which have been cut up into flats that give transient shelter to Broadway's birds of passage. Charley took a key from his pocket and opened the door.

Peter, utterly mystified, was conscious of chilly fingers traveling up his spine.

"Quiet, now," said Charley. "Go easy on the stairs—put your toes down first, and if you hit a loose step skip it."

He led the way; Peter and the other detective followed. It was astonishing to find how light of foot the big detective was. On the topmost landing he paused to listen, tiptoed to each of two doors, and bent an ear attentively at each keyhole.

"Nobody home, I guess," he said.

He reached up and drew down the ladder that led to a skylight and so to the roof. Peter, too excited to be thinking, followed. They crossed the roof, stepped across a low parapet, and down to the roof of the corresponding house on Forty-eighth Street. Now their procedure was reversed, until they found themselves on the top landing. But Charley did not go down the stairs.

Instead, he took another key from his pocket and opened the door of the front flat—the one whose windows must face the street.

The room was musty; both windows were closed, and a flat, stale smell hung in the air.

Charley led the way into a smaller room. He took a third key from his pocket and opened a closet door. But his flashlight illumined not what Peter had expected to see—a row of empty pegs—but the head of a narrow flight of stairs.

"Got you!" said Purdy, enlightened. "Getaway, eh? Very neat. Gambling house, was it?"

"Ask a cop!" said Charley. "Come on—and if you was quiet before make it double or quits now!"

THEY crept down the stairs, Charley in the lead, with only an occasional flicker of his torch, until they came to a solid steel door that gleamed in the faint light like the wall of a bank vault. No key unlocked this, but a series of heavy bolts that had evidently been oiled recently, so smoothly and silently did they move under Charley's fingers.

The steel door swung open, and now Peter could see a faint glow through a thin partition. He could do more than see; he could hear as well—hear low voices, one of which was provokingly, elusively, familiar.

Presently all sound beyond the partition ceased. An then, just as it seemed to Peter that he couldn't endure the tension another moment, Charley's hand moved, the last bolt was slipped back, and they stepped into a room that Peter knew—a room in which he himself had been not twenty-four hours earlier. The room in which Benny had threatened to betray Martha to Connolly unless he got five thousand dollars!

"Know where you are, now, Pete?" whispered Charley. "So Benny wanted five grand to-night, did he? Now—listen!"

"We're goin' right out that door. I gotta word to say to Benny. Dan—you head for the bar. Make out it's a liquor raid—see? You stick to Dan, Pete. If Ross or Zahn

are in there, tip Dan off—I want to see them both. All set? Let's go!"

He flung open the door. Peter caught a glimpse of Benny's face, suddenly gone white with fear and amazement. He laughed, hysterically, as he saw Betty Rogers and Jimmy Bronson just stepping out of the elevator. Purdy slipped past him; he heard his pleasant voice, in the bar.

"Quiet, please, ladies and gentlemen. I'm a police officer. This place is being raided, but none of the patrons will be molested. Bartender—stay where you are!"

Peter tore himself away from the sight of Benny standing, hands in the air, before Charley. He pushed past Betty, who clutched at him, to Purdy's side. Zahn and Ross were in the far corner of the bar.

"There they are—those two!" he said. "See—at the table by the mirror!"

"Right—I see them," said Purdy.

ONLY seconds had passed, though they seemed like endless minutes to Peter, since he had taken his eyes from Charley and Benny. Their postures were unchanged, and as Peter crowded up, close to Charley, he heard him speaking in his softest voice.

"Midnight yet, Benny?" he was asking.

"What the hell is this—a pinch, Mitchell?" said Benny.

"You're right it's a pinch," said Charley.

"All right—get on with it. You know what's comin' to you, don't you? You know who I stand in with, don't you?"

"For sellin' liquor, Benny—sure I know. But it don't cover murder."

And, again, with triumph filling his voice:

"What time is it, Benny?"

"How the hell do I know what time it is?"

"You got a watch, ain't you, Benny?"

Skillfully his hands slipped over Benny. Only it was not a watch that he brought up first, but a pistol—own brother, by its looks, of the one that had killed Tack Thayer.

"Buy 'em by the dozen, do you, Benny?"

"Think you're funny, don't you?"

"I've seen guys pullin' down heavy jack that never cracked a joke as good as this, Benny. All right—put 'em down. An'—

what time is it, Benny?"

"Oh, for God's sake—" Benny snatched a watch from his pocket. "Twelve—ten—and be damned to you!"

"I think that watch runs slow, Benny. I think you got a better watch than that. Come clean!"

And now, for the first time, there was real terror, Peter saw, in the Italian's eyes. He made the movement of a cornered animal.

"No, you don't!" said Charley. Once more his hand plucked at Benny's pockets. And this time it came out with a thin, white watch.

Peter cried out, "That's Tack Thayer's watch!"

Peter heard something click. Benny was standing, staring stupidly at his handcuffed wrists.

"Benjamin Rufano—" Peter heard a new note in Charley's voice. "I arrest you for the murder of Tasker Thayer!"

PETER waited in the bar. Zach, negligent, indifferent, leaned across the counter; two uniformed policemen blocked the doorway. Peter had a confused impression of people behind them. Meyer Zahn and Ross were back at Zahn's table; Purdy, watchful but with an air of easy unconcern, stood near them.

"May I ask why I am being detained?" Zahn asked, silkily.

"Sergeant Mitchell wants to talk to you, Doctor," said Purdy. "He will be here in a minute or two, I think."

Peter knew what Charley was doing. "Go in with Purdy," he had said. "I'm going to sweat this wop alone for a bit. Hold it, Pete—we're in the home stretch now."

The policemen in the doorway moved. Charley came in.

"Ross!" he said. "Know what's happened? Know that Benny's under arrest for killin' Thayer?"

"Murder?" said Ross, slowly. "You—you mean you've arrested Benny—you mean he killed Tack?"

"You know damned well he did! Just like you knew he was tryin' to frame Thayer's wife to save his own rotten hide!"

"I don't!" Ross cried. "I swear I didn't! I—"

"You lie, you rat! Where was you after you left Sanborn's? When you said you was with Sunya Zeitsoff!" Mitchell swung around, suddenly. "Where was he, Doc? You answer for him! Where was he—huh?"

"My dear man, how should I know?"

"O.K. How about it, Ross?"

Ross was trying to speak, Peter thought. But, before he could, Mitchell was talking again.

"I'll tell you!" he said. "You was in such and such a house—telling what you'd been sent to find out! Tellin' where Thayer was—telling where his wife was—givin' a time table!"

"Yes—yes—"

"Ross!" Zahn's voice rang out, clear, sharp, compelling. It silenced Ross for a second; he turned his hunted eyes on Zahn.

"Damn you—I won't keep quiet!" Ross cried. His voice, as he turned back to Charley, was desperate. "I didn't know! I swear I didn't! Murder—my God, no! You've got to believe me! I'll tell you anything you want! Zahn—he had me—he knew something about me—was going to give me away . . ."

"Hold it!" Charley's voice stopped the rush of Ross's words. "That's all I want from you! You had your chance—too late to talk to me now. You can tell it to the D. A., if he'll let you."

ONE of the patrolmen from the hall came in.

"You take this bird along—hold him downstairs till I come."

"Right, Sarge." His hand fell on Ross's shoulder.

"There is a charge against Mr. Ross, then?" Zahn's voice was as silky as ever.

"Sure. Sure," said Charley. "Conspiracy—for now." He leaned forward. Once again Peter heard a click. And then Zahn, amazed, outraged, was staring down at his own handcuffed wrists. "How about yourself, Doc? Interested in the charge against you?"

"Against me?" Zahn had recovered the poise that, for a moment, he had lost.

"Meyer Zahn, I'm puttin' you under arrest as an accessory before and after the fact in the murder of Tasker Thayer. Anything you say may be used against you."

"I shall say nothing here—naturally," said Zahn. "The charge is obviously absurd." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Best way to take it," Charley agreed, his voice full of scorn. "You're a doctor—a big man, like you say. You was makin' your fifty grand a year—clean enough money, I guess. But that wasn't enough for you."

"No. You soaked in all your women patients told you about themselves and their husbands and their boy friends—and passed it on to the scum that did your blackmailin' for you! And when you found one that was decent you tried to get her in wrong—like when you set this Ross here on to makin' love to—oh, hell, never mind that! We knew what was goin' on—oh, we been on your trail a long time, Doc!"

"Really—this is edifying!" said Zahn. "A lecture on ethics from a New York policeman!"

"Yeah—that's right. That gives you a laugh, don't it, Doc? You pick a rat like Ross to work for you because you've got somethin' on him—and you ain't got sense enough to see you're givin' him twice as much on you. And you use a sap like



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Benny for a collector—who's so dumb he takes a watch off a guy after croakin' him and keeps it in his own pocket for me to find!"

Now, for the first time, Zahn flinched. Peter saw a look of venomous hate in his eyes—but he saw fear, too. A policeman came in.

"The wagon's downstairs, Sarge," he said. "All right," said Charley. "Take the doc here with you. Take the three of them over to the house—I'm sick of the sight of them."

ZAHN, quiet, unresisting, let himself be led out to the elevator. Zach, looking bored, followed. Charley sank into a chair, wearily.

"Very nice," said Purdy. "Benny came through, did he?"

"I'll tell the world!" said Charley. "He's going to burn, and he knows it—and he don't want to go alone. Pete, you better beat it. Your sister down at your place, is she?"

"I suppose so," said Peter. "Look here—do you think I know what it all means? Because I don't!"

"Oh—want me to spell it out for you? The doc was usin' what he found out for blackmail. Benny was one of his collectors; we'll get the others. He had Ross sewn up, and he used him to start somethin' like he tried to with Mrs. Thayer. Only she was straight, as it happened—and, besides, Ross fell for this Zeitzoff woman and had to do some two-timin' on his own account.

"They tried to work the Thayers both ways. Benny was gettin' all he could from the madam to cover up that check business—and at the same time he was workin' Thayer on account of Ross and the madam.

Only Thayer was too smart for them. He pretended to be fallin' for it, and he came across—but all the time he was workin' back to the doc. He did it, too; that was why he was put out. He was ready to show up the game. The doc was smart. He was the one planned the killin'—that was why he had to know where everyone was that night.

"Benny gave Thayer back the check here. Then he trailed him home, went up the fire escape, and got in and shot him. It was Benny burned those papers—little idea of his own, that was. He had another bright idea, too. Thayer had that safe back of the fireplace open to put the papers in for the night, and Benny wiped the gun clean and stuck it in there.

"But it was the doc figured out how to use that to frame the madam. That line Benny pulled on you was a stall. They wanted you to tell the madam about the gun bein' there—and then they was goin' to tip Connolly off, so he'd give her a chance to get it and pinch her as she did it—when it wouldn't have any prints on it but hers. See?

"You got to hand it to the doc. He's full of smart ideas. But the thing that really beat him was what always beats that particular kind of smart guy."

"Something to do with that stunt you pulled down in Mercer street—firing that gun at the pillows?" asked Peter.

"**R**IGHT. I had a break there—two or three breaks. First off, I wanted to check up on whether that gun was the one that had been used to kill Thayer. I'd been figuring all the time on Benny's being the one who bumped him off. He could have a motive; no one else could. And I had something up my sleeve. There was a

shootin' up here a while back. Benny plugged a guy one night. Self-defence. I didn't pinch Benny, an' I even let him keep his cannon. But I got the bullet out of the fella's arm that was shot.

"Maybe you don't know it, but every bullet that's fired carries the signature of the gun that fired it. So, this afternoon, I had three bullets. The one we knew had killed Thayer, the one I knew Benny had pumped into this guy's arm—and the one you saw me shoot into those pillows. I had them all checked up while you waited for me, before we ate.

"Well—I had Benny, the minute I knew those three bullets was all fired by the same gun. But I didn't have the doc—see? That was why I pulled the grand stand stuff with the watch. It took somethin' like that to make Benny crumple up and come across.

"That's the low down, Pete. Chase yourself, now. Tell the madam from me she can quit worryin'. You'll be seein' Connolly before I get there, maybe. Gentle him along. A bear with a sore tooth'll be nothin' beside him when he finds out what I've put over on him this night!"

THE elation Peter had felt at first left him before his cab had carried him half way across town to Park Avenue and Carol's apartment. He was feeling the reaction, probably, for one thing. Now that Martha was safe he could think of other aspects of the whole dreadful, shocking business.

He looked up, from the street, and saw that Carol's windows were still lighted, late though it was. He went straight up. Steve Wentworth let him in.

"Where's Carol?" he said, dully.

"Down at your place with Martha—unless Connolly's found them and locked them both up!" said Steve. "That was a fool stunt, Peter."

"Oh, forget it, Steve!" said Peter wearily. "It's all right now."

Steve turned, amazed at Peter's words, and stared at him. Peter saw Bouton, stretched out in a chair, a highball beside him. He look irritated.

As quickly, as concisely as he could, Peter told them the story.

"I will be damned!" said Bouton, when he had done.

"What do we do now, Arthur?" said Steve.

"Nothing. Sit tight. I'll keep in touch with Barclay, of course. Connolly'll have to grin and act as if he were pleased—and they daren't let anything that'll hurt Mrs. Thayer come out if they can help it. She'd better stay where she is till Connolly's had time to call off his men and tear up his warrant. We might as well go on down."

Three tired men, who looked more like the bearers of tidings of disaster than the couriers of good fortune, went down, then, and waited while the doorman whistled for a cab. From across the street a tall, elderly man came, limping a little. Bouton hailed him, surprised.

"Mr. Cameron!" he said.

"Ah, Bouton! I'm looking for some people called Wentworth—my daughter's with them, I fancy. Is this the house?"

PETER looked curiously at Martha's father. He was a tall man, with the fastidious bearing of one who thought much of his appearance. Bouton performed the introductions.

"Ah, Mr. Wayne—yes! It was you who telephoned me. I'm greatly in your debt. If I might see Martha—?"

It was Bouton, the impassive, who laughed—almost hysterically. But it was Steve Wentworth who, in the cab, flung the story at Cameron.

"God bless my soul!" said Cameron. "Well—the girl has some good friends. That's inadequate, but it seems to be about



"No, sir, Al—that type simply leaves me cold"

all I can say!" Mr. Cameron fell silent. Brooks was still on guard in front of Peter's house. But Bouton knew him, and explained matters to him.

Peter used his key. Manuel, half asleep in the kitchen, started to his feet; he smiled, happily, as he saw Peter. Carol, looking tired, came out of Peter's room.

"Then—it's all right?" she said. Peter nodded. She turned back. "Martha!" she called, gently. "Martha, dear—it's all right—you're safe—"

Martha came out. For a second her eyes sought Peter's. Then she saw her father, and flung herself upon him, sobbing.

"Oh, Father—Father!" she cried. "But—darling, how did you get here?"

"Started up by train," said Cameron. "Beastly slow. Changed to a plane. Had to make a forced landing somewhere in New Jersey. Hired a car to come the rest of the way and here I am. Too late to be of any use it seems—as usual."

There was a faint bitterness in his voice, Peter thought.

"Father—you mean you flew? But—you've always said—"

"Thought you might need me—for a change," said Cameron.

"I—" Martha tried to speak, and swallowed a sob, instead. Once more, in a jumble of words, Peter had to tell the story.

"BAD business. Ugly business," said Cameron. "I've an idea. Let's jump a boat and go across, young Martha—just you and I. How about it, Bouton? Will they let her go?"

"I think so—provided she gets back when they want her. Mrs. Thayer'll have to go before the Grand Jury, and she'll have to be a witness at the trial, since it was she who found the—who found Mr. Thayer. I'll talk to Barclay."

Peter felt himself shut away, all at once, from Martha. The bell rang; Manuel opened the door to admit Connolly and Barclay. Connolly was subdued.

"Good evening, Mr. Wayne," he said. "You're a clever man, sir. I'm glad it's come out as it has, thanks to the good work Mitchell did. I take credit to myself for putting him on that end of the case."

For the first time in hours Peter smiled. So that was the line Connolly meant to take, was it? Well, he'd always known that Connolly was nobody's fool. He heard snatches of the talk between Bouton and Barclay—lawyers' talk, most of it.

"A clear case—Rufano's gone to pieces and made a full confession, involving Zahn up to his neck. I probably shan't have to put Ross on the stand at all. A scoundrel—but a weakling, chiefly. I'd rather let him get off scot free than give Zahn's lawyers a chance to involve a lot of innocent women by cross-examining him."

Murmurs from Bouton. Then—"I don't see why not. An excellent idea, in fact. She can have six or seven weeks abroad in peace before we go to trial. The fact is—I feel guilty. Connolly..."

All this talk! Peter looked, rather desperately, at Martha. She saw him and, slowly, with an effort, she smiled and turned into the living room. He followed her.

"Peter—my dear—" she said. "I—I'm not going to try to thank you."

"I haven't done anything," she said. "Mitchell's the man for you to thank."

"I know," she said. "I know. Peter—I'm very tired, and I feel as if my whole body had been beaten with whips."

"Peter—I'm going away, with Father. I'm going to rest. I'm not going to see you for a long time. But—I—I'd like to think that I'll find you here when I come back. I'd like to be able to know, all the time, that you still care for me—"

Peter couldn't speak at all. He went to her, and took her hand, and kissed it.

(THE END)



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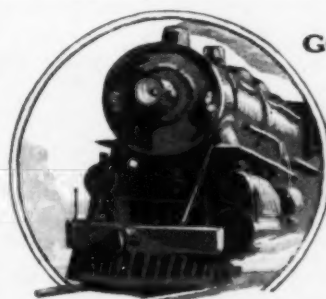


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Money! Money! Money!

[Continued from page 61]

over Billy's shoulder, had a roused, wild-cat quality that was not lost, at least, on Marcus.

It was that wild-cat look of Annette's that precipitated his ultimate intention. All at once he was at the table, between Flora and Andy. He said, wickedly suave: "You are dancing, sir?"

FLORA rose, gathered up the glittering mesh bag that was so empty of dollars.

"I am not dancing with this gentleman, Mr. Marcus," she said. "I do not care to." She walked to the exit as beautifully as a mannequin displaying a creation. It was her final gesture of pride, of arrogance, of defiance, denial—all summed up in that walk.

Marcus said, still suave, "Excuse this, sir. The heat . . . these girls . . . oh! how temperamental! I shall go and talk to her."

He was off with quick steps, overtaking her before she reached the door, and fairly driving her before him into his office.

"Well?"

"Don't 'well' me," said Marcus. "What's this? You don't dance with my customers, eh? How do you get that way? Why did you not dance with that man?"

She answered, from that deadly calm that had descended on her, "I did not wish to."

"Wish to? Wish to? You are here to please, not to be pleased. You have no use for Mr. Oessler, eh? Nor for Mr. Haagen? And now Mr. Maston's friend! What do you think you're doing here anyway, eh?"

"I'll go. I'm tired to-night."

"Be as tired as you like from now on. Don't matter to me. There was a time when you first came, that I almost thought of employing you myself."

She faltered, "Haven't you—been employing me?"

Marcus had a genius for contempt.

"You have to thank your friend, Mr. Haagen, for your salary since you have been here. But to-night he tells me that he sees you are—what the French call, *rangée*—" Marcus looked her over steadily from top to toe—and I presume he withdraws. Anyway, his arrangement with me ceases."

Flora said unsteadily, "But you will engage me? I would come at a lower salary."

"I have no use for your services," said Marcus, walking away.

MARCUS left the alcove, a smooth smile on his pallid face. He knew, without looking, that she had gone. Too much false pride, he thought. He returned to hover about Billy Maston's table.

"Everything all right, sir?"

Annette was very slowly rouging her mouth. Her black eyes were smoldering. "Everything except this affair of a partner," said Billy with uneasy casualness. "Where is Flora? Can't we persuade her to join us?"

"Don't bring over professionals to supper with me!" Annette jerked out.

Marcus spread his hands, shrugged.

"Mr. Maston, that girl has tired of me. Tired of my *Dream Garden*. She's not coming back. That, Mr. Maston, is a woman for you. No conscience at all. *C'est la vie!*"

The fair young man sprang to his feet. "Where's she gone?" he demanded.

"Oh, sir," said Marcus, with a glance at Annette's face, "I could hardly say. I do not know who waited for her."

"Flora's got oodles of friends," said Billy. Andy Court sat down, still rigid, crouched to spring.

Annette said abruptly, "We'll go home."

Andy Court turned his eyes upon her. "Not till I get her address."

"Fur flying now!" Billy thought. He chattered pacifically: "But look here, Court.

Marcus probably doesn't know it. I don't suppose anyone here knows it. She just comes and goes—whence, they know not."

"There is one man in New York who knows it," said Andy in a quiet voice. "I'll find him."

"Who?" Annette cried on a shrill note of derision and rage.

"Haagen."

"Haagen?" Billy repeated in interested reflection. "Haagen?"

Annette bit her lips.

"Haagen!" she scoffed. "Well, let him have the girl. Who cares?"

ANDY COURT felt a foot kick his, hard.

He was about to reply to Annette when he got Billy Maston's signal, and he choked his words back, waiting for Billy's lead.

Maston said, "Good idea to go home, I think. You've given me some lovely dancing, Annette, but the place is dead to-night. I apologize humbly for dragging you up."

"I've loved it," she lied.

So they rose. And while the two of them collected their silk hats, Billy whispered to Andy, "I can give you her address."

"Thank God!"

"As much as your job is worth, old thing," Billy whispered.

"Give it to me."

Billy told him the address in the West Seventies. "I've taken her for a run in the car now and then," he explained.

Andy Court looked at him murderously.

"No more; no less," Billy said. "But you can't go there to-night. Annette won't stand for it, and it's too late."

"I'm not going back to Newport."

"You've darned well got to. Those clothes would look well on the street in the morning!"

Andy followed Billy back to Annette.

"Let Andy drive back," said Billy when they were in the car.

"Andy'll sit with me."

Masten tried to save the situation with a reproachful, "Now is that fair? Isn't it my turn?"

But Annette would have none of it.

Andy followed her into the car, thinking, "Thank God it's come! And little I care!"

YET, after all, the storm did not break on the flying drive back. Annette said practically nothing.

There was roused in her now the devil of possession. The spirit of rivalry had always been a definite part of her composition, but this went deeper.

She had, of course, the whiphand.

He had appreciated, valued—must have been appraising all these weeks—the pleasant things with which she had surrounded him. "Look at the difference in him!" she thought. "Doesn't he owe it to me?"

Then what was it, to-night? What had put that look on his face? That sword into his eyes? Perhaps he *had* had too many drinks to-night; they had made him just a little quarrelsome, obstinate. She had coaxed so many men out of that mood! She knew! Flora had refused to dance with him, and it had gone to his head.

It was like Flora! Still proud, still aloof, still choosing whom she would honor! Possibly she remembered him as a London clerk whom she had seen once or twice, and whom she considered bold to approach her now!

Oh! very likely! That would be Flora. Also, possibly she was piqued that she had not been invited by Billy to make a four with them. That, too, would be Flora all over!

But how had he known that Haagen knew Flora's address?

She asked the question suddenly, without preamble.

He replied brusquely, "She mentioned that he had left *Dream Garden* just before we came in."

Annette laughed unnaturally. "There always was something between them! Always! I was sure of that at Algiers."

He did not reply.

She laughed again, "Flora always took what she wanted. She's doing it now."

Still he did not reply. The car swept on, and there was a salt tang to the breeze that tore in through the open windows, tossing Annette's black hair about her face.

Annette's temper flamed now at the thought of Haagen. He was, possibly, mixed up with Flora's coming to New York. She herself had always wanted to conquer Haagen, but he would never be conquered.

Billy Maston half turned to ask:

"Where do you want to go, Annette? Hotel?"

"No. Yacht. We're expected aboard."

"All right."

She called to Billy, "I don't know that I'm staying much longer. Might go on somewhere to-morrow. I'm tired of Newport. And after the exhibition Andy gave us tonight, I prescribe a change of scene."

It was a challenge, but Andy let it pass. Uncaring, he heard Billy Maston rallying to it, calling back, "Gosh! You mean woman! But I'll follow you!"

It was dawn when they came into Newport, and he thought exultantly: "Why have I been saying to-morrow? It's to-day. A bath and a change, and pack my grip, and that's all!"

The car had stopped and Billy was saying agreeably, "Well, good morning, both. Call on me to do anything about anything at any time," he added, with a meaning look at Andy, who replied, "Good-by."

THE tone of that "good-by" was not lost on Annette. Nothing was lost on her at the moment.

As she stepped on to the yacht she said over her shoulder, "I'm not going to bed yet. We're going to talk."

"Here on deck?"

"No! Come below."

They went below, to the little lounge, lighted palely by the dawn.

She asked, "Why did you say 'good-by' to Billy like that?"

"I probably shan't see him again—for which I'm sorry."

"You mean—?"

"I mean I'm going back to New York this morning."

"What for?"

"To find Flora."

There was a guarded pause.

Annette whispered: "To—find—Flora? Then—?"

"I love her. I've loved her from the first day I saw her. I tell you so now."

"Very—very—good of you! You've decided to stop deceiving me then!"

"I haven't deceived you. But I love Flora. I—lost her, and now I've found her."

Annette's feather wrap dropped from her shoulders; she sat rigid. Her nostrils flared; her hands clutched the cushions, and she cried in a voice that broke, "Do you suppose she wants you!"

"We were lovers not so long ago."

"Lovers!" she breathed. "You and Flora! You think I believe that that cold marble woman ever loved!"

"She is not cold marble."

As Andy said that, standing quite motionless before Annette, he smiled without knowing it. He smiled at the transcendent memory that Flora was not cold marble.

Annette read that unconscious smile, not for a moment blind to its rapture. She became jealous incarnate. She had not touched his heart at all!

She cried out, "So you're going to her! You think she wants you! Aren't you a poor man? Do you suppose Flora Towers would ever listen to you now?"

"You're crazy! Crazy to go to her!" A sob of anger ripped through her voice. "Andy, don't you see you're ruining yourself? You're quixotic—oh, I know! You're sorry for her! But you're all wrong. She'll always land on her feet; she's landed on them now, with Haagen. With Haagen, I tell you! You fool, Andy!"

HE MOVED sharply from her. She called out to him, "Don't you see your place is here? Haven't you understood all I might do for you? Go to New York if you must, but it's a fool's errand."

He paused. "I shall find her."

"Wait! I want to know! Why did you come with me as my secretary at all?"

He answered candidly, "I knew Flora had gone to New York."

"You—made me—follow?"

He said boldly, "I had no other way."

"You've fooled me. You've duped me. Oh!..."

He interrupted her outburst. "I knew Haagen was going. I knew he'd go where she was. I planned to watch him, follow him. Then Maston made all that unnecessary by taking us to that place to-night."

"You should be groveling before me in shame at the way you've used me."

"I don't grovel to you, Mrs. Towers. I've earned my pay and my keep."

He was at the door. She rose, her vivid, startled look straining incredulously after him. "You're going!"

"I'm going."

"You're mad! And if you think that after going to her and getting turned down you can come back here to me, you're mistaken, too. You can't come back!"

"It would not so much as occur to me to want to come back," he said simply and left her.

FLORA might have gone out proud enough from Marcus', but her pride lasted only as far as the taxicab which she had to take because of the suitcase. Once inside, she sat huddled in a corner, her knees shaking.

She counted the money in her bag. She had nearly six dollars; and that was all. Putting up a hand to adjust a diamond shoulder strap, she began to calculate what she might get for those. And, still calculating, she was home again, standing in the jangling street, paying the driver two whole dollars, ready to laugh, weep, rage, faint.

As soon as she was inside her door she dropped on her bed and wept for Andy as the world had never been able to make her weep before. And seven hours later, that was how Bettine, looking in, found her.

Bettine had a sharp instinct for opportunity. How Flora slept! And how she had wept! Even in her sleep she sobbed a little now and then. And how helpless she looked, how defeated!

The Frenchwoman had guessed that last week-end to have been a bad business. She had been told nothing. But where was Haagen? Why was there no telephone message, no kind of instruction for herself? All she knew was that it was hot; that they were almost penniless; and that here her lady seemed to be delivered prostrate into her clever hands.

BETTINE spoke very, very softly over the telephone, on a wall fixture in the tiny hall. She had Haagen, at his Club, in a moment or two.

"M'sieu, this is Bettine. Bon jour, m'sieu; I hope I have not disturbed you too early. Could you come to us at once, if you please? Now, now, m'sieu, I am in a puzzle myself. My lady is so upset this morning, she cannot tell me much. But

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will you come, *M'sieu? Tout de suite!*"

Haagen, in from an early ride, answered her emphatically, "Is that your mistress' message, Bettine? It is from her?"

The Frenchwoman thought, "There is a little quarrel. He will not come unless she send for him." She said earnestly, prayerfully, into the transmitter, "But *oui, M'sieu*. She want you."

There was quite a long pause then, Haagen standing rigid beside his table, with the telephone in his hands, thinking very decisively, very clearly, his slow smile seeming carved on his mouth.

Already, with the foretaste of triumph, he was thinking indulgently of Flora; softly, generously, lavishly, he was thinking about her.

In the apartment Bettine had moved quietly and quickly. That room wherein Flora slept so forlornly, so beautifully, she would not disturb. No. Let Mr. Haagen see Flora; let Mr. Haagen wake her.

As for Flora, she would not have time to think, to argue. Suddenly, suddenly, she would surrender! This so foolish battle would be over.

When the bell sounded, only ten minutes after she had telephoned—ah! he was swift! he was eager!—she opened the door with her most agreeable smile, and saw Andy Court standing there. She saw the young lover, with six red roses in his hand. She barred the way.

"Ah, *M'sieu!*" she cried. "*M'sieu!* I fear she sleeps."

"HE WALKED over me," Bettine explained the disaster to herself when all was over.

Andy Court glanced at her summarily; somehow put her aside; somehow was in the tiny dark hall with his red roses; was turning the handle of the nearest door, and had walked softly in upon Flora, while the Frenchwoman was collecting herself.

The room was dimmed a little by the drawn curtains, and in the faded light Andy saw the ermine cloak which Bettine had picked up and laid over a chair, the divan and Flora in her tousled white chiffon sleeping upon it, abandoned to despair.

He sat down on the edge of the divan beside her, and said gently, "Flora." It seemed almost as if she awoke on the word.

Then he did the first thing to be done—before expostulation, before pleading, before revelation. He leaned over, gathered her into his arms and kissed her. And she, not yet half awake, made, naturally and

defenselessly, the only answer to be made. She put her arms about his neck.

There fell upon them the balm of a long, wonderful, healing silence.

In that quiet, all the two months' wretchedness was washed away. She thought, inarticulately, that only love brought him. As for Andy, he did not think even inarticulately. He knew.

At last, out of the silence, he said, "You'd like me to explain."

"No," she sighed.

"But I want to explain. I was looking for you, Flora."

"Looking for me?"

"When I left you in Algiers it was to go to Naples to see if I could get your stepmother to settle something on you. If she had done it, then you'd have been all right, and I should have gone out of your life."

"Oh! Why—why should you?"

"I was so poor. I had no right to you at all. Only, when your stepmother would do nothing for you, then I thought I'd go back to you. But you had sailed for New York."

"But now you—Andy, how are you here?"

He told her. And then:

"When you wouldn't dance with me at that place last night—"

"I thought—"

"Here's the quitter who deserted me."

"You hadn't deserted me!"

"Never. I'll never leave you. You're mine. I'm yours."

"I've no work any more."

"Nor I."

"What can we do?" she sighed.

"Face it together. I know what we're going to do. I knew it last night."

"Tell me."

"Get married. There's no trouble about marrying over here. To-day—to-morrow—"

"To-day!"

"To-day!" He kissed her rapturously.

"I owe money, Andy."

"To whom?"

"Haagen."

"Gosh! I'll pay him off! I've got most of my first month's salary—quite a hundred and thirty dollars!"

She laughed.

"Flora, you're not afraid?"

"Not if we're together."

"We'll do everything to-day. Isn't it a wonderful day, Andy?"

"Not quite as wonderful as last night, because last night I found you. Not that I wouldn't have found you anyway. I'd

have dogged Haagen's footsteps till I did."

THEY did not hear the car stop outside, nor the ring of the doorbell. Columbus Avenue clanged in through the open windows. They had not heard Bettine's voice, full of agitation, speaking in the hall, nor Haagen's sharp rap at the door. He entered right upon his knock, and found them.

Andy Court rose, holding Flora's hand fast.

"Good morning, Haagen."

"I am not wanted here?" Haagen said slowly.

"Hardly! Flora and I are being married to-day."

"Married?"

Bettine was hovering on the threshold murmuring agitatedly:

"Oh, *M'sieu*, if it had been just a few minutes later I would not have telephoned. This is terrible! terrible!"

Haagen shut her out.

"I was telephoned for," he said. "Perhaps a mistake?"

Andy Court answered, "A mistake."

"Flora has a very zealous maid."

"Too zealous by half," said Flora's lover fiercely.

"I am intruding then?" Haagen asked.

"You are. Get out!"

Haagen smiled.

"Good-by then, Flora."

She held out a hand hesitatingly, and he bowed over it. The conqueror clung, meanwhile, possessively, to the other hand.

Then, without further comment, Haagen straightened himself, turned, and went out.

Bettine was working up a little weeping scene in the hall.

"My apology! Oh, *M'sieu!* Alas! I am not wanted here any more either. *Mon dieu! Mon dieu!* I believe *M'sieu* to be acquainted with the second Mrs. Towers; and I know she is in America from the society news. If *M'sieu* would mention me to her—"

Haagen paused the briefest fraction of a second.

"I believe you'd suit Mrs. Towers peculiarly well, Bettine."

"*M'sieu* sees her soon?"

"I join her again to-day, Bettine."

As he went out to his car he began to think of Annette. Difficult; untameable now in her new independence; rather cruel and inaccessible in her new power; therefore really very desirable. Delectable quarry. Amusing. Worth while.

(THE END)

Bon Voyage

[Continued from page 76]

meanest traveler would ever try to avoid it. For the stewards who serve you are paid next to nothing by the steamship line; they are dependent for their livelihood on the gratuities of the passengers.

The scale of tipping varies, of course, with the ship on which you travel. The rule of ten per cent of the price of the passage is a good one to follow. If you pay \$500 for a *de luxe* suite on a *de luxe* liner, you must set aside \$50 for tips.

On the more modest cabin ships where passage costs \$150—more or less—\$15 should be ample. Five dollars goes to the dining room steward, even if you're such a poor sailor that you never appear after the first meal. Another five spot goes to the steward or stewardess in charge of your cabin. If, through laziness or illness, you have demanded additional service, the cabin steward should be rewarded with an extra dollar or two.

The deck steward expects a tip of from \$1.50 to \$3, depending on the service he has

given you. And don't forget the bath steward, who expects a shilling a bath. The only way to cut down his fee is to take fewer baths!

When traveling third cabin tourist, with a ticket that costs one hundred dollars or slightly less, tips are proportionately lower. By careful budgeting, ten dollars should cover everything.

"I'M GOING to Europe. What clothes shall I take?" is the question I am asked by hundreds of girls as Spring brings in the open season for tourists.

My best advice is, travel light. I agree with the man who said, "The ideal way to see Europe is with a toothbrush in your vest pocket."

The most comfortable trip I ever made abroad was with three pieces of baggage—a small overnight bag for toilet articles, a change of underwear, an extra dress and a pair of shoes; a hat box for hats and sweaters, and a medium-sized wardrobe suitcase.

With this I traveled for six weeks and had everything I needed.

Sports clothes are the only thing for shipboard from breakfast until dinner time. On some of the smaller boats they are even worn for dinner; on the larger liners it is the custom to dress for dinner, and by dressing we mean simple dinner frocks, not elaborate *décolletage*. Above all, take along a warm coat. There are times when it will prove the most valuable garment in your wardrobe.

It is always wiser to leave home with less than you may need, rather than more. The emergency can always be met with a purchase on the other side. Half the fun of going abroad is to buy a Paris gown, to say nothing of a Paris hat and sundry other tempting trifles.

This brings to mind another item one must plan for in one's budget—extra money for shopping. For if you haven't got it you'll spend it, even if you have to cable home for return passage.

What a Woman!

[Continued from page 41]

her again and knew that he wanted to.

At seven he did. He had gone to dine with the Tylers, at Elaine Tyler Ellis' invitation. And as he stood talking with Elaine's mother, Mrs. Tyler, the little girl he had met on the beach, came down the stairs.

"Here's my baby," said Mrs. Tyler.

"You little devil!" he thought, as his chin set and his face flamed. Then he lost color suddenly. Why, if she had just returned home this morning, she couldn't possibly have got all that stuff from Elaine. Then how—?

He saw her boarding-school, give-at-the-knees bow and he muttered something suggestive of the zoo at feeding time. For a moment the devil danced in her eyes.

"Your sister's busy," he said. "Suppose we take a little spin. Want to?" His words were usual enough, but his manner said eloquently: "Come along, you darned little imp!"

"If Mama will let me."

"Why, of course, dear. And it's very kind of Mr. Dart. Elaine was so sorry to miss her hour of reading with you, David," Mrs. Tyler rambled on, "but Mr. Mantle came down—he needed her help—and she knew you would understand. 'My understanding friend', she always calls you, you know, David."

Again he saw the very devil in the youngster's eyes.

"Remember, Darling," Mrs. Tyler reminded, "dinner is at half after eight."

"Yes, Mama," she answered, too dutifully, he thought.

TOGETHER they walked across short-clipped lawns to the driveway. In silence he helped her into his car, slammed the door with violent viciousness and, hurrying to the other side, got in and slammed that door too.

"What a pet!" she mused aloud. "I love strong, silent men! And let me tell you they can have their open spaces—I won't tag 'em. Have you a cigarette, Lancelot?"

He fumbled for his case to bring it forth with a jerk, so angry that he could not control his motions.

"We can't talk going through the village," she pointed out. "Suppose we go down to the beach; that is our setting, anyway!"

"You little devil!" he said, through set teeth, and she laughed wildly.

"Everybody's looking at you," he said. "Sweetheart, that's nothing new," she answered. "I'm awfully pretty and that's not conceit. God made me, on a good day."

She turned, wriggling back in a corner, in order to study him. Then she smiled.

She had adored him while she was still in school. For a whole month she had kept his picture in a heart-shaped locket. And he hadn't changed so very much. A little gray at the temples, but that was a nice touch. She liked it.

"I've always wanted to marry a man fifteen or twenty years older than I," she confided suddenly.

"Nothing doing," he said grimly.

"No? Time will tell. Of course, I hate a fool and you'd have to learn a lot, Sweet, before I'd even consider you. There's no bigger fool on earth than a hard man who goes soft from being 'inspired by a good woman'! . . . Don't run on the sand!"

"I can run my car!" he shouted.

As she laughed, he stared, arms crossed, head lowered, at the graying water.

When she grew quiet, he asked, "Have another cigarette, Jezebel?"

"If Lancelot has upon his pure white person another for me," she answered, in a mockery of Elaine's voice that made him

shake with anger. Presently he demanded:

"Where did you get that stuff?"

"Where do you suppose?" insolently.

"I don't suppose. I want to know," he replied.

"All right," she said briskly, almost cruelly.

"I got it, indirectly, from Elaine. You've told her your 'little shames', you dodo, and she's 'guided, led' you. Now look here—with a woman like Elaine, nothing is veiled that can add to her importance. So, as soon as you'd spilled your soulful beans, she turned Paul Revere and told the whole town on you—what you had said; what she had said; how you had sat with tears in your eyes, hungry for the high road. Oh, blah!" She sat back angrily.

"My God—" he whispered, staring dully before him.

"Everybody calls you 'Lancelot', or at least my gang does," Teddy went on. "And I couldn't stand it. To sit by and see a once sensible man made such a fool—well, I couldn't. See?"

"I see—" he murmured. All his anger had gone. He felt only a dull misery.

"I knew you'd hate me," she went on, "but how could I help it? And anyway, that doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is putting you on your feet—"

She waited for him to speak.

"You're not—lying?" he asked, finally.

"My gang don't lie. You can ask any of them. Gail de Peyster told me; Elaine's blabbed to her sister—in confidence, of course! Gail told me this morning. She said everyone knew. I couldn't see straight for a half hour after. I was so damned mad! Then I decided I must save you, somehow. And when I saw you coming down the beach, I got my inspiration."

"And I presume it will make a good story?"

"If I were a man I'd knock you down for that!" she said.

"Sorry," he offered meekly. His hands moved on the steering wheel. "I'll not come down here again."

"YOU will!" she contradicted. "For two reasons: one is, that a man doesn't run. He sees things through, fights, wins if he can, but doesn't *sneak* off. The other, lesser reason is the fact that if you go I won't get my car—"

"Car?"

"It's this way," she explained. "If nothing happens between now and July, I'll get a car. I'll be twenty-one on the twenty-fifth of July. But if anything does happen, I won't get that car. And if you go, Elaine will ask me whether I know anything about it, and of course I do—"

"Oh," he said.

"I was shipped to Switzerland for the winter because I found her last admirer kissing her French seamstress. But did she blame *him*? No, I got it!"

"What would you advise me—doing?" he asked.

"Coming out here each week, as usual. Keeping your head high. Going around with Elaine until she's through with you—and she will be soon; she's after Harold Mantle. But if you cut and run now, everyone will suspect that you've heard what they've heard. Don't you do it! Sit hard and take your hurdle."

He considered it.

"Are you sure you'd lose your car?" he asked.

"Darling, that is written," she stated. "You see, Elaine would be sure to suspect me."

"And you'd say you knew what made the trouble?" he questioned slowly.

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"Well, big boy, what could I say?" she questioned in her turn.

"I'll stay," he promised, "and I'm going to tell you that I don't like girls your age, but that—I hope you'll help me out, when you can, by letting me rush you a little."

"Try it," she said, and smiled.

RIDING homeward, she suddenly lifted one of his hands from the wheel to hold it between hers for a second.

"You'll never know," she said, "how sorry I am. I'll do anything to see you through."

And she did. Elaine, he found, coming down the next week, was much occupied with the ambassador. But Teddy took him in tow. He played tennis with her, swam with her, golfed with her.

That Saturday night they went to the club.

Teddy danced beautifully, and as he danced with her Pink discovered something else which bothered him. He was fifteen years her senior. She must think him old.

"What's the matter, Lancelot?" she asked, looking up at him.

"Nothing that will ever bother you."

"Oh, I don't know," she stated. "I wouldn't bet even my last year's hat on that. You know, I think you're nice—I like you."

"I like you, Teddy," he faltered.

Just then a blond youngster approached.

"We're all going out for a ride," he shouted above the blare of horns. "Bring Lancelot."

"Okay. We're with you!" she called.

The car was over-populated, of course. Several young men offered Teddy laps, but she refused.

"My camp chair is Lancelot," she explained.

Pink flushed at their use of "Lancelot". He crawled into the car, sat down, and Teddy crept in to settle upon his knees.

"Dream of my life fulfilled!" she chanted. "I love him!"

Only part of their easy, free nonsense, he felt it to be, but he tightened his arm a little because he couldn't help it.

"Any giggle water?" called the blond boy.

The car stopped with a jolt and the flask was handed around. Teddy shook her head.

"I want to stay beautifully sober," she said. "One kick at a time, my dears . . ."

She put her hand up to touch David Dart's hair. "Lovely red hair!" Then, "Pink," she said, sitting up, "don't you love me a little?"

They hadn't done this in his day—at least, not with girls of their world. And it hurt him incredibly because it was so real for him, so false for her!

Again he tightened his arm. Then he bent his head until his cheek was against hers.

"Oh, Daddy, get hot!" she cried.

THE next day she seemed quite as usual, although her eyelids were a bit red.

"Anything wrong?" he asked anxiously. They were sitting on the beach.

"Headache," she lied, and flushed.

"I'm sorry, Ted." He looked down at her unhappily. "I adore you, you little devil." He thought miserably.

"Swim out to the raft?" she asked.

"Right!"

Once on the raft, she looked far out to sea. She wished she were out there, miles out, with no boat in sight and without a life saver. He must despise her. But she cared so; it had been worth it.

He pulled himself up to perch by her on the rocking raft. He wanted, with an intensity that made him giddy, to put his arm around her and to feel again her head pressed close to his shoulder.

"Head any better?" he asked gruffly.

"Heart—not head," she thought; and said in a small voice, "No. . . ."

He left her that night constrainedly. And all the way to town he saw her eyes near his, raised to his.

"Lord," he mused, "have I got to have

this all week?" The thought was unbearable.

When he appeared the following Friday, Gail de Peyster met him at the train.

"I was waiting for you, Lancelot," she confided. "Hop in. I have news for you."

"Ted has lost her chance of a car," Gail continued, after they had gained the open road. "Elaine announced her engagement to Mantle to-day. He's got his embassy, or something, and they're sailing soon. He says he 'needs' her and that she must forget 'self'! So she sprang it at a luncheon."

"Well, after the luncheon they all sat on the porch and some cat purred. 'Elaine, what about poor David?' and Elaine, of course, handed out the impression that you would probably jump in the nearest lake. And—well—somehow, Ted couldn't stand it! She stood right up and said: 'You're a liar, Elaine. You won't give one little damn—and he won't either. He knows you.' And then she told them all what she had said to you on the beach."

Pink wondered miserably why she had done it. He asked Gail.

"That's for you to find out, Lancelot," she said, as she drew up before the club.

AT NINE he found Teddy on the Tylers' side porch.

"Watching the moon?" he asked.

"No—catching up with my knitting. No one was in but me, and I had a rotten dinner. How are you this week?"

He sat down beside her. "All right," he answered mechanically. "Look here, what's this tale I hear about your car?"

"It's true," she said, "and I don't care."

"Why did you do it, Ted?" he asked.

"I couldn't bear to have them think you were such a sap!" she sobbed suddenly.

"I'm sick about that car, Ted!" he confessed.

"Oh, that!" She dismissed it easily.

"But I am! I'm going to talk to your father about it—"

"It won't do any good. Mother says I 'betrayed' Elaine, and Elaine thinks so too. Even Father can't do what he wants to."

"Cigarette?" he asked in a remote tone.

Her "Yes" made him strike a match and he saw that her eyes brimmed dangerously.

"Oh, damn it!" he broke out. "I can't stand this, Ted!"

"You needn't worry about the car," she said brokenly. "It isn't that. It's just that—Elaine's engaged now and you won't have to play up—and I—I'll never see you any more!" she ended in a wail.

Pink moved closer. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, you know!" she accused him.

"But I don't, dear!"

She sobbed again and he put an arm around her, and suddenly he did know.

He kissed her hair, kissed the tip of one pink ear. "Ted," he managed to say, "I'm going to give you a car on your birthday—on one condition, and that is, that you drive away with me, stop with me at the nearest parson's, and then—keep on going with me—forever."

She raised one of his hands to her lips.

"Don't you do that!" he said, so shaken that he sounded close to anger. "Why should an old fool like me get you, anyway? I don't deserve you. Teddy—you—baby—I love you . . ."

"Pink," she said, tearfully, "whatever you do, don't call me 'baby'! I can stand almost anything else, though!"

E LAINE wandered out to the porch considerably later.

"Really!" she said, aghast, shocked.

"Really!" Pink Dart echoed as he rose, taking Teddy with him. "Nothing has ever been so real, Elaine, so true, so fine. I have found 'beauty' such as you never knew, and Teddy is going to teach me how to keep it. Aren't you, Sweetest?"

"I'll do my damndest," said Teddy.

Nobody's Fool

[Continued from page 65]

thousand." Steve offered hopefully.

"The income from fifty thousand," said Mr. Langley, "wouldn't pay Sylvia's dentist bills."

"I forgot to look at her mouth," Steve said. "Anyway, when I start teaching I'll have nearly twice that. Meanwhile we can live in Europe on next to nothing. I've got a fellowship that will pay for the passage."

"Steerage, maybe." Mr. Langley became more pleasant. "Not that I mind helping you out."

"I don't want your help. I'm grateful, of course, but it would put me in a position of dependence that I couldn't stand."

"Maybe you're just a damn fool. Sylvia can't live that way. Luxuries are necessities for her."

"She's perfectly willing to try it."

"It would cost her her happiness."

"It would cost me my self-respect to take money from you."

MR. LANGLEY threw a cent's worth of cigar out of the window and lit a fresh one. It brought back his equanimity. "I hope you won't feel insulted if I offer you a job," he said.

"No, but I can't take it."

"It would be a splendid opportunity. With me behind you, you could go far."

Steve shook his head.

"I'm damned if anybody ever turned down that sort of offer before," Mr. Langley said, working on the butt end of his cigar.

"I've got my future planned another way and I'm not interested in money," Steve said.

Mr. Langley became more earnest.

"You're a sportsman," he said. "I'll make you a sporting proposition. I'll give you a job and you keep it a year. If you don't want to stay longer you may have enough to quit then."

"I don't want to waste a year."

"A year isn't long."

Steve looked around the room as though he might see a way out. There wasn't any. For an instant he thought of leaving Sylvia now but the thought didn't last.

"You've been thinking of yourself," Mr. Langley said. "Think of Sylvia."

"All right," Steve said. "I hate it like hell—but I'll do it."

STEVE left the crowd that was dancing madly in the stuffy country club ballroom and walked out on the porch. There was nobody there; it was too cold.

He sat on the railing, with a stiff chill wind blowing in his face and wondered if it would ever get warm up here. He was sick of cold weather. In Virginia it was always pretty warm by April, but here in New England it was too cold even to play golf. He needed to play a lot of golf; it was his only outlet.

It hadn't been so bad at first, but after he had satisfied his curiosity he began to be ashamed of himself for helping people make more money than was good for them.

Sometimes he was on the point of quitting; then he would look around and see the luxuries that Sylvia took as a matter of course and he knew he couldn't quit.

Sylvia came through the doors and walked over to the railing. Henry Parker was with her. Henry Parker had married her cousin.

Sylvia said: "You'll freeze, Steve."

"I'd rather freeze than choke to death." He wondered why she had followed him out. "Tired of dancing?" he said.

"No; I just wondered what you were doing."

"I feel rotten," he said. "I think I'll

shove off. You can get somebody to bring you home, can't you?"

"Sure, but I'll go with you."

"No, I'll be all right. See you later."

He got his coat and hat and went out and got into the closed car Mr. Langley had given them for Christmas. He didn't like it for that reason. He drove past other big cars, all belonging to Langleys, and turned into the main road. He passed gate after gate behind which were great houses belonging to Langleys and men who had married Langleys. He hated those big houses. Mr. Langley had wanted to give them one like the rest but he had refused.

AS HE put the car away Steve noticed that a tire of the flivver was flat. He hadn't used it for months. He put on a spare with loving care and then walked home.

He was sorry he had been short with Sylvia when she had offered to leave with him, but he couldn't help it. Sylvia liked the people out there and he couldn't help resenting her liking them. That was the trouble: she liked everything here—at least, he supposed she did—and that was another thing that was working to tie him down.

Besides, he had come to think of Sylvia as the personification of the Langley ideal, and whenever he felt himself hating that ideal he felt himself hating her. It was inevitable, he supposed, but it wasn't fair to her. He wished he could do something about it. But he knew he couldn't—unless they broke away. . . .

He had smoked seven cigarettes when she came in. Tom, her brother, was with her.

Tom said: "Hello, old bean. Moping?"

"I just got gummed with the party," Steve said. "Sit down and have a drink."

"Can't," said Tom. "Got to get up early and make another million in the market."

"Big market, isn't it?"

"It's a wow! You playing it?"

"No. I haven't got any money."

"Steal some. Borrow some. You can't lose. Want a loan?"

"I couldn't do that," Steve said.

"I don't see why. Anyway, if you want advice come to me. I know this stock market inside out."

"Much obliged."

Tom left and Sylvia came over and sat on the edge of the sofa. She rubbed his forehead. He wished she wouldn't do that; he was jumpy to-night.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Nothing. Just a headache."

"Something's on your mind."

"No, it's not. Go to bed and don't worry about me."

She left and he lay there and wished he had been nicer to her. Then he thought for an hour or two about an idea Tom had put into his head.

THE next day he went to Henry Parker with it. He liked Henry; he had been a Southerner once.

"Henry," he said, "is this market going to last?"

"Hope so," Henry said. "It'll cost me plenty if it doesn't."

"Tom says it will."

"Then it will. Tom knows all about it."

"Here's the point," Steve said. "I've got a little money but I don't want to lose it."

"If you do what Tom tells you to, you can retire in a week."

"That's what I'll do."

"Really? Wish I could."

Steve was surprised. "I thought you liked it here."

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"I suppose the same thing that gets you got me," Henry said. "It's being a dependent of these people. They're nice, personally, but they never let you forget that you're their property. I wish I could chuck it all!"

"Why don't you?"
"What can I do? I'm forty and I haven't got any interests but the company and golf. You've got something you're interested in. Take the money you've made out of 'em and go do it."

That settled it. Steve went to Tom and found out what to buy. In three days he tripled his money.

"Let it rest a day," Tom said.
The next day Tom sought him out. "It looks like to-day and to-morrow are going to be the biggest of all," he said.

Steve put all his money back.

The market climbed all that day. And on the next it went to pieces. Half of Steve's money was gone before he realized what was happening. He couldn't find Tom. He watched all his money tick itself away on the tape; then he went home.

When Sylvia didn't come in by six he began to wonder where she was. Then he remembered that it was her birthday and they were going to her father's for dinner. She had said she would go early.

Steve had a sudden impulse to put on an old suit, pack his things, and then go out there and give Sylvia the choice of going with him, or staying here alone.

If he hadn't thrown all his money away he might have done it, but now it was too late. He dressed, drove out, and parked the car in the drive. The door was unlatched and he walked in, left his coat and hat in the hall, and started toward the library. It was deserted, but voices came from the next room, Mr. Langley's private sitting room. The door was open a few inches.

Steve raised his hand to knock, heard his name spoken, and brought it down.

It was Tom's voice. He was saying: "I feel rotten about it. It took his last cent."

"Don't let it worry you," Mr. Langley said. "To-night, as sort of a birthday present to Sylvia, I'm going to give them a joint gift of a hundred thousand, so he'll really double his money."

"Then why wouldn't you let me tell him to get out?"

"Because he's too independent. We need men with his ability and I want Sylvia to stay here."

"What makes you think he'd leave?"

"I had a hunch, so I asked Henry Parker, who's pretty close to him. Henry tried to keep it back, but when I reminded him of what I could do for him—or to him—he came out with it."

Steve didn't wait to hear any more. He tiptoed out into the hall, picked up his hat and coat, and slipped out of the door before he put them on.

He didn't have any desire to tell them what he thought of them; they wouldn't understand. His only desire was to escape.

He put the car in the garage and took his flannel out. While he was packing his clothes the phone rang continuously.

At the door he hesitated, wondering whether to leave a note for Sylvia, but he didn't know what to say.

He drove through the city, past the mile of mills, and out into the open road. Everything seemed easy, now that he was on his way. He had enough money in the bank to keep him a few months, and after that he could get a job teaching while he took his Ph.D.

He wondered if Sylvia would ever know why he had left. Now that he was away from her he realized how much he loved her; she was Sylvia again, not just a Langley.

He turned out to let a car pass. It was Tom Langley's car and Sylvia was in it alone. They stopped together and he went over to the other car.

Sylvia said: "I got it all out of Tom, driving into town. If you don't want me I'll go back."

"I want you," he said, "but I don't want anything with you."

"I've only got two bags."
He transferred her bags, ditched the other car, and they drove off.

"Do they know you've left?" he asked.

"They think I'm bringing you back."

"Well, we can wire 'em that you're not."

"I'll never send them even a wire," she said. "Not ever."

Sylvia sat very close to him.

"This reminds me of Virginia," she said.

"We'll be back in three more days."

Then he began to wonder if he could really get away from her family's money. He hated to think of it when he had just been so happy. She handed him something.

It was Mr. Langley's check, torn into tiny bits.



Peek-a-boo, Daddy! Now let Mamma and Aunt Sue hide

[Continued from page 37]

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\$3000, or as much as \$10,000. A merchandise counsellor may receive from \$10,000, or less, to \$30,000, or even \$50,000.

The preferred department, aside from ready-made clothing, is that of interior decoration; preferred because it has advantages in social ways—the workers in that department have a certain standing—and because the salaries paid at the top are as high as those in the clothing department.

In interior decoration there are women who have made remarkable successes: Nancy McClelland, who started in the advertising department at *Wanamaker's* in Philadelphia; Ruby Ross Goodnow, who came from the New York *Wanamaker* store—both of whom are now in business for themselves.

But there are special requirements for the girl who wishes to succeed in this department. I asked Jean Kempson, formerly head of the Interior Decoration Department of *Abraham and Straus*, in Brooklyn, and who now heads that department in *McCutcheon's* Fifth Avenue store, to tell me exactly the needs of a girl who is ambitious to succeed in this line.

"A good appearance, a high school education, and at least two years of special training in interior decoration," said Mrs. Kempson. "She must be a student of human nature, and like her work." She stopped and laughed.

"I sometimes think our hardest task," she said, "is inducing husbands and wives to agree. Men take a great interest in their homes and a man will come in and select materials and then ask me to try to get his wife to accept them. Often she refuses. But men are reasonable. When we argue that the wife has to live with the things all day, and that," she added drolly, "he is likely never to hear the end of it if he insists upon his selection, he usually gives in."

"Salaries? Juniors—that is, assistants—receive about \$25 a week; Seniors, \$45; heads of departments from \$6000 to \$35,000. A girl who wants to climb this particular ladder should first enter a big general store catering to all classes of people. It is just like training for nursing, where the initial step is the General Hospital. After that she knows the class of people she can serve best and she can get into the particular type of store she likes."

IS THERE no chance for the woman over thirty? Certainly, especially if her appearance is good. There are places in a department store that are better filled by older women.

At Chicago last winter I met a charming woman who is Director of Education at one of the big State Street stores. She began selling lamps at sixteen dollars a week.

In a year she was so popular with the other employees that she was transferred to the department of employees' activities and given charge of rest rooms, lunch rooms, library, English classes—and, incidentally, a much bigger salary. Then she did a remarkable thing. She left her job to go to school.

"I stored the furniture, packed up the family and moved to Boston for a year of schooling. To obtain it I had to do substitute teaching in the public schools, worked Mondays in stores and worked evenings cooking and mending for the family."

"I emerged from that school ten years younger in mind and spirit and none the worse physically. I heartily recommend to any woman in her thirties who feels the corners of her mouth sagging to get back into school for a year and grow young."

The result of that new spirit was to send Flora Taylor Young straight up the ladder to the position she now holds, as Director of Education, which means supervision of training classes and a score of other activities. Such positions pay salaries as high as ten thousand dollars a year.

What do such schools of salesmanship amount to? A good deal. I consulted Isabel Craig Bacon, Special Agent for Retail Store Education of the Federal Board for Vocational Education which, in plain language, means that Miss Bacon, who is a live young woman with a vital personality, travels constantly in your interest and mine in this matter of retail selling. Miss Bacon says that of the 4,000,000 men and women engaged in retail sales work only ten per cent have any training.

The University of Pittsburgh, The University of New York City, The Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics Institute at Rochester, N. Y., the Prince School of Store Service Education at Boston are recognized as pioneers in this field. From the Prince School alone have come two hundred young women who have reached the high places.

So essential is training that the stores themselves conduct classes, give scholarships and urge their employees to attend classes.

WHAT part does sex play in promotion to high places? Little, if any.

"When I worked in one of the big general department stores," said a buyer whose salary is in five figures, "we had one Vice-President who was a bachelor. That man made a practice of going over the store, picking out a good-looking girl and asking her to dinner. If she accepted, he would have her discharged the next week."

A month ago a man approached a young woman on the sales floor of one of the big stores.

"Are you here getting copy?" he asked.

"Why, what do you mean?" she replied.

"Well, you don't look much like the other girls here," he returned. "I thought maybe you were a writer getting material."

"I'm here to sell," she retorted and he went off.

In a week he was back again. This time he confided that he had a chain of smart shops and that he would like to take her to dinner.

"We might arrange a position for you," he suggested. "Something far better than this."

"I can't come to dinner," she replied briskly, "but if you have an opening for me I'll call at the office."

"W-well," he stuttered, "I'm afraid that wouldn't exactly do."

THAT'S a fair example of the types that come in," she said to me in telling of the incident. "And I don't know now whether he was lying or whether he has a chain of stores. But he wanted me for dinner, not for the stores."

"Girls in this business often meet rich men through the store, inside or out, and go out with them. It may be all right; I don't know. But I know it doesn't help any in the store, although sometimes it doesn't seem to hurt. I never made a friend in that way. I might, if the man were sufficiently attractive, but usually they are not alluring enough to complicate my future."

She moved off, a poised, well-balanced young creature, with the lifted chin of independence. Starting one year ago, she has already mounted four rungs of the ladder. I have no doubt that she will go the whole way and when she gets there hang on, as fiercely as she climbed, to the top rung.

For there is no end to the struggle for supremacy. The girl who reaches the top can never rest secure.

From the first week when almost every girl cries hot scalding tears as she soaks her tormented feet and legs in the hottest water she can bear, to the day when she leaves the store service, she fights the war of terrific competition. There is no reward of security in the modern department store. The reward is in cash for present service. Collect it as you go!

Is My Life Like Yours?

[Continued from page 68]

I learned to be true. A more intense home spirit does not exist anywhere. One reason for this is that while, by all outward earmarks, the New York husband is opulent and lavish, he is literally always short of ready cash for general and constant spending.

Five nights out of seven, ten out of fourteen, we are at "home, sweet home", in rigorous, oftentimes heartrending and remorseful self-denial; reading, listening in on the radio, or having a game of bridge.

On regular shut-in nights I do the family washing—we send only our flat work to the laundry—while my husband presses his suits and polishes his shoes, to make up for some past extravagance or to save toward tickets for some future Saturday matinee.

It is the day-time groove which I have found most trying. My husband leaves for business promptly at eight; we live an hour's ride out of the city, on account of the lower rentals. From eight until six I am absolutely free and alone. Ten hours a day, five days a week, with nothing to do, as Craleytown thinks, except spend my husband's money "on a grand gay time".

At first it was very novel, romantic and adventuresome. Before ten, except on cleaning days, my housework was finished and the day's provender in the frigidaire. Sometimes I sewed, mended or wrote letters till noon. On other days I raced downtown to an early morning sale, rushed back, snatched a cold lunch and chased away again.

One can't everlastingly window-shop without buying, nor pass cafés at luncheon time without venturing inside. It isn't human.

You get to hypnotizing yourself into a state of hysterical abandon wherein you are on the verge of flirting with the mysterious stranger in the fashionable hotel lobby who has looked at you through veiled eyes more than twice as you sit debatingly tapping your high heels into the costly rug.

Then something happens which justifies the austerity of your discretion and, in exquisite relief, you snap out of your rôle of Roving Female Private of the Lost Battalion of No-Woman's Land.

All of a sudden you discover you are cuffed!

IT WAS at the Ritz that the all-important revelation came to me. That morning, after my husband's departure, I flew into a frenzy of self-pity.

I was not dissatisfied with my husband. I did not regret my marriage. It was myself! Somewhere in my scheme of things something was wrong. Somehow, I had not found myself! Surely, in all this teeming city, there was a place for me during those deadly ten solitary hours!

I could work! Thousands, tens of thousands, of other young married women were employed. Yes, and they were openly envious of me and my leisure—I was fully aware of that. But they did work.

The more I toyed with the thought, the more it fascinated me. It quieted my nerves.

I dressed to look my smartest, and all that morning and afternoon I called on agencies and firms who had advertised for stenographers. I did not meet rebuffs, but everywhere I had to wait and wait, only to learn that all open positions had been filled.

Tea time found me near the Ritz, hungry, thoroughly discouraged, and surging once more with recklessness. I knew to a nickel how much cash I carried in my purse. For some weeks I had been pinching from the house money in order to buy some badly needed stockings.

Instead, I sailed into the tea room and was led to a pleasantly situated table and seated before I was fully aware of having

yielded to my mad, spendthrift impulse.

The luxurious atmosphere, the service, the music, the crush of beautifully gowned women and well-groomed men, the hum of conversation, all conspired to exalt me out of my funk, to relax me into a sweet and joyous indolence. Here was where I belonged!

From somewhere near behind me, where I could not see, a suave, soft-speaking masculine voice distinctly reached me.

"No," the speaker was saying to someone, "you never can tell about New York women. I mean in public places like this. They trip out of their palatial-looking apartment houses and made-over flats, looking like a million dollars. They crowd the department stores all day long, overflow the theatre and hotel lobbies, the restaurants and tea rooms.

"You get an idea they are eternally and lavishly spending. You wonder where on earth all the ready money comes from. I'll bet you're thinking the New York father or husband must be a mighty big producer to maintain a daughter or a wife like—"

He paused a second. I could feel his glance traveling about the room. Then he continued in a lowered tone:

"—like this one here. Am I right?"

He was referring to me!

"Well . . ." another male voice began and stopped in a chuckle of admission.

"All right," proceeded the first voice. "You think the New York woman extravagant. Do you know your wife back home spends more for her clothes, her table and her diversions? She doesn't know costs and values. She doesn't have to know. The New York woman does.

"And that's not all." Once more his voice dropped. "Take this stunning looking girl again. You'd like to flirt with her, wouldn't you? Be honest! But you're afraid she might turn out to be a gold-digger, or a big Broadway actress, or the wife or daughter of a Wall Street man.

"Say! She's just as apt to be a stenographer, a shop-girl or a manicurist, boarding at home and paying on her own. Or, if not that, a young married woman who has gone without extras at meals or denied herself a new hat to come here for an hour and get a kick out of it. No. You never can tell. New York's a woman's world, but not for all women. Now before your wife shows up let's talk about your successor at Craleytown—"

I thought my eardrums had split. In my confusion I lost some of the conversation. When I recovered my wits, I heard:

"I've had my eyes on him for some time. He's due for something better. I didn't know he was married to a Craleytown girl. That's a horse of another color. How do you know her people want her back?"

"There's a rumor around she's going a strong pace, living like a ten-thousand-dollar man's wife. I exploded the salary stuff and her people are worried. Personally, I don't think she's as bad as she's painted. She was my stenographer, you know."

"Hum! If that's the case! But will she go?"

I CRUSHED my cigarette, spilled my coffee, pushed my chair back and confronted my former boss and the head of my husband's company.

"No," I said, boldly facing the president. "And neither will my husband. We haven't gone through these scorching years in New York for that sort of defeat. Not that the job wouldn't be a promotion, nor that Craleytown isn't all right, in its way. You see, I couldn't live up to my reputation

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down there, and I can here, once my husband receives that ten thousand a year, which I think will be soon."

And it will be. But there's the whole rub! It's only a question of how long a country girl can hold on. And, all other things being equal, she can—if she has the will, the capacity and the character, and if she will use her small-town common sense and understanding in this magical field whereon she wages her battle for conquest and deliverance.

Deliverance? From what? The Craley-towns of America?

No! The country girl's debt to her hometown is indisputable. There her maiden

dreams and ideals found birth. After that, small town or big town, isn't it more or less up to the girl?

Will I never go back? Never is a long time. I do go back, constantly, almost daily, in memory. I returned with my husband when he installed the firm's new manager.

"Well, we weren't good enough for you when your husband had a chance to run the factory, were we?" I was asked on the streets. "Not fast enough, eh?"

I sighed and turned away. What was the use? And that's why I ask you, candidly, despairingly:

Is my life like yours?

That Smith Kid

[Continued from page 47]

At that time she was dubbed "The Headless Pilot", because she was so tiny her head couldn't be seen above the cowl.

LAST March she took a Bellanca monoplane up at Roosevelt Field. There were two altimeters in the plane and two oxygen tanks, one about her neck with a tube attached. One altimeter registered 30,000 feet, the other 32,000. She lost consciousness and didn't regain it until she had dropped a mile.

The propeller was turning very slowly and oxygen was coming into her mouth. She says she must have hit a valve, or pounded the tank going down. After a great effort she righted the plane and continued downward in a natural glide.

When Elinor was fifteen she was in her Junior year at Freeport High School. She had already done some flying and didn't see how college could further her ambitions.

Fred Stone, than whom no musical comedy star is more famous, was looking for a girl who could understudy his daughter, Dorothy. Fred Stone and Tom Smith, old pals, talked the matter over and decided Elinor was the girl for the part.

And so Elinor became an actress, not against her will, but calmly, and certainly not as thrilled as most girls of fifteen would be.

From October until May she played all the big cities, saw her pictures in the newspapers and theatre lobbies with other celebrities and received praise for her dancing.

But at the end of the season she knew what she wanted—to become the best air pilot in America.

When she left "Criss Cross" she left the stage forever.

"The theatre is a grind," says Elinor. "The work is too hard. (This from a girl who is known for her endurance in the air.) You work until nearly midnight; you're too keyed up to go to bed right away, and so you must sleep until it's time for rehearsal or matinee the next day. One day is very much like the other.

"But every time you get into a plane it's something new. I can't just explain it, but when I get into a cockpit I feel alive. I've never felt that way on the stage—a routine dance, a stage smile, a stuffy atmosphere—that doesn't make for happiness, does it?"

"My life is happier now," she says simply. "After breakfast I help Mother with the housework. She says I'm a good mechanic, so I take the vacuum for a spin. Then I go over to the fields, come back with half of Long Island clinging to me—an air pilot can't be finicky about a little dirt—change into some decent clothes, and I'm ready for the movies or my friends."

Tom Smith is quite sure that Elinor's second greatest gift is cooking. There is a pineapple pie Tom would have the world

know about. He started telling me:

"First you take your flour..."

We won't go into that, but you can be sure that pie is masterfully meringued.

ASKED about her social life, Elinor claimed she didn't have much, dashing about the country and demonstrating ships.

"Air pilots are as self-centered as actors. We always talk shop. I love it. The men in aviation are nice chaps, all of them.

"I knew Charley Lindbergh before he made his spurt across the ocean. He hasn't changed much. But I do think all that publicity has driven him further into his shell.

"When I was out in California I did some doubling for movie stars—Anita Page and Dorothy Mackaill. I'm just about their size, so it was easy to make me up to look like them.

"I've seen myself just once in the talkies. I didn't know they were taking a picture. I thought they were rehearsing it. I had on a suit that was meant for somebody Dempsey's size. I could lose myself in that shirt, and the pants flowed and rippled around my legs.

"One of the men asked me to tell him the most interesting thing that had happened to me to date, and holding out the trousers as if I were going into my dance, I said, 'To date these pants seem to be the most interesting thing that's ever happened.'

"An inglorious debut," she added, "but it got a laugh."

Elinor loves clothes, is simply mad about them. In Los Angeles a tailor made her a darling hunter's green zipper suit, with spacious pockets for her maps.

"But I love dress-up things most of all. I bought a coral lace evening gown with one of those drippy trains. Maybe my feet will trip on it, but I've been in worse jams.

"Ambitious? Well, I'm out for all the records I can get now. There will be something more. There always is.

"Women aren't as well paid as men in aviation. They should be. None of us knows where we'll be when our motor cuts off, men or women.

"Every woman pilot needs judgment in moments of crisis, and control over nerves at all times. Strength isn't necessary. You don't need to be a two-gun woman to steer a ship."

Elinor is keen about Helen Morgan, ice cream, Mark Twain, swimming, Victor Herbert music, aviators and horseback riding.

She doesn't like to be slapped on the back nor will she ride on roller coasters.

"They're dangerous," she explains. "I wouldn't go on one for worlds. You haven't any control over the darned things. I'd rather zip over the Rocky Mountains any day. It's lots more fun—and safer."

Oh, yeah? Well, maybe it is, for a Smith kid.

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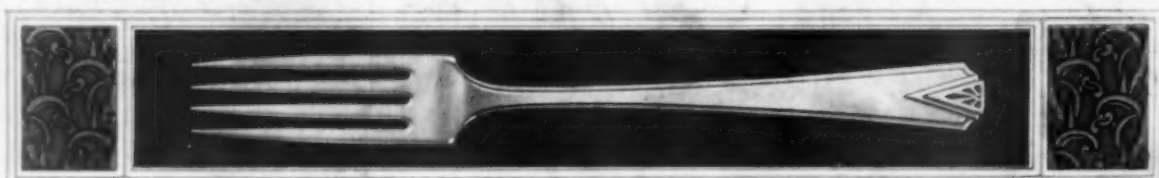
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